

T H E
H U M M I N G B I R D.

A New and Choice Collection of the most celebrated
ENGLISH and SCOTS SONGS,
CANTATAS and DUETS.

None the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above, POPE.

AL XAPITEΣ

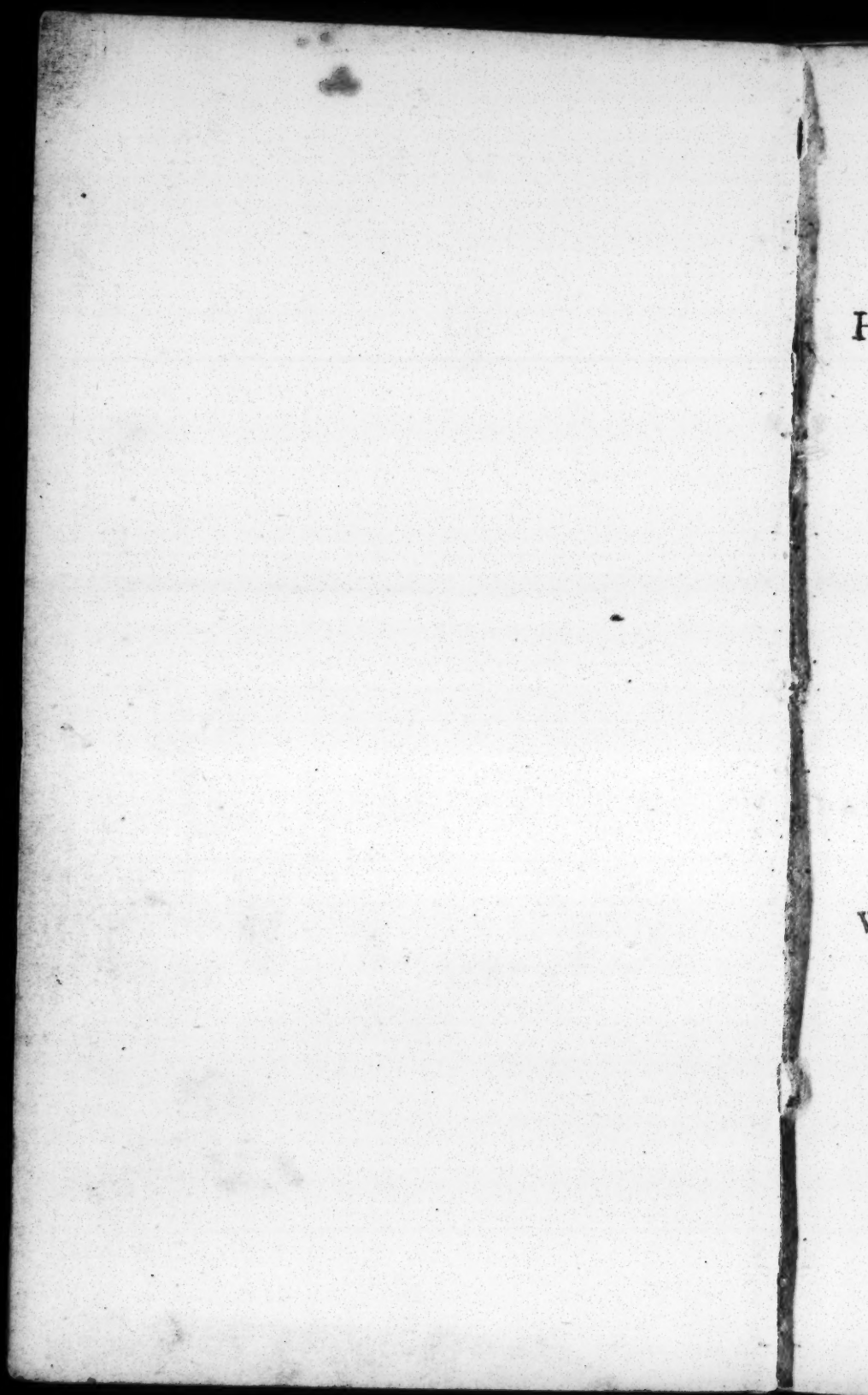


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T H E
H U M M I N G - B I R D .

Arranged under the following Heads :

HUNTING SONGS and CANTATAS.

SONGS for LADIES.

SONGS for GENTLEMEN.

PASTORAL SONGS.

CANTATAS and DUETS.

SOCIAL and CONVIVIAL SONGS.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

With those Sung at the Public GARDENS the
last Season.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE pleasure that is derived from a melodious voice is so universally allowed, that there can need no apology for offering to the public a collection of Songs, compiled from the best authors, adapted to every species of singers. In order to facilitate this matter, and enable every Lady or Gentleman the more readily to turn to those songs they wish to acquire, we have arranged them on a plan entirely new; the Collection we flatter ourselves will not disgrace our judgment, and to promote the happiness of society, and increase the pleasure of the festive board, are sufficient motives for this publication; and here, we presume, we shall not step out of our way, if we enumerate some of the accomplishments which form an agreeable Singer.—A fine voice is generally allowed to be one of the first requisites; yet we can venture to affirm, on repeated observation, that there are many incorrigible bawlers with melodious pipes; and many entertaining performers in the vocal way, who are under no great obligations to nature. It is not merely singing in time, and precisely observing the pedantic dictates of Mr. Ticklekey, the music-master, but there must be an ease, an elegance, a taste. It is certainly a breach of good-manners, and very impolitic, to be asked twice to sing; an expectation is raised, and frequently disappointment is the consequence; fictitious colds, hoarsenesses, and want of practice, are very ungenteel excuses in persons known to sing. Poetry and music are sister arts, and if Ladies and Gen-

A tlemen

lemen do not sing distinctly and intelligibly, that the words may be comprehended, half the entertainment is lost, the sense being quavered away by the sound. As there is a satiety in all things, it is absolutely requisite to know when to finish with a grace; for though it is ungentle to be asked twice to sing, it is still worse to be asked once to hold your peace.—After these general observations, we beg leave to add the following, from a very ingenious work, by Mr. John Aikin, entitled, “*Essays on Song-writing.*”

“ While the two capital species of poetry, the epic and dramatic, have long engaged the nicest attention of taste and criticism, the humbler, but not less pleasing productions of the muse, have not obtained that notice from the critic, to which the exertions of the poet would seem to entitle them. This will appear the more extraordinary, when we reflect, that some of the most excellent productions in the former, have been the spontaneous growth of a rude and uncultivated soil; whereas, the latter have never flourished without acquiring richness in the soil, and the fostering hand of art. This critical neglect has given rise to uncertainty in the distinctions, and irregularity in the composition of most of the minor classes of poetry; and while the long established divisions of ode, elegy and epigram, are involved in these difficulties, it is not a matter of wonder to meet with them in the modern pieces which range under the general title of SONGS.

“ Although many of our most celebrated poets have exercised their talents in composing these little pieces, and their pleasing effect is universally known and acknowledged, yet have we but one professed criticism

criticism on their composition; and this, though elegant and ingenious, is both too short and too superficial to give precision and accuracy to our ideas on this subject. It is contained in a paper of the Guardian, written by Mr. Phillips.

“ In attempting the task of determining with exactness the nature of song-writing, and the various distinctions of which it is susceptible, together with the specific excellence of each, I find it therefore necessary to go far back into the origin of poetry in general, and to recur to those first principles existing in the human mind, which alone can give a firm foundation to our deductions.

“ The original poetry of all nations must have been very much confined to the description of external objects, and the narration of events. This is a necessary consequence of the barrenness of infant language with regard to abstract ideas, and is confirmed by the remains of antiquity which have reached us. Among a fierce and warlike people, constantly engaged in enterprizes of arms, poetry was solely employed in rehearsing the valourous deeds of their heroes; and the horrid pictures of war and desolation were enlivened by the kindred imagery of whatever nature afforded of the awful, terrific and stupendous. In happier regions, where the mild inhabitants were suited to the softness and luxury of the climate, the business of poetry was to paint the surrounding profusion of beautiful objects, the pleasing incidents of a pastoral life, the tender cares and ravishing delights of love. This passion found as apt a comparison with the beautiful scenes of nature, as war and destruction could do with its glooms and horrors.

“ Ossian and Theocritus will afford compleat instances of the first poetry, in its two different branches. Mingling storms, roaring torrents, swelling oceans, lightning and thunder, paint the dreadful battle pieces of the Caledonian; while the murmuring brook, the green meadow, the bleating flock, the simple shepherd and his artless fair, deck out the rural landscape of the Grecian. Thus heroic and pastoral poetry are at first formed, consisting chiefly of description and imagery. The passion of military glory in the one, and of love in the other, would indeed add sentiment to the picture, but even these sentiments must be expressed by a reference to external objects. The lover, who had sought for natural comparisons to paint the charms of his mistress, must seek for others to express the emotions of his mind. He must *burn* with desire, and *freeze* with disdain; rage with the *ocean*, and sigh with the *zephyr*; hope must *enlighten* him with its *rays*, and despair *darken* him with its *gloom*. The effects, which the passions produce upon the body, would also prove a happy source of the description of emotions. Thus, the fluttering pulse, the changing colour, the feverish glow, the failing heart, and the confused senses, being natural and invariable symptoms of the passion of love, would soon be observed by the poet, and successfully used to heighten his description. Hitherto all is simple and natural, and poetry so far from being the art of fiction, is the faithful copyist of external objects and real emotions. But the mind of man cannot long be confined within prescribed limits; there is an internal eye constantly stretching its view beyond the bounds of natural vision, and something new, something greater, more beautiful, more excellent,

is required to gratify its noble longing. This eye of the mind is the imagination—it peoples the world with new beings, it embodies abstract ideas, it suggests unexpected resemblances, it creates first, and then presides over its creation with absolute sway. Not less accurately and philosophically, than poetically, has our great Shakespeare described this faculty in the following lines :

*The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.*

“ The most essential differences in poetical composition may be referred to the circumstance of its turning upon nature or fiction, and on this will depend its fitness or unfitness to produce peculiar effects. In general, whatever is designed to move the passions, cannot be too natural and simple. It is also evident, that when the professed design of the poet is to paint the beauties of nature, and the rural landscape of pastoral life, he must give as great an air of reality as possible to his piece, since a bad imitation necessarily produces disgust. On the other hand, when the aim is to elevate and surprise, to gratify a love of novelty, and the pleasing luxury of indulging the fancy, all the powers of fiction must be set at work, and the imagination employed without controul to create new images, and discover uncommon resemblances and connexions. To pursue our instance, taken from the passion of love ; the poet, who wishes rather to please and surprise than to move, will ransack heaven and earth for objects of brilliant and

unusual comparison with every circumstance relating to the passion itself, or its object. He will not value sentiment as the real offspring of an emotion, but as susceptible of ingenious turns, striking contrasts, and pleasing allusions. He will not compose from the heart, but the head, and will consult his imagination rather than his sensations. This quality is peculiarly termed wit, and a just taste for it is never acquired, without a considerable degree of national refinement. Pieces of wit are therefore later in their date than any others.

“ This brief account of the progress of poetry in general being premised, let us proceed to a nearer inspection of our subject.

“ In attempting to fix a meaning to the word Song, the first idea, which strikes us, arises from its name, signifying something to be sung. We shall discuss this a little at large.

“ The union of music with poetry must appear extremely natural. We find it to have taken place universally in the uncultivated state of all nations, and to have continued partially in the most refined. In all languages, the words expressing vocal music have been also used indiscriminately to signify poetry; and though we, at present, consider such expressions as figurative, there is no doubt but they were originally natural. The sacred name of *song* was not then prostituted to a succession of unmeaning sounds, tortured into music through the odious pipe of an equivocal mutilated animal; it was a general term, to express all that the sister Muses of poetry and melody could combine, to delight the ear and ravish the heart —

“ The term *song* may therefore be considered in a double sense—if the idea of music prevails, it signifies

signifies no more than a set of words, calculated for adaption to a tune; if poetry be the principal object, it is a species of poetical composition, regulated by peculiar laws, and susceptible of a certain definition; still, however, retaining so much of the musical idea, as to make it an essential circumstance, that, by a regularly returning measure, it be capable of being set to a tune.

“ A Song, as a poetical composition, may be defined, a short piece, divided into returning portions of measure, and formed upon a single incident, thought, or sentiment. Under this definition, the general subject, from which the particular topic is taken, is not restricted; but it has been found, that emotions of tenderness and gaiety are peculiarly adapted to song-writing. Custom, therefore, has almost solely confined the general subject of songs to love and wine, and it must be acknowledged, that the nature of the composition, and the assistance of music, contribute to give these subjects a peculiar air of gracefulness and propriety.

“ A number of distinctions have been formed in modern poetry, from trifling particularities in the versification of these pieces, such as the number of lines composing a stanza, the repetition of a line at regular distances, the ordonnance of the rhyme, and the like.

“ The laborious baron Bielsfield, in his *Elements of Universal Erudition*, has thought it worth while to particularize a great variety of these distinctions in French poetry, such as the Sonnet, the Rondeau, the Vaudeville, &c. I cannot but consider these petty diversities as very unessential to the poetical character of any composition; this cursory

mention is therefore all the notice I shall bestow on them.

“ If we examine the poetical remains of antiquity, we shall find various examples of pieces, which come under the foregoing description of a *song*. That beautiful relique of Sappho, which is well known to the English reader, by Mr. Phillips’s excellent translation,

Blest as the immortal gods is he,

is an exact model of song-writing. The poems of the gay and sprightly Anacreon are almost all *songs* in every respect except the measure, which, instead of being divided into returning stanzas, is uniform. Yet this would not necessarily disqualify it for musical adaptation, and there is no doubt but they were really sung, and accompanied with instrumental music. The odes of Horace contain many beautiful specimens of the *song* complete in every circumstance.—

“ The union of music and poetry, among the ancients, was very strict. It would seem, that they had no idea of the music of sounds without words, and they appear seldom or never to have used vocal music, without accompaniment with instrumental. The lyre was the favourite instrument for this purpose, and hence that species of poetry, designed to be sung to music, acquired the denomination of lyric. Yet we have variety of proof, that this term is applied, with equal propriety, to poetry accompanied with any other instrument.—

“ The rude original pastoral poetry of our country, furnishes the first class in the popular pieces called ballads. These consist of the village tale, the dialogue of rustic courtship, the descrip-
tion

tion of natural objects, and the incidents of a rural life. Their language is the language of nature, simple and unadorned ; their story is not the wild offspring of fancy, but the probable adventure of the cottage ; and their sentiments are the unstudied expressions of passions and emotions common to all mankind.

“ Nature, farther refined, but still nature, gives the second class of pieces, containing the sentimental part of the former, abstracted from the tale and rural landscape, and improved by a more studied observation of the internal feelings of passion, and their external symptoms. It is the natural philosophy of the mind, and the description of sensations. Here love appears in all its various forms of desire, doubt, jealousy, hope, despair ; and suggests a language, rich, strong, and figurative. This is what may strictly be called the pathetic in poetry.

“ The third class is formed upon an artificial turn of thinking, and the operation of the fancy. Here the sentiments arise from cool reflexion and curious speculation, rather than from a present emotion. They accordingly require enlivening by ingenious comparison, striking contrast, unexpected turns, a climax finishing in a point, and all the pleasing refinements of art, which give the denomination of ingenious and witty to our conceptions. Some essential distinctions will appear in this class, arising from the various kinds of wit ; but they all agree in the circumstance of springing rather from fancy than passion, and consequently of exciting pleasure and surprize, rather than the sympathetic emotions.

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S O N G S .

S O N G S.

H U N T I N G S O N G S

AND

C A N T A T A S.

NO sport to the chace can compare,
 So manly the pleasure it yields;
 How sweet, how refreshing that air,
 Inhal'd in the woods and the fields!
 As we rush in pursuit, new scenes still appear,
 New landscapes encounter the eye;
 Not Handel's sweet music more pleases the ear,
 Than that of the hounds in full cry.

New strength from the chace we derive;
 Its exercise purges the blood:
 How happy that mortal must live,
 Whose sport yields both physic and food!
 So new and so varied its charms, they ne'er cloy
 Like those of the bottle and face;
 The oftner, the harder, the more we enjoy,
 The more we're in love with the chace.

B

WHEN

WHEN the morning peeps forth, and the
 Zephyr's cool gale
 Carries fragrance and health over mountains and dale;
 Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and together we'll rove
 Up hill and down valley, by thicket and grove;
 Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
 With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
 hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth,
 All the blessings I ask, is the blessing of health;
 So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys,
 No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys.

Then follow, &c.

O'er hill, dale and woodlands with raptures we roam,
 Yet returning still find the dear pleasures at home;
 Where the chearful good humour gives honesty
 grace,
 And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the
 face.

Then follow, &c.

HARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn,
 Salutes the rosy, rising morn,
 And echoes thro' the dale;
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
 The hounds quick-scented scow'r the ground,
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
 The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed
 The jovial pack pursue;

Like

Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a while for breath ;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunts descry, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies ;
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
'Till echo rends the skies.

HARK ! away ! 'tis the merry-ton'd horn,
Calls the hunters all up in the morn :
To the hills and the woodlands we steer,
To unharbour the out-lying deer.

CHORUS OF HUNSMEN.

And all the day long,
This, this is our song ;
Still hallowing
And following,
So frolic and free ;
Our joys know no bounds,
While we're after the hounds,
No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the hills they all echo, hillo !

With a bounce from his cover he flies,
 Then our shouts shall resound to the skies.
 And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,
 What a joy from our labours we feel?
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.
 And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,
 Then we will go halloing home ;
 With hallo, hallo, and huzza,
 Resolving to meet the next day.
 And all the day long, &c:

COME, rouze, brother sportsmen, the hunters
 all cry,

We've got a good scent and a fav'ring sky ;
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song,
 Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his face,
 Peep'd in at our windows, and calls to the chace ;
 He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
 And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may teaze you, perhaps, to lie down ;
 And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown :
 But tell her, that love must to hunting give place ;
 For as well as her charms, there are charms in the
 chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old reynard I spy ;
 At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly ;
 They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls, they roll ;
 We're in at the death—now let's home to the bowl.

There

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the king,
 From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;
 To George, peace and glory may heaven dispense,
 And foxhunters flourish a thousand years hence.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
 And bids the hunter rise;
 The opening hound returns the sound,
 And echo fills the skies;
 And echo fills the skies.
 See ruddy health more dear than wealth,
 On yon' blue mountain's brow;
 The neighing steed invokes our speed,
 And reynard trembles now;
 The neighing steed, &c.

In ancient days, as story says,
 The woods our fathers fought;
 The rustic race ador'd the chace,
 And hunted as they fought.
 Come let's away, make no delay,
 Enjoy the forest's charms;
 Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
 And rest in Chloe's arms.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
 To horse my brave boys and away;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox,
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals shouting and gay,
How sweet is the bottle and lads to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day :
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom all happiness fours :
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

THE morning is charming, all nature looks gay,
Away, my brave boys, to your horses away,
For the prime of our humour's in quest of the hare;
We have not so much as a moment to spare.
Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it sounds,
To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds.

O'er highlands, and lowlands, and woodlands we fly,
Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry;
So match'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they run,
Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the sun;
Health, joy and felicity dance in the rounds,
And bless the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,
That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline :
A chace of two hours, or more, she has led ;
She's down—look about you—they have her—
she's dead.

How glorious a death ! to be honour'd with sounds
Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

THE fun from the east tips the mountains with
gold,
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops be-
hold;

How

How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's shearful summons rebukes our delay!
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure
 can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
 Court;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place;
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace
 With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame;
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
 And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
 Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold, and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,
 All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health;
 With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands
 to roam,

And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home.

With the sports of the field, &c.

THE early horn salutes the morn
 That gilds this charming place,
 With chearful cries bids echo rise,
 And join the jovial chace.
 The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The chrystal floods,
 All, return the enliv'ning found.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
 And hie to my woodland walks away ;
 I tuck up my robe and am buskin'd soon,
 And tie to my forehead a waxing moon ;
 With shouting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the sky,
 And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

A WAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
 And, sweetly bedappled, forebodes a fine day ;
 The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
 And carol aloud to be led to the chace.
 Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,
 And join with the jovial crew ;
 While the season invites, with all its delights,
 The health-giving chace to pursue.
 How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
 To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns ;
 To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,
 Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.
 Then hark, &c.

But oh ! how each bosom with transport it fills.
 To start just as Phoebus peeps over the hills ;

While

While joyous from valley to valley resounds
 The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.
 Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
 Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate,
 Borne by their bold courfers no danger they fear,
 And give to the winds all vexation and care.
 Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
 And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;
 Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
 Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.
 Then hark, &c.

COME rouse from your trances !
 The fly morn advances,
 To catch sluggish mortals in bed ;
 Let the horn's jocund note
 In the wind sweetly float,
 While the fox from the brake lifts his head ;
 Now creeping,
 Now peeping,
 The fox from the brake lifts his head ;
 Each away to his steed,
 Your goddeſs ſhall lead,
 Come follow, my worſhippers, follow ;
 For the chace all prepare,
 See the hounds ſnuff the air,
 Hark, hark, to the huntſman's ſweet hallo !
 Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
 See reynard breaks cover,
 The hunters fly over the ground ;

Now they skim o'er the plain,
 Now they dart down the lane,
 And the hills, woods, and vallies resound;
 With dashing,
 And splashing,
 The hills, woods, and vallies resound:
 Then away with full speed,
 Your goddess shall lead,
 Come follow, my worshippers, follow;
 O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
 If you stop you're too late,
 Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet hallo!

DO you hear brother sportsman, the sound of
 the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
 For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join:
 Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies;
 While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
 And chase the swift hare till he dies.
 Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and fields
 Both willing and joyous repair;
 No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
 Than chasing the fox or the hare.
 For such comforts my friend, on the sportman attend,
 No pleasure like hunting is found;
 For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
 Next morning we spurn up the ground.

H A R K,

HARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the
vale,

Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,
To charm us to barter for ignoble rest,
The joys which true pleasure can raise in the breast:
The morning is fair, and in labour with day,
And the cry of the huntsman is hark, hark, away:
Then wherefore defer we one moment our joys?
Haste haste let's away, so to horse my brave boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,
Where meaner delights to more noble give place?
While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,
From valley to valley re-echoes the cry:
Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,
We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old care;
Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,
Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn,
How sweet is the sound of the echoing
horn!

When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,
Erecting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
But still we pursue and now come in view of the
glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear he redoubles his speed:
But, oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,
That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the
cries:

For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,
And he pants, till with well-scented hounds sur-
rounded he dies.

LET

LET the gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run;
 Well, who cares a jot?
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.
 For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;
 The blisses I find,
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

COME, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight in
 the field,
 Where the bud-barren mountain fresh raptures can
 yield,
 With the health-breathing chace rouse the soul
 with delight,
 With the jolly god, Bacchus, be jovial at night.
 See, the high-mettled steeds! where, snorting,
 they fly!
 While, staunch, the dogs cover the ground, in full
 cry!
 While, staunch, while staunch, the dogs cover the
 ground in full cry!
 How can ye, my boys, from such sports now refrain,
 When the horn's chearful sound calls you forth to
 the plain?
 Poor puffy! she flies, and seems danger to scorn,
 Then redoubles her speed as she bounds o'er the lawn.
 See the high-mettled steeds, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the hounds ;
Through hedge-rows she creeps, and sculks o'er the
downs :

Brush them in, my bold hearts ! she sits panting for
breath !

The victim is seiz'd—Hark ! the horn sounds her
death !

See the high-mettled steeds, &c.

LAST Valentine's day when bright Phœbus
shone clear,

I had not been hunting for more than a year :

Taleo taleo taleo taleo.

I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him
bound,

For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns sweetly
found.

Taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo.

Hallo into covert, old Anthony cries,

No sooner he spoke, but the fox, fir, he 'spies ;

Taleo, &c.

This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip,

Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.

Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a pin,

He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in ;

Taleo, &c.

And as he crept out, why he spy'd the old ren',

With his tongue hanging out stealing home to his den.

Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good

As ever broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood ;

Taleo, &c.

Old

Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die,
Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry.
Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more,
Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too and swore ;
Taleo, &c.

But Reynard being spent soon must give up the ghost,
Which will heighten our joys when we come to each
toast.

Taleo, &c.

The day's sport being over the horns we will found,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound ;
Taleo, &c.

So fill up your glassses, and chearfully drink,
To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink.
Taleo, &c.

BRIGHT dawns the day with rosy face,
That calls the hunters to the chace.

With musical horn,
Salute the gay morn,
These jolly companions to cheer ;
With enliv'ning sounds
Encourage the hounds,
To rival the speed of the deer.

If you find out his lair,
To the woodlands repair,
Hark ! hark ! he's unharbour'd they cry ;
Then fleet o'er the plain,
We gallop amain,
All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,
 Thro' forests and floods,
 The stag flies as swift as the wind ;
 The welkin resounds,
 With the cry of the hounds,
 That chaunt in a concert behind.

Adieu to all care,
 Pale grief and despair,
 We ride in oblivion of fear ;
 Vexation and pain,
 We leave to that rain,
 Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo ! the stag stands at bay,
 The pack's at a stay,
 They eagerly seize on their prize ;
 The welkin resounds
 With the chorus of hounds,
 Shrill horn with his knell, and he dies.

WHEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills,
 With horns we awaken the day ;
 And rouse brother sportsmen, who sluggishly sleep,
 With hark ! to the woods hark ! away :
 See the hounds are uncoupled in musical cry,
 How sweetly it echoes around ;
 And high-mettled steeds with their neighings all seem
 With pleasure to echo the sound.

Behold when fly Reynard, with pannick and dread,
 At distance o'er hillocks doth bound ;
 The pack on the scent fly with rapid career,
 Hark ! the horns ! O how sweetly they sound :
 Now

Now on to the chace, o'er hills and o'er dales,
 All dangers we nobly defy ;
 Our nags are all stout, and our sports we'll pursue,
 With shouts that resound to the sky.

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain;
 No longer with swiftness he flies ;
 Each hound in his fury determines his fate,
 The traitor is seiz'd on and dies :
 With shouting and joy we return from the field,
 With drink crown the sports of the day ;
 Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again,
 Then away to the woodlands, away.

NOW the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and
 gold,
 And the prospect around us most bright to behold ;
 The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,
 The steeds are all neighing, and pant for the chace.
 Then rouse, each true sportsman, and join at the
 dawn,

The song of the hunters, and sound of the horn.

Health braces the nerves and gives joy to the face,
 Whilst over the heath we pursue the fleet chace ;
 See, the downs now we leave, and the coverts ap-
 pear,

As eager we follow the fox or the hare.

Then rouse, &c.

Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still,
 If we sink in the valley, or rise on the hill ;
 O'er hedges and rivers we valiantly fly,
 For fearless of death, we ne'er think we shall die.
 Then rouse, &c.

From

From ages long past, by the poets we're told,
 That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old;
 That the foldier and huntsman were both on a par,
 And the health-giving chace made them bold in the
 war.

Then rouse, &c.

When the chace is once over, away to the bowl,
 The full flowing bumpers shall chear up the soul;
 Whilst jocund our songs shall with choruses ring,
 And toasts to our lasses, our country and king.
 Then rouse, &c.

SOUND found the brisk horn,
 'Twill enliven the morn,
 And nature replenish with glee,
 The vallies around
 Shall rejoice at the sound,
 And join in the chorus with me.

Let ladies each night
 In cards take delight,
 And such dull amusements embrace,
 At noon then arise,
 Unknown to the joys
 Of the health giving, health giving chace.

But while they're content,
 Why let them frequent
 The playhouse, the park or the ball;
 The pleasures I chuse,
 My time to amuse,
 Are greatly superior to all.

O'ER

O'ER the lawns, up the hills, as with ardor
we bound,

Led on by the loud founding horn,
Kind breezes still greet us, with chearfulness
crown'd,

And joyful we meet the sweet morn.
Rofy health blooms about us with natural grace,
Whilst echo re-echo'd, enlivens the chace.

Should all the gay larks as they soar to the fky,
Their notes in a concert unite,

The mufic of hounds when fet off in full cry,
Would give a more tuneful delight.

Rofy health, &c.

Tis over, tis over, a pleasure divine,

Fresh air and full exercife yield,

At night my good friends o'er the juice of the vine,

We'll fing to the fports of the field.

Rofy health, &c.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls away;
Come the grave, come the gay;
Wake to mufick that wakens the fkyes,
Quit the bondage of floth, and arife.

A I R.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the fun-beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains fo high;
Shrilly opes the ftaunch hound,
The fteed neighs to the found,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our

Our forefathers, so good,
 Prov'd their greatness of blood,
 By encount'ring the hart and the boar;
 Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
 Age and youth urg'd the chace,
 And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence, of noble descent,
 Hills and wilds we frequent,
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,
 Tho' in life's busy day,
 Man of man makes a prey,
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full sight,
 Gods! how great the delight!
 How our mortal sensations refine!
 Where is care, where is fear?
 Like the winds in the rear,
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse my brave boys:
 Lo! each pants for the joys
 That anon shall enliven the whole;
 Then at eve we'll dismount,
 Toils and pleasures recount,
 And renew the chace over the bowl.

RECITATIVE.

THE chace was o'er, Actæon fought a feat
 To shade him from the rage of mid-day heat:
 His fainting dogs, with toil and thirst oppress'd,
 Long'd for the cooling stream, and fresh'ning rest.
 As on the hunter wander'd,
 Diana and her nymphs appear'd undrest:

Whilst

Whilst streams nor nymphs could save her from his
 fight,
 Thus try'd the youth to speak, appal'd with fright.

A I R.

O think me not, goddess, to blame,
 I lurk'd not those charms t' espy ;
 By chance to this covert I came,
 And fate is more faulty than I.
 All weary with hunting, I strove
 To hide me from Phœbus's ray ;
 Forgive me, thus destin'd to rove,
 O let me now win back my way.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Enrag'd, the goddess thus bespoke the swain,
 Who su'd for pity, and had su'd in vain :

A I R:

Rash youth ! your mad folly you soon shall deplore,
 No mortal thus naked has seen me before,
 Lest you tell where you have been,
 Boast of what you have seen,
 Bold hunter, here know
 That Diana's your foe ;
 That for this you shall never again see me more ;
 You shall branch out with horns, bound with swift-
 running feet,
 No longer a man but a stag all compleat.
 Your hounds in full cry,
 Shall pursue as you fly,
 Chace you all the long day,
 Till they make you their prey,
 Since your eyes dar'd to glance tow'rs Diana's
 retreat.

R E C I.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN first Aurora gilds the eastern hills,
And on the ground her glitt'ring dew drops
spills,

The swelling horn salutes the rising day,
Pleas'd with the sound, all nature looks more gay.
The drowzy huntsman, freed from Morpheus chain,
With dogs and horses scatter all the plain :
From his close paddock starts the frightened deer,
Old earth scarce feels him in his swift career.

A I R.

Over mountains see him bound,
Lighter than the fleeting wind ;
Woods and vallies echo round,
While he leaves them far behind.
Now fainting with toil,
He takes the cool soil,
But there finding refuge in vain,
He seeks the wide lawns once again.
The staunch op'ning hounds have at length seiz'd
their prize,
What joy reigns around,
When brought to the ground,
And the horn sounds his knell, as he struggling
dies.
Our sports at an end,
The ev'ning we spend,
In innocent mirth and good cheer ;
Like bold Robin-hood,
Our prey is our food,
And liquor Old English brown beer.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.

HARK, the horn salutes the ear,
 The hunters ready, morning clear;
 Come, the happy hours embrace,
 Join the ever jovial chace.

A I R.

See the stag how he bounds
 O'er the neighbouring grounds,
 His speed still increas'd by his fear;
 Hills and dales are soon past,
 See his swiftness so vast,
 The huntsmen he leaves in the rear.

'Twas Nimrod of old,
 By the poets we're told,
 Began first the sports of the chace;
 Tho' so great was his fame,
 There's a slur on his name,
 As men he pursu'd in the chace.

But such tyrants the chace
 Will its pleasure's disgrace,
 Yet friendship shall still be our guide;
 With the sound of the horn
 Call forth each in the morn,
 Our sports there shall nothing divide.

But again he's in view,
 And we nearer pursue,
 His spirits decrease as he flies;
 Now they've pull'd him to ground,
 And the Dogs have him bound,
 Ah! see how he trembles and dies.

Now our pleasure's compleat,
 Hark, the horn sounds retreat,
 Our sport does our health still maintain;
 To

To the bowl next away,
We'll with joy crown the day,
And then be as merry again.

RECITATIVE.

THE rosy morn with crimson dye,
Had newly ting'd the eastern sky,
The feather'd race on ev'ry spray,
Sweet warble to the god of day.
When chaste Diana, goddess bright,
From balmy slumber springing light,
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleasing rest,
And thus her sylvan train address'd.

A I R.

From this high mount with me descend,
And hey to the joys of the chace ;
O'er hill and dale our flight we'll bend,
And match the fleet stag in our pace.
My silver bow is ready strung,
My golden quiver is graceful hung.
Away my nymphs, away, away,
Let shouts to the welkin resound,
And she who strikes the destin'd prey,
Shall queen of the forest be crown'd.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling ploughman hails the blushing
dawn,
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
Loud sings the black-bird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

A I R.

Away, to the copse lead away ;
 And now, my boys, throw off the hounds :
 I'll warrant he shews us some play ;
 See, yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.
 Then spur your brisk courfers, and smoke 'em, my
 bloods :

'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :
 What concert is equal to those of the woods,
 Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,
 In cover no safety can find ;
 So he breaks it, and scours amain,
 And leaves us a distance behind.
 O'er rocks and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we scorn ;
 Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die ;
 Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue ;
 His speed can no longer avail,
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
 From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
 he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn ;
 The farmer with pleasure beholds him lie dead,
 And shout to the found of the horn.

RECITATIVE.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,
 Its different notes each feather'd warbler tunes,
 The milkmaids carol glads the plowman's ear,
 The jolly huntsman winds his chearful horn,
 And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute.

A I R.

A I R:

The hounds are unkennel'd, and now,
 Thro' the copse and the furze will we lead,
 'Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,
 For there lurks the thief that must bleed.
 I told you so did'nt I?—see where he flies;
 'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies.
 Let the horn's jolly found
 Encourage the hound,
 And float thro' the echoing skies.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The chace begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,
 Quickset, or gate, the thundering course retard;
 'Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey,
 Then—to the sportive 'squire's capacious bowl.

A I R.

O'er that and old beer of his own,
 This found, bright, and wholesome we'll sing,
 Drink success to great George and his crown,
 For each heart to a man's with the king.
 And next we will fill to Jove's favourite scene,
 The rich isle of saints, Britannia I mean;
 Where men, horses and hounds,
 Can be stop'd by no bounds,
 For no spot on the earth e'er bred sportsmen so keen.

MIRTH, admit me of thy crew,
 To listen how the hounds and horns,
 Chearly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Thro' the high wood echoing still.

C

ROUSE

ROUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds
are all out,

The chace is begun, I declare ;
Come, up and to horse, let us follow the rout,
And join in the chace of the hare.
Hark ! hark ! don't you hear they are now in the
dale,

The horn, how melodious it sounds !
Poor puss in a fright, how she strives to prevail,
And fly from the cry of the hounds.

Though up to the hills and the mountains she scales,
Whose top seems to join to the sky ;
We mount in the air, like a kite in a gale,
And follow the hounds in full cry.

Though into the copse there for refuge she flies,
We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds ;
While echo furrounds us with hooting and cries,
We seem to converse with the gods.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,
We are strangers to envy and strife ;
When bless'd with a wife, we return to her arms ;
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.
Our days pass away in a scene of delight,
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste ;
In pleasures of love we revel all night,
Next morning return to the chace.

I AM a jolly huntsman,
My voice is shrill and clear,
Well known to drive the stag,
And the drooping dogs to cheer.
And a hunting, &c.

I leave

I leave my bed betimes,
 Before the morning grey;
 Let loose my dogs, and mount a horse,
 And hallo, come away, &c.

The game's no sooner rous'd,
 But in rush the chearful cry,
 Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and stake,
 The frightened beast does fly, &c.

In vain he flies to covert,
 A num'rous pack pursue,
 That never cease to trace his steps,
 Ev'n tho' they've lost the view, &c.

There's Scentwell and Finder,
 Dogs never known to fail,
 To hit off with humble nose,
 But with a lofty tail, &c.

To Scentwell, hark! he calls,
 And faithful Finder joins;
 Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,
 And give your horse the reins, &c.

Hark! forward how they go it,
 The view they'd lost they gain;
 Tantivy, high and low,
 Their legs and throats they strain, &c.

There's Ruler and Countess,
 That most times lead the field;
 Traveller and Bonnylafs,
 To none of them will yield, &c.

Now Dutchess hits it foremost,
 Next Lightfoot leads the way,
 And Toper bears the bell;
 Each dog will have his day, &c.

There's Music and Chanter,
 Their nimble trebles try ;
 While Sweetlips and Tunewell
 With counters clear reply, &c.

There's Rockwood and Thunder,
 That tongue the heavy bass ;
 Whilst Trowler and Ringwood
 With tenors crown the chace, &c.

Now sweetly in full cry
 Their various notes they join ;
 Gods ! what a concert's here, my lads !
 'Tis more than half divine, &c.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,
 Delighted with the sound,
 To neighb'ring dales and fountains
 Repeating, deal it round, &c.

A glorious chace it is,
 We drove him many a mile,
 O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' stich,
 And hit off many a foil, &c.

And yet he runs it stoutly,
 How wide, how swift he strains !
 With what a skip he took that leap,
 And scow'rs it o'er the plains ! &c.

See how our horses foam !
 The dogs begin to droop ;
 With winding horn, on shoulder bor'n,
 'Tis time to chear 'em up, &c.

[Sounds Tantivy.]

Hark ! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,
 Chear up my merry dogs all ;
 To Tatler, hark ! he holds it smart,
 And answers ev'ry call, &c.

Co co there, drunkard Snowball,
 Gadzooks ! whip Bomer in ;
 We'll die i'th' place, ere quit the chace,
 'Till we've made the game our own, &c.

Up yonder steep I'll follow,
 Befet with craggy stones ;
 My lord cries, Jack, you dog ! come back,
 Or else you'll break your bones, &c.

Huzza ! he's almost down,
 He begins to slack his course,
 He pants for breath ; I'll in at's death,
 Or else I'll kill my horse, &c.

See, now he takes the moors,
 And strains to reach the stream ;
 He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,
 And quench his thirsty flame, &c.

He scarce has touch'd the bank,
 The cry bounce finely in,
 And swiftly swim a-crofs the stream,
 And raise a glorious din, &c.

His legs begin to fail,
 His wind and speed is gone,
 He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,
 He can no longer run, &c.

Old Hector long behind,
 By use and nature bold,
 In rushes first, and seizes fast,
 But soon is flung from's hold, &c.

He traverses his ground,
 Advances, and retreats,
 Gives many hound a mortal wound,
 And long their force defeats, &c.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts,
 He shakes his branched head;
 'Tis safest farthest off, I see,
 Poor Talboy is lain dead, &c.

Vain are heels and antlers,
 With such a pack set round,
 Spight of his heart, seize ev'ry part,
 And pull him fearless down, &c.

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,
 And take a special care;
 Dismount with speed, and cut his throat,
 Lest they his haunches tear, &c.

The sport is ended now,
 We're laden with the spoil;
 As home we pass, we talk o'th' chace,
 O'erpaid for all our toil.
 And a hunting, &c.

YE fluggards who murder your life-time in sleep,
 Awake and pursue the fleet hare;
 From life say what joy, say what pleasure you reap,
 That e'er could with hunting compare:
 When Phœbus begins to enlighten the morn,
 The huntsman attended by hounds
 Rejoices and glows at the sound of the horn,
 Whilst woods the sweet echo resounds.

The courtier, the lawyer, the priest have in view,
 Nay ev'ry profession the same;
 But sportsmen, ye mortals, no pleasures pursue,
 Than such as accrue from the game:
 While drunkards are pleas'd in the joys of the cup,
 And turn into day ev'ry night;
 At the break of each morn the huntsman is up,
 And bounds o'er the lawns with delight.

Then

Then quickly my lads to the forest repair,
 O'er dales and o'er valleys let's fly;
 For who can, ye gods, feel a moment of care,
 When each joy will another supply:
 Thus each morning, each day, in raptures we pass,
 And desire no comfort to share;
 But at night to refresh with the bottle and glass,
 And feed on the spoil of the hare.

HARK! for sure I hear the horns melodious
 sound;

Then come come come join in
 The chearful merry din
 Of the hounds in concert shrill,
 Heard round from hill to hill.
 All shall join in jolly song,
 Noble sports to us belong;
 Hail the morning's ruddy face,
 Now begins the sprightly chace.

Then out scouts Reynard strong
 And nimbly darts along,
 To climb the neighb'ring hill,
 Or leap the purling rill.
 All shall join, &c.

Boys, follow then with speed,
 As we have thus agreed;
 Then come, come, mend your pace,
 And follow brisk the chace.
 All shall join, &c.

We soon shall see him lag,
 Like deer or hunted stag;
 Then press him hard, my bloods,
 We'll drive him to the floods.
 All shall join, &c.

O'er floods, o'er rocks and hills,
 And over purling rills,
 We will pursue the game,
 'Till Reynard stout we tame.
 All shall join, &c.

Ah! see in vain his flight,
 His heart is broken quite;
 And as he gasping lies,
 He pants, he pants, and dies.
 All shall join, &c.

YE sportsmen all,
 Attend to the call,
 The welcome call of the chearful horn;
 Quit business for pleasure,
 Nor thirst after treasure,
 But purchase new life from the sweets of the morn.
 See now dapple Bay in his foin waxeth grey,
 And white Lily stops, with the scent in his chaps,
 And now nimbly she bounds from the cry of the
 hounds.
 Then boys, haste away,
 Without further delay,
 'Tis with pleasures like these that we hail the new
 day.

Whilst cares of state
 Attend the great,
 And courtiers prey on their country's wealth,
 No stately ambition,
 Or sickly condition,
 Disturbs our repose, recreations, or health.
 The sop, vainly proud of his delicate self,
 The miser who doats on his ill-gotten pelf,
 And the lover who sighs, ogles, flatters, and lies;
 Would

Would they hither repair,
 They need not despair
 Of enjoying sweet life, with a mind free from care.

RISE, rise, brother bucks, see how ruddy's the
 morn !

Diana's been long on the plain ;
 Hark, hark ! 'tis the sound of the hounds and the
 horn,

Repeated by echo again.

Then, to horse, my brave boys, to the chace let's
 away,

For the pleasures of hunting admit no delay.

If our hounds, when they're dragging the wood-
 lands around,

Unkennel the fox from his den ;

Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,

A puff should be started—O then,

So ho, cries our huntsman, so ho, she's in view,

Then with hounds in full cry we'll the pastime
 pursue.

But if we should meet with an out-lying deer,

The pastime so royal we'll rouse ;

Pursue him till slain where he flies without fear,

And ne'er the glad sight of him lose.

Neither hedges nor ditches shall fet us our bounds ;

Whilst our hunters are good we'll keep up with the
 hounds.

When our day's sport is over then home we'll return

To enjoy our dear bottle and glass,

And all be as ready as ever next morn

To go back to the jovial chace.

Thus Nimrod's diversion we'll keep in renown,
And each night with a bumper our day's sport we'll
crown.

HOW smooth glides the stream the gay meadows
along,
The birds all how chearful, how tuneful their song,
How Flora the meads with her gifts doth adorn
The violet, the rose, and the fair blooming thorn;
And hark ! still to heighten the joys of this place,
The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are in chase.

See over yon clover the hare swiftly flies,
While the hunters pursue her with clamorous cries;
Haste, haste, then away, let us join in the sport,
Leap the banks, fly the gates, to yon covert resort;
There trembling she lies, panting, gasping for breath,
Let's follow with speed to be in at the death.

'Tis done, she is breathless, now home we repair,
While peals loud, triumphant, resound thro' the air;
Not a hill, or a valley, or cavern around,
Where echo resides, but repeats the glad sound;
While Phœbus well-pleas'd the gay prospect surveys,
And streaks the fair morn with his brightest of rays.

'Thus blest'd with the pleasures the country affords,
Content with our stations, more happy than lords,
With hearts true and loyal we jovially sing,
Not troubled with cares from ambition that spring;
While the courtier is eagerly hunting a place,
We jocundly join in the sports of the chase.

LET the slave of ambition and wealth
On the frolic of fortune depend,
I ask but old claret and health,
A pack of good hounds and a friend.

In such real joys will be found,
 True happiness centers in these;
 While each moment that dances around
 Is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old claret can drive away care,
 Health smiles on our days as they roll;
 What can with true friendship compare?
 And a tally I love from my soul.
 Then up with your bumper my boys,
 Each hour that flies we'll improve;
 A heel-tap's a spy on our joys—
 Here's to fox-hunting, friendship and love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

NOW faintly glim'ring in the east
 Sol brings on the ling'ring morn,
 As loth to quit fair 'Thetis' breast,
 While dew bespangles ev'ry thorn;
 The herald lark salutes the skies,
 And bids the jocund sportsman rise.

A I R.

Hark! the chace is begun,
 See, yonder they run,
 And fleet as the wind the stag flies;
 O'er mountain and dale,
 Thro' woodland and vale,
 His pursuers awhile he defies.
 But in vain is his speed,
 They faster proceed,
 In hopes to o'ertake him anon;
 While echo around,
 With the horn and the hound,
 Responsive replies Ton-ta-ron.

Thus we pleasure obtain,
 'Thout sickness or pain,
 What ruddiness smiles on each face;
 Ye jemmies prepare,
 Mount the steed if you dare,
 And overtake health in the chace.

THE sweet rosy morning
 Peeps over the hills,
 With blushes adorning
 The meadows and fields;
 The merry merry merry horn
 Calls come come come away,
 Awake from your slumber
 And hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the chorus
 Of hounds in full cry;
 Then follow follow follow follow
 The musical chace,
 Where pleasure and vigour
 With health you embrace.

The day's sports when over
 Makes blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk lover
 Fresh charms for the night;
 Then let us let us now enjoy
 All we can while we may,
 Let love crown the night
 As our sports crown the day.

WHEN

WHEN Sol from the east had illumin'd the
 sphere,
 And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear,
 I rose from my tent, and, like Richard, I call'd
 For my horse, and my hounds too loudly I bawl'd.
 Hark, forward, my boys ! Billy Meadows he cry'd,
 No sooner he spoke but old Reynard he spy'd;
 Over-joy'd at the sight we began for to skip,
 Ton-ta-ron went the horn, and smack went the whip:

Tom Bramble scour'd forth, when almost to his chin,
 O'er-leaping a ditch—by the lord, he leap'd in;
 When just as it hap'd, but the sly master Ren',
 Was sneakingly hast'ning to make to his den;
 Then away we pursu'd, broke covert and wood,
 Not a quickset, nor thickset, our pleasure withstood;
 So, ho ! master Reynard, Jack Rivers he cry'd,
 Old Ren', you shall die, Daddy Hawthorn reply'd.

All gay as the lark the green woodlands we trac'd,
 While the merry-ton'd horn inspir'd as we chac'd;
 No longer poor Reynard his strength could he boast,
 To the hounds he knock'd under and gave up the
 ghost.

The sports of the field when concluded and o'er,
 We found the horn back again over the moor;
 At night take the glass, and most chearily sing
 The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the king.

HARK ! the huntsman's begun to sound the
 shrill horn,
 Come quickly unkennel your hounds;
 'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden ey'd morn,
 We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See

See yonder fits Reynard, so crafty and fly,
 Come saddle your courfers apace ;
 The hounds have a scent, and are all in full cry,
 They long to be giving him chace.
 The huntsmen are mounted, the steed feels the spur,
 And quickly they scow'r it along ;
 Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur,
 Follow, follow, my boys is the song.
 O'er mountains and valleys we skim it away,
 Now Reynard's almost out of fight ;
 But sooner than lose him we'll spend the whole day
 In hunting, for that's our delight.
 By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,
 He's too tired, poor rogue, down he lies ;
 Now starts up afresh, and young Snap has him fast,
 He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE

L A D I E S.

IN this shady blest retreat
 I've been wishing for my dear ;
 Hark, I hear his welcome feet,
 Tell the lovely charmer near.
 'Tis the sweet bewitching swain,
 True to love's appointed hour ;
 Joy and peace now smile again,
 Love I own thy mighty power.

TO

TO fly, like bird, from grove to grove,
 To wander like the bee ;
 To sip of sweets, and taste of love,
 Is not enough for me :
 No fluttering passions wake my breast ;
 I wish the place to find,
 Where fate may give me peace and rest,
 One shepherd to my mind.

To ev'ry youth I'll not be gay ;
 Nor try on all my pow'r ;
 Nor future pleasures throw away,
 In toyings for an hour :
 I would not reign the general toast,
 Be prais'd by all the town ;
 A thousand tongues on me are lost,
 I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flatt'ring train,
 Who swarm at beauty's shrine,
 When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
 Will court their sure decline ?
 Then fops and wits, and beaux forbear,
 Your arts will never do ;
 For some fond youth shall be my care,
 Life's chequer'd season through.

My little heart shall love a home,
 A warm and shelter'd nest ;
 No giddy flights shall make me roam
 From whence I am not blest :
 With love and only that dear swain,
 What tranquil joys I see !
 Farewell, ye false, inconstant train !
 For one is all to me.

GAY

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
 The pretty'ft young shepherd that pipes on the
 plain;
 I'd hear his foft tale, then declare 'twas amifs,
 And I'd often fay no, when I long'd to fay yes.
 And I'd often, &c.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
 And fent me two lambkins to witnefs his flame;
 Oh! take thefe he cry'd, thou more fair than their
 fleece,
 I could hardly fay no, tho' afham'd to fay yes.
 I could hardly, &c.

Soon after one morning we fat in the grove,
 He prefs'd my hand hard, and in fighs breath'd
 his love;
 Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kifs,
 I defign'd to have faid no, but miftook and faid yes.
 I defign'd, &c.

While at this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his
 breaft,
 Ye gods, he cry'd, Cloe will now make me bleft;
 Come, let's to the church, and fhare conjugal blifs,
 To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to fay yes.
 To prevent being teaz'd, &c.

I ne'er was fo pleas'd with a word in my life,
 I ne'er was fo happy as fince I'm a wife;
 Then take, ye young damfels, my counfel in this,
 You muft all die old maids if you will not fay yes.
 You muft all die, &c.

MY eyes may fpeak pleasure,
 Tongue flow without meafure,
 Yet my heart in my bofom lies ftill;

Thus

Thus the river is flowing,
 The mill clapper going,
 But the miller's asleep in his mill.

Though lovers surround me,
 With speeches confound me,
 Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
 Thus the river is flowing,
 The mill-clapper going,
 But the miller's asleep in his mill.

The little god eyes me,
 And thinks to surprise me,
 But my heart is awake in my breast ;
 Thus boys slyly creeping,
 Would catch a bird sleeping,
 But the linnet's awake in his nest.

THIS cold flinty heart it is you who have warm'd,
 You waken'd my passions, my senses have
 charm'd,

You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd ;
 In vain against merit and Cymon I strove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love,
 Sweet passion, sweet passion, sweet passion of love.

The frost nips the buds and the rose cannot blow,
 From youth that is frost-nipt no rapture can flow,
 Elysium to him but a desert will prove ;
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,
 Her birds and her flow'rets make blithesome sweet
 May ;

Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove,
 What's life without passion, sweet passion of love.

O Sandy,

O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn;
 Thy presence could ease me,
 When naithing can please me!
 Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the bourn,
 Or through the wood laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' woods now are bonny and mornings are clear,
 While l'av' rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When through the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.
 That I am forsaken some spare not to tell,
 I'm fash'd wi' their scorning
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel.
 Then stay my dear Sandy no longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Haste here to thy marrow,
 Who's living in languor till that happy day,
 When through the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing
 and play.

FORGIVE, ye fair, nor take it wrong,
 If aught too much I do;
 Permit me while I sing my song,
 To give a lesson too:
 Let modesty, that heaven-born maid,
 Your words and actions grace;
 'Tis this, and only this can add,
 New lustre to your face.

'Tis

'Tis this which paints the virgins cheeks
 Beyond the power of art ;
 And ev'ry real blush bespeaks,
 The goodness of the heart ;
 This index of the virt'ous mind
 Your lovers will adore ;
 This, this will leave a charm behind,
 When bloom can charm no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle men
 With nice reserve behave ;
 And learn by distance to maintain,
 The power your beauty gave :
 For this when beauty must decay,
 Your empire will protect ;
 The wanton pleases for a day,
 But ne'er creates respect.

With this, their silly jest reprove,
 When coxcombs dare intrude ;
 Nor think the man is worth your love,
 Who ventures to be rude ;
 Your charms, when cheap, will ever pall,
 They fully with a touch ;
 And tho' you mean to grant not all,
 You often grant too much.

But, patient let each virtuous fair,
 Expect the gen'rous youth ;
 Whom heaven has doom'd her heart to share,
 And blest with love and truth :
 For him alone reserve her hand,
 And wait the happy day ;
 When he with justice may command,
 And she with joy obey.

WHAT

WHAT harm in so simple a token of love,
I cull'd him the prime of the garden and
grove ;

He wore it fresh blooming and glitt'ring with dew,
Yet Lucy's neglected, and William's untrue.

Can smiles and soft accents derision convey,
No mischief so subtle, so fatal as they ;
He brags of the prize in each meadow and glade,
And declares how he pities the helpless poor maid.

In my quick mounting blushes the virgins descry,
What my truth-tutor'd mind is too frank to deny ;
And the cold hearted prudes, ah ! how wary they
shun

The maiden whom frankness alone has undone.

Your thoughts then, dear sisters, with caution conceal,

The soft growing passion be slow to reveal ;
Distrust the vain shepherd whose temper is such,
That granting a whisper is granting too much.

O Happy hour all hours excelling,
When retired from crouds and noise :
Happy is that silent dwelling,
Fill'd with self-possessing joys.

Happy that contented creature,
Who with fewest things is pleas'd ;
And consults the voice of nature,
When of raving fancy eas'd.

Ev'ry action wisely moving,
Just as reason turns the scale ;
Ev'ry scene of life improving,
That no anxious thoughts prevail.

THE virgin when soften'd by May,
 Attends to the villager's vows,
 The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs.
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above ;
 We shepherds who dwell on the plain,
 Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
 Fond Zephyr caresses the pine,
 The bee steals a kifs from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine :
 The pinks by the rivulet's side,
 That borders the vernal alcove ;
 Bend downwards to kifs the soft tide,
 For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array ;
 If the lark and the linnet now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May :
 The stock-dove recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond blifs in the grove ;
 And murmuring seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay ;
 Get your pipes, oh ! ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the day :
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove ;
 Let him tell a soft tale, and he'll find,
 That May is the mother of love.

O What joy does conquest yield,
 When returning from the field,
 Shining in his glitt'ring arms,
 How the godlike warrior charms.
 Laurel wreaths his head surrounding,
 Banners waving in the wind,
 Fame her golden trumpet sounding,
 Every voice in concert join'd.

AH! why must words my flame reveal,
 What need my Damon bid me tell,
 What all my actions prove ;
 A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
 Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh
 Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
 My eyes still fix'd on him remain,
 And him alone approve ;
 The rest unheeded dance and play,
 From all he steals my praise away,
 And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er we meet my looks confess
 The joys which all my soul possess,
 And ev'ry care remove ;
 Still, still, too short appears his stay,
 The moments fly too fast away,
 Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise,
 So pleas'd I am with all he says,
 I ev'ry word approve ;
 But is he blam'd, altho' in jest,
 I feel resentment fire my breast,
 Alas! because I love.

But

But oh ! what tortures tear my heart,
 When I suspect his looks impart
 The least desire to rove;
 I hate the maid that gives me pain,
 Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
 For ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read my eyes,
 Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
 My passion these will prove;
 Words oft deceive and spring from art,
 The true expression of my heart
 To Damon must be love.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
 And birds were singing on each spray,
 When Colin met me in the grove,
 And told me tender tales of love :
 Was ever swain so blythe as he,
 So kind, so faithful, and so free,
 In spite of all my friends could say,
 Young Colin stole my heart away.

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
 He sweetly joins the wood-lark's song ;
 And when he dances on the green,
 There's none so blythe as Colin seen :
 If he's but by I nothing fear,
 For I alone am all his care ;
 Then spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
 And seems surpriz'd I quit my home ;
 But she'd not wonder that I rove,
 Did she but feel how much I love :

Full

Full well I know the gen'rous swain
 Will never give my bosom pain ;
 Then spite of all my friends can say,
 He's stole my tender heart away.

TO please me the more, and to change the dull
 scene,
 My swain took me oft to the sports on the green ;
 And to ev'ry fine sight would he tempt me to roam,
 For he fear'd lest my heart should grow weary of
 home.

To yield to my shepherd, so fond and so kind,
 I left my dear cot and true pleasures behind ;
 And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam,
 For false all the joy was that grew not at home.

To flirt, to be prais'd, was to me no delight,
 I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight ;
 Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,
 When love and contentment were always at home ?

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there
 too long,

I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad song ;
 I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,
 Nor chuse to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs, and ye shepherds, so frolic and gay,
 Who in roving now flutter your moments away ;
 Believe it, my aim shall be never to roam,
 But to live my life thro', and be happy at home.

SINCE

SINCE they trac'd me alone with a swain to the
grove,
Each tongue in the village proclaims I'm in love ;
With a laugh they point at us as passing along,
And Colin and Nell are their jest and their song.

Suspicion long whisper'd it over the green,
But Scandal now tells what she never has seen ;
Wherever we wander, yet faster she flies,
What we do, or we say she reflects with her lies.

How we trip all by moonlight to love-haunted
bow'rs ;

How we toy and we kiss at the sweet gilded hours :
All this, and yet more, if she will she may name,
For we meet without crime, and we part without
shame.

I own that I love him, he's so to my mind,
And waits with impatience till fortune's more kind ;
I still will love on till our fate's to be blest,
And the talk may be louder it sha'nt break our rest.

Let malice her tongue and her eyes all employ,
And envy do all to embitter our joy ;
The time that is coming shall soften the past,
And crown the gay nymph and her Colin at last.

HOW blithe was I each morn to see
My swain come o'er the hill !

He leap'd the brook, and flew to me ;

I met him with good will :

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,

When his flocks near me lay ;

He gather'd in my sheep at night,

And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh! the broom, the bonny broom,
Where lost was my repose;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
The fleecy flock stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody:
While thus we spent our time, by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play,
envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
Oh, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithful be?
He stole my heart; cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
Hard fate! that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.
Oh, the broom, &c.

TO thee, O gentle sleep, alone
Is owing all our peace;
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,
By thee our sorrows cease.

The nymph whose hand by fraud or force
Some tyrant has possess'd,
By thee obtaining a divorce,
In her own choice is bless'd.

Oh,

Oh, stay! Arpasia bids thee stay,
 The sadly weeping fair
 Conjures thee not to lose, in day,
 The object of her care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,
 That motion chas'd her sleep :
 Thus by ourselves are oftneft wrought,
 The griefs for which we weep.

WHEN lovers for favours petition,
 Oh! then they approach with respect;
 But when in our hearts they've admission,
 They treat us with scorn and neglect.

'Tis dangerous ever to try them,
 So artful are men to deceive;
 'Tis safer, much safer to fly them,
 So easy are maids to believe.

O Cupid! why art thou pursuing
 Such endless designs on my heart,
 To make me so fond of my ruin,
 And doat on the cause of my smart?
 In vain do I strive to remove him;
 Affliction to reason is blind;
 In spite of his failings I love him;
 He's charming, tho' false and unkind.

GENTLE youth, oh! tell me why,
 Still you force me thus to fly;
 Cease, oh! cease to persevere,
 Speak not what I must not hear;
 To my heart its ease restore,
 Go, and never see me more.

Oh,

THE spring newly dawning invites ev'ry flow'r
 To blossom again on the mead or the bow'r ;
 Tho' sports on the plain the young shepherds prepare,
 To me they're unpleasing if Jockey's not there.
 Tho' sports, &c.

Let winter its horrors spread wide o'er the scene,
 And nought but its gloom on each object be seen ;
 To me e'en a desert seems lovely and fair,
 If fortune decrees that my Jockey is there.
 Tho' sports, &c.

DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,
 From am'rous looks and smiles ;
 And shield me, in my gayer hours,
 From love's destructive wiles :
 In vain let sighs and melting tears
 Employ their moving art,
 Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs
 E'er triumph in my heart.

My calm content and virtuous joys
 May envy ne'er molest,
 Nor let ambitious thoughts arise
 Within my peaceful breast ;
 Yet may there such a decent state,
 Such unaffected pride,
 As love and awe at once create,
 My words and actions guide.

Let others, fond of empty praise,
 Each wanton art display,
 While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
 And sigh their souls away :
 Far other dictates I pursue,
 (My bliss in virtue plac'd)
 And seek to please the wiser few,
 Who real worth can taste.

TOO late for redress, and too soon for my ease;
 I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd I could please;
 Reflection stood still, while I fancy'd your eyes
 Read the language of mine, and reply'd to my sighs:
 Thus cheated by hope I unheeded went on,
 And judg'd of your heart by the throbs of my own:
 Delusive fond hope seem'd, alas! to persuade,
 That friendship, that kindness, with love was repaid.
 But, alas! all is chang'd, and with anguish I find
 Words and looks prove but civil, which once I
 thought kind;
 Idea no longer its succour will lend,
 To form the fond lover, or fix the firm friend:
 Then hush my poor heart, and no longer complain,
 Thy honour, thy virtue, pronounce it is vain;
 Thy thoughts swell to crimes; drive this love from
 thy breast,
 Perform well thy duty, let fate do the rest.

GENTEEL is my Damon, engaging his air;
 And his face, like the morn, is both ruddy
 and fair:
 No vanity sways him, no folly is seen;
 But open's his temper, and noble's his mien.
 With prudence illumin'd his actions appear;
 His passions are calm, and his judgment is clear:
 Soft love sits enthron'd in the beams of his eyes;
 He is manly, yet tender; he's fond, yet he's wise:
 He's young and good-humour'd; he's gen'rous and
 gay;
 And his voice can, like music, drive sorrow away:
 An amiable softness still dwells on his speech;
 He's willing to learn, tho' he's able to teach.

He has promis'd to love me as long as I live,
 And his heart is too honest to let him deceive :
 Then blame me, ye virgins, if justly ye can ;
 Since merit and fondness distinguish the man.

CEASE, gay seducers, pride to take
 In triumphs o'er the fair,
 Since clowns as well can act the rake
 As those in higher sphere.

Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
 Shall hapless beauty go ?
 In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
 Poor woman finds a foe.

HOW blest the maid whose bosom
 No headstrong passion knows !
 Her days in joy she passes,
 Her nights in soft repose :
 Where'er her fancy leads her,
 No pain, no fear invades her ;
 But pleasure
 Without measure
 From ev'ry object flows.

YE verdant woods, ye chrysal streams,
 On whose enamel'd side
 I shar'd the sun's refreshing beams,
 While Jockey was my guide.

No more your shades or murmurs please
 Poor Sylvia's love-sick mind ;
 No rural scenes can give me ease,
 Since Jockey proves unkind.

Come,

Come, gloomy eve, and veil the sky
 With clouds of darkest hue ;
 Wither, ye plants ; ye flow'rets die,
 Unhear'd with balmy dew.

Ye wildly warbling birds, no more
 Your songs can soothe my mind ;
 My hours of joy, alas ! are o'er,
 Since Jockey proves unkind.

I'll hie me to some dreary grove,
 For sighing sorrow made,
 Where nought but plaintive strains of love
 Resound thro' ev'ry shade.

Where the sad turtle's melting grief,
 With Philomela's join'd,
 Alone shall yield my heart relief,
 Since Jockey proves unkind.

Be warn'd by Sylvia's fate, ye maids,
 And shun the soft deceit ;
 Tho' Love's own eloquence persuades,
 'Tis all a dangerous cheat.

Fly, quickly fly, the faithless swain,
 His baffled arts despise ;
 So shall you live exempt from pain,
 While hapless Sylvia dies.

IF 'tis joy to wound a lover,
 How much more to give him ease ;
 When his passion we discover,
 Oh, how pleasing 'tis to please !

The bliss returns, and we receive
 Transports greater than we give.

[Da Capo.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice ;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 Till first he's made my choice.

Let parent's rule, cry nature's laws,
 And children still obey ;
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
 And banishes despair ;
 If yet my dearest Damon lives,
 Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
 My tender grief remove ;
 Oh ! send some chearing ray of light,
 And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
 The pensive Cælia mourn'd ;
 While courteous echo lent her aid,
 And sigh for sigh return'd.

When, sudden, Damon's well-known face
 Each rising fear disarms ;
 He eager springs to her embrace,
 She sinks into his arms.

GENTLE Damon cease to woo me,
 'Tis in vain you thus pursue me,
 Sighs and tears cannot subdue me,
 Nor can change my constant heart.

Young Philander's generous passion
 Taught me first soft inclination ;
 Never shall your fly persuasion
 Make me act a treacherous part.
 Gentle Damon cease, &c.

Cease, O cease, then, this complaining,
 Such perfidious arts disdaining ;
 Let bright honour, once more reigning,
 To your soul its rays impart.
 Gentle Damon cease, &c.

LET the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the
 swain,

Who in transports of passion affects to complain ;
 For his rage, nor his love, in his phrenzy is shown,
 And the blast that blows loudest is soon over-blown.

But the shepherd, whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
 Will submissive adore, and rejoice in thy smart ;
 Or in plaintive soft murmurs his bosom-felt woe,
 Like the smooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.

Tho' silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
 And his heart own your sway with a tribute of sighs ;
 But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
 His tale is so tender, he cooes like a dove.

WHEN I was a young one, what girl was
 like me ?

So wanton, so airy, and brisk as a bee ;
 I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
 A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say ;
 'Twas this, Sir, and that, Sir, but scarce ever nay ;
D 5
And

And Sundays, dress'd out in my silk and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband, poor man !
Well rest him ; we all are as good as we can ;
Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws,
And jealous, tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snubb'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone ;
Egad ! I've a tongue, and I paid him his own :
Ye wives take the hint, and when spouse is un-
tow'rd,

Stand firm to your charter, and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, and more to my woe ;
I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
This Time's a fore foe ; there's no shunning his dart ;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
And, books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
I teach that to others I once did myself.

HOW happy were my days till now !
I ne'er did sorrow feel ;
With joy I rose to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O the fool ! the silly, silly fool,
That trusts what man may be !
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

T'OTHER

T'OTHER day, as I sat in the sycamore shade,
Young Damon came whistling along ;

I trembled, I blush'd—a poor innocent maid,
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue :
Silly heart, I cry'd, fie ! what a flutter is here !

Young Damon designs you no ill ;
The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear,
Then prithee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
One kiss he demanded, no more ;

But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
I could not begrudge him a score :
My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill ;
But Damon's dear lips made my heart to rebound,
Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade
For shelter I'm sure to repair ;

And virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
Altho' the dear shepherd be there :
At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will ;
There's something so sweet in the baffle it makes,
I'll die e'er I bid it lie still.

LORD ! Sir, you seem mighty uneasy,
But I the refusal can bear ;

I warrant I shall not run crazy,
Nor die in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose, you're mistaken ;
For, Sir, for to let you to know,
I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
But I have two strings to my bow.

SAY, little foolish, fluttering thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight?
Stay here, and sing
Your mistress to delight.

No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go.
Where, you wanton, could you be
Half so happy as with me.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins
despis'd,
To all batchelors, greeting, these lines are premis'd.
I'm a maid that would marry; ah! could I but find
(I care not for fortune) a man to my mind.
I care not for fortune, &c.

Not the fair-weather'd fop, fond of fashion and drefs;
Nor the 'squire, who can relish no joys but the chace;
Nor the free-thinking rake, whom no mortal can
bind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Neither this, &c.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, who topos world without end;
Nor the drone who can't relish his bottle and friend;
Nor the fool that's too fond, nor the churl that's
unkind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Neither this, &c.

Not the rich, with full bags, without breeding or
merit;
Nor the flash that's all fury, without any spirit;
Nor the fine master fribble, the scorn of mankind;
Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.
Neither this, &c.

But

But the youth whom good-sense and good-nature
 inspire ;
 Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
 admire ;
 In whose heart love and truth are with honour
 conjoin'd ;
 This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.
 This, this, &c.

WERE I as poor as wretch can be,
 As great as any monarch he,
 Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
 I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs, (I ask not wealth)
 Grant me but innocence and health ;
 Ah ! what is grandeur link'd to vice ?
 'Tis only virtue gives it price.

REMEMBER, Damon, you did tell,
 In chastity you lov'd me well ;
 But now, alas ! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my moan :
 To doleful shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love ;
 Where poor forsaken nymphs are seen
 In lonely walks of willow green.

Upon my dear's deluding tongue,
 Such soft persuasive language hung,
 That when his words had silence broke,
 You would have thought an angel spoke.
 Too happy nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he ;
 For oh ! I fear it to my cost,
 She's found the heart that I have lost.

Beneath

Beneath the fairest flow'r on earth,
 A snake may hide, or take it's birth;
 So his false breast conceal it did
 His heart the snake that there lay hid.
 'Tis false to say we happy are,
 Since men delight thus to ensnare;
 In man no woman can be blest,
 Their vows are wind, their love a jest.
 Ye gods, in pity to my grief,
 Send me my Damon, or relief;
 Return the wild delicious boy,
 Whom once I thought my spring of joy:
 But whilst I'm begging of the bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer this;
 When Damon has enjoy'd he flies,
 Who sees him loves, who loves him dies.

WHEN late a simple rustic lass,
 I rov'd without constraint,
 A stream was all my looking glass,
 And health my only paint.
 The charms I boast, alas! how few,
 I gave to nature's care;
 As vice ne'er spoil'd their native hue,
 They could not want repair.

IN all mankind's promiscuous race,
 The sons of error urge their chace,
 The wond'rous to pursue;
 And both in country and in town,
 The curious courtier, cit, and clown,
 Solicit something new.

The poets still from nature take,
 And what is ready made they make,
 Historians must be true ;
 How therefore shall we find a road,
 Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,
 To give you something new.

They say virginity is scarce,
 As any thing in prose or verse,
 And so is honour too ;
 The papers of the day imply,
 No more than that we live and die,
 And pay for something new.

We see alike the woeful dearth,
 In melancholy, or in mirth,
 Then what shall ladies do ;
 Seek virtue as th' immortal prize,
 In fine, be honest and be wise,
 For that is something new.

SIMPLE Strephon, cease complaining,
 Talk no more of foolish love ;
 Think not e'er my heart to reign in,
 Think not all you say can move.

Did I take delight to fetter
 Thrice ten thousand slaves a day ;
 Thrice ten thousand times your betters
 Gladly would my rule obey.
 Simple Strephon, &c.

Seek not her who still forbids you,
 To some other tell your moan ;
 Chuse where'er your fancy leads you,
 Let Chlorinda but alone.
 Simple Strephon, &c.

WHILE

WHILE on my Colin's knee I sit,
 Lur'd by thy voice, charm'd with thy wit,
 My panting heart true measure beats,
 And gladly ev'ry sigh repeats ;
 I sigh with joy, that thou may'st see
 I sympathize in all—in all with thee.

No matter how the ice was broke,
 Or whether you or I first spoke ;
 Who only barter love for love,
 The niceness of the passion prove :
 For oft in gratitude we give,
 And sometimes generously receive.

Level'd by love, let neither try
 To fix superiority ;
 Since all the kind, the fond contest,
 Of whether you or I love best,
 Like heedless touching a wrong key,
 But jars the sound of harmony.

BY my sighs you may discover
 What soft wishes touch my heart ;
 Eyes may speak and tell each other
 What the tongue cannot impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
 Thoughts your breast may disapprove ;
 But 'tis hard and past concealing,
 When we truly, fondly love.

[Da Capo.]

TELL me, lasses, have you seen,
 Lately wand'ring o'er the green,
 Beauty's son, a little boy,
 Full of frolic, mirth and joy ?

If

If you know his shelter say,
 He's from Venus gone astray ?
 Tell me, lasses, have you seen,
 Such a one trip o'er the green ?

By his marks the god you'll know,
 O'er his shoulder hangs a bow,
 And a quiver fraught with darts,
 Poison sure to human hearts ;
 Tho' he's naked, little, blind,
 He can triumph o'er the mind.
 Tell me, lasses, &c.

Subtle as the lightning's wound,
 Is his piercing arrow found,
 While the bosom'd heart it pains,
 No external mark remains ;
 Reason's shield itself is broke
 By the unsuspected stroke.
 Tell me, lasses, &c.

Oft the urchin's seen to lie
 Basking in the sunny eye,
 Or his destin'd prey he seeks
 On the maiden's rosy cheeks ;
 Snowy breasts, or curling hair,
 Oft conceal his pleasing snare.
 Tell me, lasses, &c.

She that the reefs reveals
 Where the god himself conceals,
 Shall a kiss receive this night
 From him who is her heart's delight ;
 To Venus let her bring the boy,
 She shall taste love's sweetest joy.
 Tell me, lasses, &c.

WHEN courted by Strephon, what pains then
he took,

Each day on my charms to refine ;
So much of an angel he saw in my look,
That he swore I was something divine.

Like Venus in beauty, like Juno in gait,
Like Pallas most wonderful wife ;
And thus of three deities fairly in prate,
He purloin'd, to please me, the skies.

But when I was marry'd, more trouble he found
To make me a woman again ;
My notions celestial so much did abound,
That a goddess I still would remain.

But finding that his adoration would cease,
My senses at last were restor'd ;
From sublimity gently descending to peace,
I begg'd to be lov'd, not ador'd.

Be cautious, ye youths, with the nymph that you
prize,
Nor too much her beauty commend ;
When once you have rais'd the fair maid to the skies,
To the earth she'll not easy descend.

MY Jockey is the blithest lad
That ever maiden woo'd ;
When he appears, my heart is glad,
For he is kind and good.
He talks of love whene'er we meet,
His words with rapture flow ;
Then tunes his pipe, and sings so sweet,
I have no pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At ev'ry fair, and all the wakes,
 I hear them making moan :
 He buys me toys, and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbands for my hair ;
 No swain was ever half so true,
 Or half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go I nothing fear
 If Jockey is but by,
 For I alone am all his care
 When any danger's nigh.
 He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
 And make me blest for life ;
 Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
 To be young Jockey's wife ?

YE Zephyrs come flutter and play,
 To life wake my fond drooping breast ;
 Who can bear all this fever of day,
 And taste either pleasure or rest ?
 Then panting and dying, I'll fly from the hours,
 And hie to the streams, and to sweet shady bowers.

The toils of the field are all o'er ;
 The shepherd and sheep all retreat ;
 They think of their pasture no more,
 But crowd to their shelter from heat.
 All panting, &c.

Then welcome thou dear leafy grove,
 Where Sol cannot peep with a ray ;
 'Mong woodbines and myrtles I'd rove,
 Alone wear the moments away.
 Then panting, &c.

Then

Then Strephon, O come thou not nigh!
 Thy fight I'm not able to bear,
 In vain from Sol's fury I fly,
 If love and thou follow me here.
 Then panting alone let me fly, &c.

THE lowland lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain, and idly gaudy;
 How much unlike the graceful mein,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie.

O my bonny highland laddie,
 My handsome charming highland laddie;
 May heaven still guard, and love reward,
 The lowland lads and her highland laddie:

If I were free at will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest lowland lady,
 I'd take young Donald in his trews,
 With bonnet blue and belted pladie.
 O my bonny, &c.

No greater joy I'll e'er pretend
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end
 While heaven preserves my highland laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

MY father and mother for ever they chide,
 Because I young Colin approve:
 Tho' witty and manly they him can't abide,
 But I'm alone guided by love.

My

My father, I warrant, when at Colin's age,
 No doubt but pursu'd the same plan ;
 My mother, 'tis certain, took care to engage
 At once to make sure of her man.

And why should not I the same maxim pursue ?
 I wonder she angry can be,
 When I in my turn the same thing but do,
 As she has long done before me.
 But first when the shepherd my favour address'd,
 Like others I threw o'er a veil,
 He'd sigh, and he'd kiss, when so closely he press'd,
 I cou'd not but hear his fond tale.

I candidly own, whene'er the youth's by,
 I've all I can wish in my view ;
 Nor will I, like other coy maids, pish and fie,
 The deuce shall take me if I do.
 Cool streams to the heart, nor flow'rs to the bee,
 Such pleasure they each cannot gain,
 As Colin's lov'd presence is always to me,
 For sure he's the pride of the plain.

And tho' he should show all the arts of his sex,
 Or faithless as others might prove,
 It would not my mind by half so perplex,
 But knowing none else worth my love.
 That thought I will banish, lay fifty to ten
 The licence he soon will procure ;
 Perhaps you will say, well, and prithee what then ?
 I'll wed him, my dear, to be sure.

THO' still so young, and scarce fifteen,
 Yet sweethearts I have plenty ;
 And if more forward I had been,
 Ere this they had been twenty.

Like buzzing flies, or wasps with stings,
 In swarms they hover round me ;
 I brush away those humming things,
 They have no power to wound me.

I surely am not much to blame
 To sport with one and t'other,
 My lovers raise no reddish shame,
 'Tis playing with one's brother.
 I like to hear what each can say,
 To see what they'd be doing ;
 And when they think me most their prey,
 I'm farthest off from ruin.

What, tho' in crowds I pass the day,
 And all my joy is teasing,
 To one alone I'd not be gay,
 Lest one should be too pleasing.
 They fondly flutter here and there,
 And take their idle station ;
 They only catch my eye and ear,
 But raise no palpitation.

Then welcome Harry, Tom, and Phil,
 Your numbers won't alarm me,
 For, trust me, I'm in safety still,
 'Tis only one can harm me.
 Then to this folly, nymphs, be kind,
 Coquetting's but a season ;
 When older grown, to one resign'd,
 I'll yield to love and reason.

NO woman her envy can smother,
 Tho' never so vain of her charms ;
 If a beauty she spies in another,
 The pride of her heart it alarms.

New conquests she still must be making,
 Or fancies her power grows less;
 Her poor little heart is still aching
 At sight of another's success.

But nature design'd, in love to mankind,
 That different beauties shou'd move,
 Sill pleas'd to ordain, none ever should reign
 Sole monarch in empire of love.
 Then learn to be wise, new triumphs despise,
 And leave to your neighbours their due;
 If one cannot please, you'll find by degrees,
 You'll not be contented with two;
 No, no, you'll not be contented with two.

CRUEL Strephon, will you leave me,
 Will you prove yourself forsworn?
 Can, ah! can you thus deceive me,
 Can you treat my love with scorn?
 O! behold your Chloe pleading,
 Turn and see your once lov'd maid;
 Let soft pity interceding,
 Ease a heart your vows betray'd.
 Must I hopeless pine and languish,
 Frenzy seize my tortur'd brain?
 See, he triumphs in my anguish,
 See, he glories in my pain.

ADIEU, thou lovely youth,
 Let hopes thy fear remove;
 Preserve thy faith and truth,
 But never doubt my love.

FLY, soft ideas, fly, that neither tears nor sighs
 My virtue may betray :
 Nature's great call, that govern's all,
 A daughter must obey.
 Alas ! my soul denies to hear revenge's cries ;
 Dare not, fond heart, to take his part,
 But drive his form away.

YOU tell me I'm handsome (I know not how true)
 And easy and chatty, and good-humour'd too ;
 That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
 And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly intune :
 All this has been told me by twenty before ;
 But he that would win me must flatter me more ;
 But he that would win me must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receives no supply,
 Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I !
 My ease and good-humour soft raptures will bring,
 My voice, like the nightingale's, knows but a spring :
 For charms such as these then your praises give o'er,
 To love me for life, you must still love me more ;
 To love me, &c.

Then talk not to me of a shape, or an air ;
 For Chloe the wanton can rival me there :
 'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
 And brightens good-humour as sunshine the day :
 For if that you love me, your flame may be true,
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too ;
 And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love
 A conquest I believ'd,
 The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
 O ! let me be deceiv'd,

Forbear

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which love did first create :
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my wav'ring mind
The weakness of my heart,
Which, ah ! I feel too much inclin'd
To take a traitor's part.

WOULD you wish to gain a lover,
You should all your hopes conceal;
Men, inconstant, will discover
What too oft our sex reveal.

Virtue teaches wise discretion,
Fickle men are full of arts ;
By a thoughtless fond confession,
They seduce and steal our hearts.
Would you wish, &c.

Shun, O shun, then, soft persuasion,
Let not tears your passion move ;
But embrace the first occasion,
When convinc'd they truly love.
Would you wish, &c.

AH ! Strephon, what can mean the joy,
The eager joy I prove,
While you each tender heart employ
To win my soul to love ?

So well your passion you reveal,
So top the lover's part,
That I with blushes own, I feel
A rebel in my heart.

E

Then

Then take the heart that pines to go,
 But see it kindly us'd ;
 For who such presents will bestow,
 If this should be abus'd ?

THE fields now are looking so gay,
 The birds are all warbling so sweet ;
 'Tis the welcome return of the May,
 And the cowslip now springs at my feet :
 But, all on a sudden, I find,
 These scenes, tho' so lovely, will cloy ;
 For a moment they gladden my mind,
 And put all my heart into joy.

How soon the enchantment can break !
 With Colin these scenes would endear ;
 They only can please for his sake,
 And Colin no longer is here.
 At mid-day thus lonely I rove,
 And think all is dulness around ;
 By moon-light, with Colin and love,
 Light-hearted I've pac'd o'er the ground.

Oh ! Colin, make haste to appear,
 Or to morrow I fly from the plain ;
 Tho' spring-time could last all the year,
 The season would give me but pain :
 Since all the warm sunshine of May
 Is nothing if thou art not nigh,
 Oh ! come, and make nature look gay,
 Or fields, birds and woodlands, good by.

I Do

I Do as I will with my swain,
 He never once thinks I am wrong;
 He likes none so well on the plain,
 I please him so well with my song.
 A song is the shepherd's delight,
 He hears me with joy all the day;
 He's sorry when comes the dull night,
 That hastens the end of my lay.

With spleen and with care once oppress'd,
 He ask'd me to sooth him the while;
 My voice set his mind soon to rest,
 And the shepherd would instantly smile.
 Since when, or in mead or in grove,
 By his flocks, or the clear river's side,
 I sing my best song to my love,
 And to charm him is grown all my pride.

No beauty had I to endear,
 No treasures of nature or art;
 But my voice that had gain'd on his ear
 Soon found out the way to his heart.
 To try if that voice would not please,
 He took me to join the gay throng
 I bore the rich prize off with ease,
 And my fame's gone abroad with my song.

But let me not jealousy raise,
 I wish to enchant but my swain;
 Enough then for me is his praise,
 I sing but for him the lov'd strain.
 When youth, wealth and beauty may fail,
 And your shepherds elude all your skill,
 Your sweetness of voice may prevail,
 And gain all your swains to your will.

TELL me, cruel Cupid, tell me,
How this mischief first besel me,
In a moment so to quell me?

He but woo'd and I was won;
Ev'ry kind expression charm'd me,
Ev'ry tender look alarm'd me,
Ev'ry gentle sigh disarm'd me,
'Till I lov'd but him alone.

Let me then, on love relying,
Make a merit of complying,
For him happiness denying,

I, alas! refuse my own:
Tell me, cruel Cupid, tell me,
How this mischief first besel me,
In a moment so to quell me?

He but woo'd and I was one.

YOUNG Colin to our cottage came,
And vow'd how much he lov'd;
I own I felt a secret flame,
Yet not his suit approv'd:
A thousand tender tales he told
I seem'd to think untrue,
And made believe my heart was cold;
What could a virgin do?
And made believe, &c.

The artless mind is so impress'd
With thoughts before unknown,
When Cupid wounds the female breast,
He's sure to keep his throne.
In vain our fortitude we try,
When love's resolv'd to sue;
'Tis hard, thro' pity, to deny;
What can a virgin do?

LET not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove,
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
 Nor with rancor never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.
 Let not rage, &c.

Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend.
 Let not rage, &c.

AH! seek to know what place detains
 The object of my care,
 If still his breast unchang'd remains,
 If I his converse share.
 Tell me if e'er he gently sighs
 At mention of my name;
 If e'er, when tender passions rise,
 His lips his truth proclaim.

IN the bloom of her youth shall it ever be said,
 A lass so engaging e'er dy'd an old maid;
 No, no, I'm determin'd to get me a mate,
 For wedlock I'm told's an agreeable state:
 Of lovers I'm sure I've at least half a score,
 Who own that they love me, and sigh and adore;
 There's coxcombs and fribbles, and smart killing
 beaux,
 But I needs must confess that I like none of those.

As women are ever desirous to rule,
 Some want to persuade me to marry a fool;
 But as this is a pow'r I ne'er mean to use,
 I'll tell you what sort of a man I would chuse:
 A true gen'rous Briton, bold, hearty, and kind,
 Is the partner I wish for, and seek for to find;
 If I'm but so lucky to get such a mate,
 Then wedlock must needs prove a most happy state.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me,
 Send to me the swain I love;
 Cupid, with thy bow direct me,
 Help me all ye powers above:
 Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breeze,
 Tell him I love and I despair;
 Tell him, for him I grieve;
 Say, 'tis for him I live;
 O may the shepherd be sincere.

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain,
 First Leander blest'd my sight:
 Witness ye groves and falls of water,
 Echoes repeat the vows he swore;
 Can he forget me,
 Will he forget me,
 Shall I never see him more.

Does he love and yet forsake me,
 To admire a nymph more fair;
 If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair:

Some

Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Ne'er more the cares of life pursue;
 The lark and Philomel,
 Only shall hear me tell,
 What makes me bid the world adieu.

VOWS of love should ever bind
 Men who are to honour true;
 They must have a savage mind
 Who refuse the fair their due.

Scorn'd and hated may they be,
 Who from constancy do swerve:
 So may ev'ry nymph agree
 All such faithless swains to serve.

WHEN tutor'd under mama's care,
 Such charms did I inherit;
 She gave strict charge, that none should dare
 To curb my growing spirit.
 My neck and breasts were never hid,
 Romances ever reading;
 To hold my head up I was bid,
 That I might shew my breeding.

By turns I play'd the flirt and prude,
 Affected joy and sorrow;
 And what to-day was monstrous rude,
 I thought polite to-morrow.
 By earls and dukes I was address'd,
 Each for sure of succeeding;
 Of ev'ry one I made a jest,
 That I might shew my breeding,

Young Damon too confess'd a flame,
 And rivals I had many ;
 What though I us'd him just the same,
 I lik'd him best of any.
 With sighs and tears he often swore,
 For me his heart was bleeding ;
 I only plagu'd him still the more,
 That I might shew my breeding.
 Enrag'd he vow'd to break his chain,
 And fly to smiling Kitty ;
 I could not bear to meet disdain
 From one not half so pretty.
 With gentler words I bid him stay,
 For pardon fell to pleading :
 To church we went, and from that day
 I shew'd him better breeding.

SHEPHERDS, cease your soft complaining,
 I've a heart that scorns disdaining ;
 I no bashful meanings want,
 All that virtue asks I'll grant ;
 Down-cast looks, and frequent sighing,
 Distant awe, and vows of dying,
 All are senseless. Who'd believe
 He would die who still may live ?

AH! where can one find a true swain,
 In whom a young nymph could confide ;
 Men are now so conceited and vain,
 They no longer have hearts to divide.
 Or in court, or in city, or town,
 All acknowledge how fruitless the search ;
 So polite too each village is grown,
 E'en there girls are left in the lurch.

Then

Then adieu to the thralldom of love,
 Adieu to its hope and its fear !
 Henceforth I in freedom will rove,
 Who like it the willow may wear :
 Yet should fortune, my truth to reward,
 Send some youth with each talent to blefs,
 How far I my purpose could guard,
 Is a secret I could not confefs.

WHERE's my fwain fo blythe and clever ?
 Why d'ye leave me all in forrow ?

Three whole days are gone for ever,
 Since you faid you'd come to-morrow.
 If you lov'd but half as I do,
 You'd been here with looks fo bonny ;
 Love has flying wings, I well know—
 Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny.

What can he now be a-doing ?
 Is he with the lasses maying ?
 He had better here been wooing,
 Than with others fondly playing.
 Tell me truly where he's roving,
 That I may no longer forrow ;
 If he's weary grown of loving,
 Let him tell me fo to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee,
 Let her be the happy creature ;
 I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
 Nor difpute with her a feature :
 But I can't, nor will I tarry,
 Nor will hurt myself with forrow ;
 I may lofe the time to marry,
 If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me ;
 If I'm yours, away no longer ;
 If you won't, another'll have me ;
 I may cool, but not grow fonder.
 If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
 Whine not in despair and sorrow ;
 Bless'd another lad may make ye ;
 Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
 Was ne'er so distress'd as of late I have been ;
 I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
 But my mother oft tells me, she'll have me a nun.
 But my mother, &c.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I
 Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry ;
 With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
 And my heart loves a frolic too well for a nun.
 And my heart, &c.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
 Is a thousand times better to me I declare ;
 I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,
 Nay, besides I'm too handsome, I think, for a nun.
 Nay, besides, &c.

Not to love, nor be lov'd, oh ! I never can bear,
 Nor yield to be sent to—one cannot tell where ;
 'To live or to die in this case were all one,
 Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a nun.
 Nay, I sooner, &c.

Perhaps but to teaze me she threatens me so,
 I'm sure were she me she would stoutly say no ;
 But if she's in earnest I from her will run,
 And be marry'd in spite, that I may'nt be a nun.
 And be marry'd, &c. I Saw

I Saw what seem'd a harmless child,
 With wings and bow,
 And aspect mild,
 Who fobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
 And begg'd I would some boon bestow
 On a poor little boy stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, too soon I comply'd,
 For exulting he cry'd,
 And drew from his quiver a dart ;
 My pow'r you soon shall know,
 Then levell'd his bow,
 And wounded me right in the heart.

WHILE on earth's soft lap descending,
 Lightly falls the feather'd snow,
 Nature awfully attending,
 Each rude wind forbids to blow.

White and pure awhile appearing,
 Earth her virgin mantle wears,
 Soon the fickle season veering,
 Her deluded bosom bears.

Thus my foolish heart believing,
 Listen'd to his artful tongue ;
 All his vows of love receiving,
 On each flatt'ring accent hung.

Fondly, for a time, mistaken,
 Love and joy conceal'd my fate,
 Now, alas ! at length forsaken,
 Sad experience comes too late.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight,
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight;
 He wants to be with me wherever I go,
 The deuce fure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side,
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide;
 I bid him depart, but he smiling says no,
 The deuce fure is in him for plaguing me so.

He often requests me his flame to relieve,
 I ask him what favour he hopes to receive;
 His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow,
 What mortal beside him would plague a maid so.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the wake,
 And softly intreated I'd wear for his sake;
 Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow,
 I fure deserve more for his plaguing me so.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
 And meets me each morn to conduct me again;
 But what's his intention I wish I could know,
 For I'd rather be married than plagu'd with him so.

SINCE lost to peace of mind serene,
 I drag my chain in fruitless hope,
 I'll court each melancholy scene,
 And give my sorrows their full scope;
 My lovely, sprightly, gallant tar,
 Who sports with fierce destructive war,
 Think what I feel, where'er thou art,
 Think of thy Mary's breaking heart.

Secure thy dancing castle rides
 Upon the bosom of the deep,
 The stormy winds and waves abides,
 And navigation bids thee sleep:

But

But balmy sleep and downy rest
 Shall fly the tempest in thy breast,
 When jealous fears, like mine, shall prove
 The truth of my dear sailor's love.

Hope, doubt and fear, and winds and waves,
 More dreadful to the love-toss'd mind
 Than those the skilful seamen braves,
 Who leaves pale care and grief behind :
 Th' adventurous maid, embark'd like me,
 That fails on such a troubled sea,
 The ocean's rage would gladly meet,
 And in its depths would seek retreat.

Yet, O be still, my frantic brain,
 Let reason whisper to my fears,
 My sailor may return again,
 Crown'd with success to dry my tears ;
 When fame, and all her gaudy charms,
 Shall yield him to my longing arms,
 And one blest'd hour together blend
 The lover, hero, husband, friend.

C H O R U S .

Britannia, hail thou mighty queen !
 The strength, the power, the seas are thine,
 Long may thy power on justice lean,
 To be preserv'd they must combine ;
 To courage singly ne'er resort,
 For virtue is thy true support,
 'Tis that alone can strength maintain,
 Be virtuous and for ever reign.

WAS I a shepherd's maid, to keep
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
 Well pleas'd I'd watch the live-long day,
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or

Or would some bird, that pity brings,
 But for a moment lend its wings,
 My parents then might rave and scold,
 My guardian strive my will to hold :
 Their words are harsh, his walls are high,
 But spite of all away I'd fly.

MY shepherd is gone far away o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
 Tho' blue-bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn;
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
 There's nothing can please now my Jockey's away;
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, to my arms, my dear Jockey, again.
 Haste, haste, &c.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see :
 Those pleasures offend me, my shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share;
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here ;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste :
 Then farewell each care, adieu each vain sigh !
 Who'll then be so blest, or so happy as I ?
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

WHEN

WHEN chilling winter hies away,
 I, Flora, reassume my reign;
 Borne on the wings of balmy May,
 I come to paint the woods and plain:
 Ambrosial sweets I have in store,
 The cowslip, violet, rose appear;
 The nymphs and swains my power adore,
 And wish my presence all the year;
 Enrich'd by me, the grateful throng,
 All dress'd with flow'rs and garlands gay,
 With festive pipe, and dance and song,
 Now keep their much-lov'd Flora's day.

'TIS a twelvemonth ago, nay, perhaps, they
 are twain,
 Since Thyrsis neglected the nymphs of the plain,
 And would tempt me to walk the gay meadows
 along,
 To hear a soft tale, or to sing him a song;
 To hear a soft tale, &c.
 What at first was but friendship soon grew to a
 flame;
 In my heart it was love, in the youth 'twas the
 same:
 From each other our passion we fought not to hide;
 But who should love most was our contest and pride;
 But who should love most, &c.
 But prudence soon whisper'd us, " Love not too
 " well,
 " For envy has eyes and a tongue that will tell;
 " And a flame, without fortune's rich gifts on its
 " side,
 " The grave ones will scorn, and a mother must
 " chide;
 " The grave ones, &c.

Afraid

Afraid of rebukes, he his visits forbore,
 And we promis'd to think of each other no more,
 Or to tarry, with patience, a season more kind:
 So I put the dear shepherd quite out of my mind;
 So I put the dear, &c.

But love breaks the fences I vainly had made,
 Grows deaf to all censure, and will be repaid:
 If we sigh for each other, ah! quit not your care;
 Condemn the god Cupid, but bless the fond pair;
 Condemn the god Cupid, but bless the fond pair.

LET other Damon's praise rehearse,
 Or Colin's at their will;
 I mean to sing, in rustic verse,
 Young Strephon of the hill.

As once I sat beneath a shade,
 Beside a purling rill;
 Who should my solitude invade,
 But Strephon of the hill?

He tap'd my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
 I could not take it ill;
 For nothing, sure, is done amiss
 By Strephon of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they fit and bill;
 So sweet your time shall pass away
 With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
 O love propitious still!
 May ev'ry nymph be blest, like me,
 With Strephon of the hill.

FROM

FROM the man that I love, tho' my heart I
 disguise,
 I will freely describe the wretch I despise ;
 And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.
 And if he has sense, &c.

A wit without sense, without fury a beau ;
 Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow ;
 A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon ;
 In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon.
 A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox ;
 Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks ;
 As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog ;
 In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
 As a tyger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
 His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather :
 Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
 He will sure take a hint from the picture I draw.
 Yet if he has sense, &c.

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
 To warm and win the coldest heart,
 In secret mine possessest :
 The morning bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal oak that straitest grows,
 His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
 Soft as the sighings of the gale,
 That wakes the flow'ry year :

What

What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy nature form'd to please,
Whom love had made sincere ?

At morn he left me—fought and fell ;
The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed :
Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
For ah ! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead.

THAT May-day of life is for pleasure,
For singing, for dancing, and show ;
Then why will you waste such a treasure
In sighing and crying—heigho !

Let's copy the bird in the meadows ;
By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low :
Fly round, and coquette it as she does,
And never fit crying—heigho !

Though, when in the arms of a lover,
It sometimes may happen, I know,
That, ere all your toying is over,
We cannot help crying—heigho !

In age ev'ry one a new part takes ;
I find to my sorrow 'tis so :
When old, you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—heigho !

CUPID, god of soft persuasion,
Take a helpless lover's part :
Seize, oh seize some kind occasion
To reward a faithful heart.

Justly

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.
 Cupid, god of, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to rest;
 Childish mummary at best.
 Happy I in humble state!
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
 Cupid, god of, &c.

O What a change in my fortune is this!
 See, see the sequel of being a Miss;
 I who was lately in splendor and pride,
 Now to a block in Bridewell am ty'd:
 Fool that I was, if my virtue I'd kept,
 Poor and contented, in peace I had slept.
 Ladies of pleasure, beware from my fall,
 Lest you, like poor Kitty, should come to mill-doll.

GENTLE shepherd, sooth my sorrow,
 Kindly, kindly come to-morrow;
 Let no loitering cares delay thee,
 Let no other pleasures stay thee.

Soon return with joy to charm me,
 Come, lest painful thoughts alarm me:
 Smiling love, restore my rover,
 Haste, thou kind, yet cruel lover.

Gentle shepherd, &c.

HOW

HOW much superior beauty awes,
 The coldest bosoms find;
 But with resistless force it draws,
 To sense and virtue join'd.
 The casket, where, to outward show,
 The artist's hand is seen,
 Is doubly valu'd when we know
 It holds a gem within.

THE foldier, tir'd of war's alarms,
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
 And scorns the spear and shield;
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,
 He burns with conquests to be crown'd,
 And dares again the field.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languish,
 If you'd have them constant prove;
 Doubts and fears, and sighs and anguish,
 Are the chains that fasten love.

Jockey woo'd, and I consented,
 Soon as e'er I heard his tale,
 He with conquest quite contented,
 Boasting, rov'd around the vale.
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,
 Who rejects him with disdain;
 Love's a strange bewitching folly,
 Never pleas'd without some pain.
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

'TIS not wealth, it is not birth,
 Can value to the soul convey :
 Minds possess superior worth,
 Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
 Like the sun true merit shows,
 By nature warm, by nature bright ;
 With inbred flames he nobly glows,
 Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

GENTLE breezes, waft him over
 To the distant sultry isle ;
 Love will shield from harm the rover,
 Fame be kind, and Fortune smile.
 For an age you must not leave me,
 Nor to farthest climates run ;
 Don't too soon of joy bereave me,
 Hope must bring the wand'rer home.
 Think of her you left behind ye,
 And to tender vows be true ;
 Constant, fond, you still shall find me,
 Peace, poor heart—fond youth, adieu !

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care :
 Direct me to the sweet retreat
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat ;
 Left by thy flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way :
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

IF e'er I should learn the sweet lesson of love,
 Let these be the works of the man I approve :
 No pedant, yet learn'd, nor rakehelly gay,
 Nor laughing, because he has nothing to say ;
 To all my sex, still obliging and free,
 Yet never shew fondness to any but me ;
 In public preserve the decorum that's just,
 And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust.

But when the long hours of observance are past,
 And we sweetly retreat to a welcome repast ;
 May ev'ry fond pleasure that moment endear,
 Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear :
 Forgetting and scorning the airs of a crowd,
 He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud ;
 Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
 And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be stedfastly fix'd,
 Let the friend and the lover be properly mix'd ;
 In whose tender bosom my soul can confide,
 Whose kindness can smoothe me, whose counsel can
 guide.

From such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger should fright me, no millions should bribe ;
 But till I can find so uncommon a swain,
 As I long have liv'd single, I'll single remain.

SWEET mercy is the loveliest flower,
 That heav'n e'er planted in the mind ;
 The queen of virtue, whose soft power
 Can e'en to godhead raise mankind.

Let patriots, kings, and heroes boast
 A name that will in hist'ry live ;
 Yet he resembles heav'n the most,
 Whose godlike bosom can forgive.

YOUNG Strephon, the artful, the dangerous
swain,

My love and esteem has attempted to gain ;
With the same wicked arts he so oft had betray'd,
He thought to seduce one more innocent maid :
But appris'd of his pow'r, of my weakness aware,
I baffled his scheme, and avoided the snare ;
For virtue I love, and was taught in my dawn,
When I gather'd a rose, to beware of the thorn.

His tears I neglected, his oaths I despis'd ;
For his heart by those tears, by those oaths, he
disguis'd :

What presents he brought me I chose to decline,
(The prodigal bounty of arts and design :)

He coax'd, and he flatter'd my person in vain,
And practis'd each art on my weakness to gain :
Protected by prudence I laugh'd him to scorn ;
Tho' I fancy'd the rose, yet I dreaded the thorn.

He wantonly boasted what nymphs he had won,
What credulous beauties his arts had undone ;
He swore that his faith should inviolate be,
That his heart and those fair-ones were victims to me.
I told him, those victims and faith I'd despise,
And from such examples would learn to be wise ;
That I never would prostitute virtue to scorn,
Or smell at a rose, to be hurt by the thorn.

Was the perjur'd betrayer ashamed of his guilt ;
Was his passion on virtue, not wantoness, built,
Was his heart as sincere as his oaths are profane,
I could fancy (I own I could fancy) the swain :
But experience has taught me 'tis dang'rous to trust,
And folly to think he can ever be just ;
So I'll stifle my flame, and reject him with scorn,
Lest I grasp at the rose, and be hurt by the thorn.

WHEN

WHEN tyrant love, that foe to rest,
 Despotic rules the virgin's breast;
 The needle she employs in vain,
 To banish thought, to banish pain;
 For while beneath her fingers grows,
 In mimic bloom, the silken rose;
 The fair, by real anguish torn,
 Feels in her heart the growing thorn.

HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy,
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy.

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind,
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver, flatter still;
 Deal our pleasures unpossess;
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me blest.

LOVE's a sweet and soft musician;
 Who derives his skill from thee,
 Plays on ev'ry disposition,
 Strikes the soul on ev'ry key.

Deep despair now thrums adagio,
 Lively hope now sounds coragio;
 O! the ravishing transition!
 Tweedle-dum, and tweedle-dee.

YE nymphs, 'tis true, to Colin's strain
 I've often listen'd in the grove ;
 And can you blame me, that a swain
 Like Colin should engage my love.

Alas ! could I my heart secure,
 Unless to worth and merit blind ;
 Ah ! say, could you yourselves endure
 To slight a swain so true and kind.

When truth conveys the tender tale,
 And honour breathes the shepherd's sigh,
 Love o'er discretion will prevail :
 To shun its power in vain we try.

I Seek my shepherd, gone astray ;
 He left our cot the other day :
 Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
 Pass'd the dear rebel thro' your plains ?
 Oh ! whither, whither, must I roam,
 To find and charm the wand'rer home ?

Sports he upon the shaven green,
 Or joys he in the mountain scene ?
 Leads he his flocks along the mead,
 Or does he seek the cooler shade ?
 Oh ! teach a wretched nymph the way
 To find her lover gone astray.

To paint, ye maids, my truant swain ;
 A manly softness crowns his mien ;
 Adonis was not half so fair ;
 And when he talks, 'tis heav'n to hear !
 But oh ! the soothing poison shun,
 To listen is to be undone.

He'll swear no time shall quench his flame;
 To me the perjur'd swore the same,
 Too fondly loving to be wise,
 Who gave my heart an easy prize;
 And when he tun'd his syren voice,
 Listen'd, and was undone by choice.

But sated now, he shuns the kiss
 He counted once his greatest bliss;
 Whilst I with fiercer passions burn,
 And pant and die for his return.
 Oh! whither, whither shall I rove,
 Again to find my straying love?

WOULD you taste the noon-tide air,
 To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
 Where, woven with the poplar bough,
 The mantling vine will shelter you:
 Down each side a fountain flows,
 Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes,
 Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
 Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep,
 Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks, sleep;
 While on the hyacinth and rose
 The fair does all alone repose:
 All alone; yet in her arms
 Your breast shall beat to love's alarms,
 Till, blest and blessing, you shall own,
 The joys of love are joys alone.

LOVE asserts his pow'rful reign,
 Like a tyrant owns his sway;
 Love, tho' sweet, oft gives us pain,
 Sometimes sad, and sometimes gay:

Since

Since the age of sweet sixteen,
 When the men do most adore ;
 I to love a slave have been,
 Kifs'd and courted o'er and o'er.

Jockey is a bonny swain,
 And has stol'n my heart away ;
 Still I feel an anxious pain,
 If he's absent but a day :
 But whene'er the blooming boy
 Comes at night upon the green,
 Then my heart is fill'd with joy,
 Then I'm happy as a queen.

When the charmer talks of love,
 Doubts and fears disturb my breast ;
 Should he e'er inconstant prove,
 This poor heart will ne'er have rest ;
 He of late is fonder grown,
 And has sworn to love for life ;
 If he'll take me for his own,
 I must be young Jockey's wife.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
 To resist the tender dart ;
 For examples move us never ;
 We must feel to know the smart.
 When the shepherd swears he's dying,
 And our beauties sets to view,
 Vanity, her aid supplying,
 Bids us think 'tis all our due ;
 Bids us think 'tis all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
 Is the mild, deceitful strain ;
 Frowning truth our sex displeases ;
 Flatt'ry never sues in vain :



But too soon the happy lover
 Does our tendrest hopes deceive;
 Man was form'd to be a rover,
 Foolish woman to believe;
 Foolish woman to believe.

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen
 smart?

What Lethe can banish the pain?
 What cure can be met with, to soothe the fond
 heart

That's broke by a faithless young swain?

In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
 The sports of the wake and the green!
 When Colin is dancing, I say, with a sigh,
 'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan
 In accents so piercing and clear;
 You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,
 As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
 And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;
 For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,
 And Damon pretended to love.

VAIN is beauty's gaudy flower,
 Pageant of an idle hour;
 Born just to bloom and fade;
 Nor less weak, less vain than it,
 Is the pride of human wit;
 The shadow of a shade.

WHERE

WHERE shall Delia fly for shelter?

In what secret grove or cave?
Sighs and sonnets are sent to melt her,
From the young, the gay, the brave;
Tho' with prudish airs she starch her,
Still she longs, and still she burns:
Cupid shoots like Hymen's archer,
Wherefoe'er the damsel turns.

Virtue, youth, good sense, and beauty,
(If discretion guide us not)

Sometimes are the ruffian's booty,

Sometimes are the booby's lot:

Now they're purchas'd by the trader,

Now commanded by the peer;

Now some subtle mean invader

Wins the heart or gains the ear.

O discretion! thou'rt a jewel,

Or our grand-mamas mistake,

Stinting flame by 'bating fewel,

Always careful and awake.

Would you keep your pearls from trampers,

Weigh the licence, weigh the banns;

Mark my song upon your samplers,

Wear it on your knots and fans.

YE blithest lads and lasses gay,

Come listen to my tale:

As I one ev'ning sleeping lay

Within the flow'ry vale,

Young Strephon passing thro' the mead,

By chance did me espy,

He took his bonnet off his head,

And gently sat down by.

The swain, tho' I most dearly priz'd,
 Yet now I would not know ;
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strove away to go :
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And at my feet did lye ;
 His beating heart it thump'd so fast,
 I thought the lad would die.

But still resolving to deny,
 (The furer him to gain)
 I bid the love-sick shepherd fly,
 In words of high disdain.
 He left me, never to return,
 And to young Jenny flew ;
 While I my folly daily mourn,
 For slighting one so true.

WITH the man that I love was I destin'd to dwell

On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.
 Let the vain and the venal, in wedlock aspire
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire ;
 I yield them the bliss, where their wishes are plac'd.
 Insensible creatures ! 'tis all they can taste.

CEASE a while ye winds to blow,
 Cease ye roaring streams to flow ;
 Hush'd be ev'ry other noise,
 I want to hear my lover's voice.

Where's

Where's the brook, the rock, the tree?
 Hark, a sound—I think 'tis he!
 'Tis not he: yet night comes on.
 Where's my lovely wand'rer gone?
 Loud I'll speak, to make him hear.
 'Tis I who call, my love, my dear!
 The time is come. Why this delay?
 Alas! my wand'rer's lost his way.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
 To cheer me your harmony bring;
 Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
 You cease, like poor Phillis, to sing:
 Each flower declines its sweet head,
 Nor odours around me will throw,
 While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
 Seems kindly to pity my woe.
 Each rural amusement I try
 In vain to restore my past ease;
 What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
 Has now lost the power to please:
 Ye seasons that brighten the grove,
 Not long for your absence we mourn;
 But Strephon neglects me and love,
 He roves, and will never return.
 As gay as the spring is my dear,
 And sweet as all flowers combin'd;
 His smiles like the summer can cheer,
 Ah! why then, like winter, unkind?
 Unkind he is not, I can prove,
 But tender to others can be;
 To Celia and Chloe makes love,
 And only is cruel to me.

I Met in our village a swain t'other day :
 He stopp'd me, and begg'd me a moment to stay :
 Then blush'd, and, in language I ne'er heard before,
 He talk'd much of love, and some pains that he bore :
 But what was his meaning I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jessamin, vi'let and rose,
 He brings me, and ev'ry sweet flower that grows ;
 The sweetest and gayest he picks from the rest,
 And begs me to wear these fine things in my breast :
 But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At my feet the young shepherd for ever I see,
 Protesting he never lov'd any but me ;
 He gazes with transport, and kisses me too,
 And swears that he'll ever be constant and true :
 But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft see the tears streaming fast from his eyes,
 And hear him, poor youth ! breath a thousand of
 sighs ;

He tells me, no nymph in the world is like me,
 Nor shepherd alive so unhappy as he :
 But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow ;
 Yet, alas ! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear shepherd to me thus complain,
 And say that my eyes are the cause of his pain ?
 Indeed, ever since, his sad fate I deplore,
 And I wish I knew how he might suffer no more ;
 I'd do all I can to relieve him, I vow,
 'That my heart may have ease—tho' I cannot tell
 how.

LOVELY

L OVELY, yet ungrateful swain,
 Strive not to regain my heart;
 Ev'ry tender look is vain,
 Since you play'd a traitor's part.
 All your oaths, and all your fighs,
 Once I foolishly believ'd;
 But Pastora's joyful eyes,
 And your blushes, undeceiv'd.
 Strive not to regain a heart
 True in love and firm in pain,
 Which (though death should teach the art)
 Can, when flighted, flight again.

H OW brim-full of nothing's the life of a beau!
 They've nothing to think of, they've nothing
 to do;

And nothing to talk of, for nothing they know:
 Such, such, is the life of a beau,
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they rise, but to draw the fresh air;
 Spend the morning in nothing, but curling their
 hair;

And do nothing all day, but sing, saunter and stare;
 Such, such, is the life of a beau,
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, at night, to the playhouse they croud;
 To mind nothing done there, they always are proud:
 But to bow, and to grin, and talk *nothing* aloud:
 Such, such, is the life of a beau,
 Such, such, is the life of a beau.

For nothing they run to th' assembly and ball ;
 And for nothing, at cards, a fair partner they call ;
 For they still must be basted, who've nothing at all :
 Such, fuch, is the life of a beau,
 Such, fuch, is the life of a beau.

For nothing, on Sundays, at church they appear ;
 They have nothing to hope for, and nothing to fear ;
 They can be nothing no where, who nothing are
 here :

Such, fuch, is the life of a beau,
 Such, fuch, is the life of a beau.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks
 we must shear ;

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear :
 The happiest of folks are the guileless and free ;
 And who are so guileless, so happy as we ?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught ;
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught :
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our
 eyes,

For, knowing no falshood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;
 But we all the children of nature are bred :
 By her hands alone we are painted and drest,
 For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the
 breast.

The giant Ambition we never can dread ;
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
 Content and sweet Chearfulness open our door ;
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

WHEN daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
 And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight;
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmens clocks;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
 Unpleasing, &c.

OF all the swains around the Tweed,
 So blithe and debonair,
 Not one, it is by all agreed,
 With Jockey can compare:
 So gay a form, so just a mind
 Before was never seen;
 Nor e'er was swain to me so kind
 As Jockey of the green.

If e'er at eve I chance to stray,
 The fields or groves along,
 Young Jockey meets me on my way,
 And cheers me with a song;
 And when I set on bank of Tweed,
 Where rural sports are seen,
 None tune so sweet the oaten reed,
 As Jockey of the green.

Of late his talk has been of love,
 Of love for me alone;
 And, if I but his flame approve,
 He'll take me for his own:
 If so, I'll quickly bless for life
 The blithest swain e'er seen;
 And be the wedded, faithful wife
 Of Jockey of the green.

WELCOME fun, and southern show'rs,
 Harbingers of birds and flow'rs;
 Farewell balls and masquerades,
 Welcome grots and cooling shades;
 Blooming May approaches near,
 The lowing of the herds we hear;
 The fatt'ning lambs around us bleat,
 While daisies spring beneath our feet.

Birds are perch'd on ev'ry spray,
 Warbling notes to praise the day;
 A thousand herbs their fragrance yield,
 And cowslips cover all the field;
 Sure 'tis time that now we flee,
 London, from thy smoak and thee;
 Welcome joys more pure and true,
 Drums and routs, adieu, adieu!

SIMPLE

SIMPLE Strephon cease complaining,
 Lest thy doubts my anger move;
 Why must jealous fears be reigning,
 To disturb the blifs of love?
 If I e'er had shun'd your passion,
 Then you gently might reprove,
 And your gen'rous inclination
 Might suspect my want of love.

AS thro' the fields I chanc'd to stray
 To hear the linnet's song,
 I met a shepherd in my way,
 The blithest of the throng.
 He stopt, and gave my cheek a pat,
 And told a tender tale:
 Then stole a kifs, but what of that?
 'Twas Willy of the dale.

He prest my hand, and talk'd of love
 With extacy divine;
 Nay, swore he'd ever faithful prove,
 And, if I pleas'd, be mine.
 To meet him thus, (no creature near)
 Soon made my cheeks look pale;
 But he declar'd I need not fear
 Young Willy of the dale.

None sure possess such charms as he,
 To win a maiden's mind;
 He's youthful, witty, gay and free,
 And what's still more, he's kind:
 For now he meets me ev'ry night,
 At which the lasses rail,
 And vows I am the sole delight
 Of Willy of the dale.

STREPHON

STREPHON woo me now or never,
 If you wish my heart to gain;
 Slight the occasion, you for ever
 May pursue and sigh in vain:
 Now's your time to play the lover,
 Then with ardor act your part;
 By each glance you may discover
 That you're welcome to my heart.
 Tho' your art proves unavailing,
 When we can resist its power,
 Yet 'twill always be prevailing,
 In some weak unguarded hour.

BY Tweed's clear stream as late I stray'd,
 And sat reclin'd beneath the shade,
 Young Sandy chanc'd to pass that way,
 As blooming as the sweets of May.
 Pleas'd he seem'd to find me there,
 For I alone am all his care:
 Then since he's gen'rous, kind and free,
 Young Sandy is the lad for me.

That eve he took me to the fair,
 And bought me ribbands for my hair,
 With trinkets I had never seen,
 And danc'd with me upon the green:
 Such kindness I shall ever own,
 And will be true to him alone;
 For since he's gen'rous, kind and free,
 Young Sandy is the lad for me.

E'er summer's gone he means, for life,
 To take me for his wedded wife;
 And vows he'll ever faithful prove,
 And make me happy in his love:

How

(III)

How blest am I with such a swain
Who ne'er will give my bosom pain;
Then since he proves so kind and free,
Young Sandy is the lad for me.

SINCE all so nicely take offence,
And pinking is the fashion,
I soon shall find a good pretence
For being in a passion.

If any on my dress or air
To jest dare take occasion;
By female honour, I declare,
I'll have an explanation.

If you're too free, and full of play,
By Jove, my lads, I'll cure ye;
And if too cold, you turn away,
You'll rouse a very fury.

A law is ev'ry thing I say,
No swain shall call me cruel;
Who'er my will shall disobey,
'Tis signal for a duel.

A very Amazon am I,
And various weapons carry;
I've glancing lightning in my eye,
And tongue, a sword to parry.

E'en let him arm with what he will,
With Cupid's bow and arrow;
You soon shall see my man I'll kill,
As easy as a sparrow.

WITH

WITH the pride of the garden and field,
 We have deck'd our fond bosoms to day ;
 And all that the summer can yield
 Seems there to be blooming and gay ;
 'Tis better to gather in time,
 The flow'r that else wastfully blows ;
 Little more than a day is the prime
 Of the lily, the pink, and the rose.
 Soft beauty's the May-springing flow'r
 That has but a season to boast ;
 Let us make what we can of its pow'r,
 Which else in a year may be lost :
 Let us scorn a short triumph of joy
 O'er shepherds, because of a face ;
 Nor venture too long to be coy,
 Lest winter discolour each grace.
 Should we slightly laugh at their pain,
 Grow proud of our charms ev'ry day ;
 When they fade we shall court them in vain,
 When they're wither'd they'll fling us away :
 Those treasures so gaudy and rare,
 Must wake ev'ry breast to desire ;
 We may have whom we will while so fair,
 And should yield to the love we inspire.

GO, seek some nymph of humbler lot,
 To share thy board, and deck thy cot ;
 With joy I fly the simple youth,
 Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breast, for love too wanton grown,
 Shall mourn its pleasure flown ;
 Nor shall my faith reward a swain,
 Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

COME

COME dear idol of my fancy,
View the bow'r which love has dress'd ;
With thy presence blest thy Nancy,
Soft caressing and caress'd.

Flora spreads her blooming treasure,
Birds chant here on ev'ry spray ;
Yet how faint each rural pleasure,
While my charmer is away.

When with fruitless love we're burning,
All partake the mind's disease ;
But the youth our love returning,
Ev'ry scene is sure to please.

YOU impudent man, you !
Nay, prithee, how can you ?
Indeed, I'll assure you,
Will nothing then cure you ?—
Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You tease one to death,
I'm quite out of breath,
I hate and abhor this horse-play ;
Besides, 'tis not right,
To see one this fright ;
Lord, what do you think folks will say ?

I own too much room,
You have had to presume,
Or you ne'er with these freedoms would tease me ;
For though they might please me,
And with patience I bore 'em ;
Yet at least in one's carriage,
On this side of marriage,
One ought to keep up a decorum.

I Will

I Will have my humour, I'll please all my senses,
 I'll neither be stinted in love, nor expences;
 I'll dress with profusion, I'll game without measure,
 You shall have the bus'ness, and I'll have the pleasure.

By every incentive I'll rouse inclination,
 More changing, capricious, and vain than the fashion;
 In short, I'll take care by the bent of my carriage,
 To shew you the sweets and the comforts of marriage.

I F ever a fond inclination
 Rose in your bosom, to rob you of rest;
 Reflect, with a little compassion,
 On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast.
 Oh! where, where would you fly me?
 Can you deny me, thus torn and distressed?
 Think, when my lover was by me,
 Would I, how could I, refuse his request?
 Kneeling before you,
 Let me implore you:
 Look on me, sighing, crying, dying.
 Ah! is there no language can move?
 If I have been too complying,
 Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

NOW peace shall claim its soft dominion,
 And gentle love shall sway the heart;
 Ambition sinks on wearied pinion,
 And tyranny has lost its dart.

Again

ences, Again shall smiling joy and pleasure
 es; Advance together hand in hand;
 mea- And plenty spread its golden treasure,
 plea- To brighten the deliver'd land.

the **H**OW hard is my fate,
 age, How desp'rate my state,
 nar- When honour and virtue excite,
 To suffer distress,
 Contented to blefs
 The object in whom I delight!

Yet, 'midst all the woes
 My soul undergoes
 Thro' virtue's too rigid decree,
 I'll scorn to complain,
 If the force of his pain
 Awaken his pity for me.

COME, live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasure prove,
 That grove and valley, hill and field,
 Or woods and steepy mountains yield,
 And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And twine a thousand am'rous posies.

To deck thee for the wake or fair,
 With curious fancy I'll prepare
 A cap of flow'rs and rural kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
 A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 A coral clasp and amber studs.

And

And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then come with me and be my love;
 Nymphs and swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight, each May morning;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then come with me and be my love.

THE youth whom I to save would die,
 Surpasses all desire;
 Love's fatal dart enflames my heart,
 And sets it all on fire.

The plaintive dove, without her love,
 Thus mourns, like me oppress'd;
 But when her mate arrives, tho' late,
 Joy triumphs in her breast.

The boy thus of a bird possesst,
 At first, how great his joys!
 He strokes it oft, and in his breast
 The little favourite lies.

But soon as grown to riper age
 The passion quits his mind;
 He hangs it up in some cold cage,
 Neglected and confin'd.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
 As thus—a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentment's in the snap;
 A flirt expresses strong disdain,
 Consent, a gentle tap.

All passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shews
 The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
 By love's capricious boy,
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are govern'd by a toy.

O Why should we sorrow, who never knew sin!
 Let smiles of content shew our rapture
 within :

This love has so rais'd me, I now tread in air !
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !
 Each shepherdes views me with scorn and disdain ;
 Each shepherd pursues me, but all is in vain :
 No more will I sorrow, no longer despair,
 He's sure sent from heav'n to lighten my care !

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare ;
 But, for heaven's sake, let it suffice,
 You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor further urge your sway ;
 Pres not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.

But could your arts successful prove,
 Would you a maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you ?

Say,

Say, would you use that very pow'r
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin in one fatal hour
 A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,
 Because perhaps you may;
 But rather try your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
 Defend, and not pursue,
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard
 To strive with love and you.

WITH artful voice, young Thyrsis, you,
 In vain persuade me you are true;
 Since that can never be:
 For he's no profelyte of mine,
 That offers at another's shrine
 Those vows he made to me:

The faithless, fickle, wav'ring loon,
 That changes oftner than the moon,
 Courts each new face he meets;
 Smells ev'ry fragrant flow'r that blows,
 Yet sily culls the blushing rose,
 His quintessence of sweets.

So Thyrsis, when in wanton play,
 From fair to fair you fondly stray,
 And steal from each a kiss;
 It shows, if what you say be true,
 A sickly appetite in you,
 And no substantial bliss.

For you, inconstant, roving swain,
Tho' seemingly you hug your chain,
Would fain, I know, get free ;
To sip fresh balmy sweets of love,
From bower to bower wildly rove,
And imitate the bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring thing, your heart,
Let it admire no other dart ;
But rest with me alone :
For while, dear Bee, you rove and sing,
Should you return without your sting,
I'd not protect a drone.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips sweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects sway,
By various charms delighted ;
While she who pleases most to-day,
To-morrow shall be slighted.

AUSPICIOUS spirits guard my love,
In time of danger near him 'bide ;
With out-spread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.

And you, his foes, though hearts of steel,
Oh ! may you then with me accord ;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave ;
 Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
 Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
 The calm, smooth bosom of the deep.
 Till, halcyon peace return'd once more,
 From blasts secure, and hostile harms,
 My sailer views his native shore,
 And harbours safe in these fond arms.

TO the conscious groves I hie me,
 Where I late was blithe and gay ;
 Try to fancy Colin nigh me,
 So to pass the hours away.

But can scenes like those delight me,
 When my swain's no longer there ?
 Hill, nor dale, nor stream invite me,
 Now no more they're worth my care.

Come thyself, without delaying,
 In those shades I find no ease ;
 But with thee, whilst fondly straying,
 Ev'ry place is sure to please.

YE fair, be advis'd by a friend,
 Whose council proceeds from the heart,
 On beauty no longer depend,
 Or fly to the efforts of art ;
 If a shepherd you'd gain to your arms,
 Let virtue each action approve,
 Her charms the fond bosom alarms,
 And softens the soul into love.

To-day

To day be not nice as a bride,
 To-morrow untimely severe ;
 Let prudence and truth be your guide,
 Nor caprice nor folly appear :
 Unless you thus govern your mind,
 And banish deceit from your breast,
 Too soon by experience you'll find,
 Inconstancy ne'er can be blest.
 Neglected, you'll wither and fade,
 Till beauty, by age, shall decay ;
 Then lonely retreat to the shade,
 And mourn the sad hours away :
 How desp'rate will then be your fate,
 How great your sad loss to deplore ;
 Repentance, alas ! is too late,
 When the power to charm is no more.

WHY should we of humble state,
 Vainly blame the pow'rs above,
 Or accuse the will of fate,
 Which allows us all to love ?
 Love (impartial gentle boy)
 Deals his gifts as free as air,
 Love is all the shepherd's joy,
 Love is all the damsel's care.

Hope, that charmer of the soul,
 Hope, in love should ever live,
 Could our years for ever roll,
 Love would blessings ever give :
 Youth, alas ! too swiftly flies,
 Nor can Cupid bid him stay ;
 Beauty like a shadow dies,
 Love has wings and will away :

THE shepherd who roves the wood thro'
 To hear the sweet warblers in May,
 If by chance there's a songster that's new,
 He listens a while to the lay.
 Tho' the thrush and the nightingale's throat
 Are sweeter by far than the rest,
 He better is pleas'd with the note
 That suits with the tune of his breast.

So I, tho' the least of the choir,
 May win for a moment your ear,
 Love and pleasure my voice would inspire,
 And pleasure and love can endear.
 Tho' slender my pipe and my song,
 There are who may list to my strain;
 My fame is to please the gay throng,
 Nor sing in the grove all in vain.

YOUNG Colin seeks my heart to move,
 And sighs, and talks so much of love,
 (He'll hang or drown, I fear it)
 Of pangs, and wounds, and pointed darts,
 Of Cupid's bow, and bleeding hearts,
 I vow I cannot bear it.

He says I'm pretty—mighty well;
 And witty too—that's better still;
 And sensible, I swear it:
 But words, you know, are nought but wind;
 Unless he'll freely tell his mind,
 I vow I cannot bear it.

The shepherd dances blythe and gay,
 And sweetly on his pipe can play;
 I own I like to hear it:

But downcast looks, and hums and haws,
 So badly plead a lover's cause,
 I vow I cannot bear it.

I wish some friendly nymph or swain
 Would bid the bashful boy speak plain,
 (I wonder he should fear it)
 I'd then take courage, like my sex,
 The honest youth no more to vex,
 But wed him, I declare it.

COME, Colin, pride of rural swains,
 O come and bless thy native plains;
 The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
 The songsters warble in the wood.

Come, Colin, haste, O haste away,
 Your smiles will make the village gay;
 When you return, the vernal breeze
 Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh! come and see the violets spring,
 The meadows laugh, the linnets sing;
 Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
 O haste! and make us happy here.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
 His all-cheering beams do nature restore;
 The cowslip and daisy, the violet and rose,
 Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance disclose;
 The birds chearful notes are heard in each grove,
 All nature confesses the season of love.

The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping amain,
 All hasten to join in the sports of the plain;

Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
 The face that is honest securely can smile ;
 The heart that's sincere in affection may prove
 All nature's force sheweth the season of love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
 Our friends that expect us accuse our delay ;
 Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin ;
 I'll strive, for my shepherd, the garland to win :
 But see his approach, whom my heart does approve
 Who makes ev'ry hour the season of love.

O Give me that social delight,
 Which none but true lovers receive,
 When Luna bedecks the still night,
 And glances her smiles on the eve ;
 When to the fair meadows we go,
 Where peace and contentment retire ;
 Or down the smooth current we row
 In time with the flutes and the lyre.

By nature these pictures are drawn,
 How sweet is each landscape dispos'd !
 The prospect extends to the lawn,
 Or by the tall beeches is clos'd.
 Come, Strephon, attend to the scene,
 The clouds are all vanish'd above ;
 The objects around are serene,
 As model'd to music and love.

THE prospect clear'd, around is heard
 The music of the hive ;
 The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
 And nature's all alive :

In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, " Sing and play ;"
From eve to morn the fages warn,
" Ye maids, beware of May !"

Each lively scheme, each am'rous theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuse ;
The dance delights, the song invites,
As mirth provokes the muse :
The war's no more, our chief's come o'er ;
Again the grave ones say,
" Where-e'er we tread, temptations spread,
" Beware the Ides of May !"

DEAR Colin prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain ?
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
O ! can't you their meaning explain ?

My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame ;
Then don't you expect a confession,
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
Why should you expect it from me ?
Our wishes should be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover ?
Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.

THAT I might not be plagu'd with the nonsense
of men,
I promis'd my mother again and again
To say as she bids me wherever I go,
And to all that they ask, or would have, tell 'em
No.

I really believe I have frighten'd a score :
They'll want to be with me, I warrant, no more :
And I own I'm not sorry for serving them so ;
Were the same thing to do, I again should say No.
For a shepherd I like, with more courage and art,
Won't let me alone, tho' I bid him depart ;
Such questions he puts since I answer him so,
That he makes me mean Yes, tho' my words are still
No.

He ask'd, did I hate him, or think him too plain ?
(Let me die if he is not a clever young swain)
If he ventur'd a kiss, if I from him would go ?
Then he press'd my young lips, while I blush'd, and
said No.

He ask'd if my heart to another was gone ?
If I'd have him to leave me, or cease to love on ?
If I meant my life long to answer him so ?
I falter'd, and sigh'd, and reply'd to him, No.

This morning an end to his courtship he made ;
Will Phillis live longer a virgin ? he said :
If I press you to church, will you scruple to go ?
In a hearty good humour I answer'd, No, No.

ALEXIS, a shepherd, young, constant and kind,
Has often declar'd I'm the nymph to his mind :
I think he's sincere, and he will not deceive ;
But they tell me a maid should with caution believe.
He

He brought me this rose that you see in my breast ;
 He begg'd me to take it, and sigh'd out the rest :
 I could not do less than the favour receive ;
 And he thinks it now sweeter, I really believe.

This flow'ret, he cry'd, reads a lesson to you :
 How bright, and how lovely it seems to the view !
 'Twould fade if not pluck'd, as your sense must
 conceive—

I was forc'd to deny what I really believe.

My flocks he attends : if they stray from the plain,
 Alexis is sure ev'ry sheep to regain ;
 Then begs a dear kiss for his labour I'll give ;
 And I ne'er shall refuse him I really believe.

He plays on his pipe while he watches my eyes,
 To read the soft wishes we're taught to disguise ;
 And tells me sweet stories from morning to eve ;
 Then he swears that he loves, which I really believe.

An old maid I once was determin'd to die ;
 But that was before I'd this swain in my eye :
 And as soon as he asks me his pain to relieve,
 With joy I shall wed him I really believe.

THE ladies look gay when of beauty they
 boast,

And misers are envy'd when wealth is increas'd ;
 The vapours oft kill all the joys of a toast,
 And a miser's a wretch when he pays for the feast.

The pride of the great, of the rich, of the fair,
 May pity bespeak, but envy can't move ;
 My thoughts are no farther aspiring,
 No more my fond heart is desiring,
 Than freedom, content, and the man that I love.

IN the blaze and bloom of beauty,
Shepherds mind to be sincere ;
Keep to virtue, 'tis your duty,
Then the nymph has nought to fear

Else she'll flight whate'er you mention,
Nor by looks your suit approve ;
Honour knows no base intention,
Virtuous love's reward is love.
In the blaze, &c.

TELL, oh ! tell my lover true,
That—Oh heavens ! what shall I say ?
But my heart is known to you,
Its sentiments do you convey.

Can I what I feel explain,
When all expression 'tis above ;
But you know my cause of pain,
And know besides, what 'tis to love.

SHOULD the God of soft Affection,
Gentle Fair-ones, touch your hearts,
Seek in virtue your protection ;
Virtue will repel his darts.

But should gen'rous be the passion,
Scorn to keep the youth in pain ;
Softly sooth his inclination,
And give love for love again.
But should, &c.

SWEET

SWEET Echo! sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy cell,

By slow Meander's margin green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,

Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,

Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair,

That likest thy Narcissus are.

O! if you have

Hid them in some flow'ry cave ;

Tell me but where,

Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere ;

So may'st thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

YOU'VE sure forgot, dear mother mine,
When you was once as blithe as me ;

When vows were offer'd at your shrine,

And lovers dropt on bended knee :

When you could sing, and dance, and play ;

Alas ! December treads on May.

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,

The rich jonquil, the blushing rose,

How short a date their beauties know,

Surrounded by a thousand foes ;

'Till time decrees their full decay,

And harsh December treads on May.

The whole creation own this truth :

Then why should wrinkled brows exact

The mode severe, on blooming youth,

By which themselves could never act ?

The blood that's warm will have its way ;

Too soon December treads on May.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
 Let's, whilst we're here, grim Care deride;
 Come sport and frolic free with me,
 In spite of age, and prudish pride:
 The laws of love—all shall obey,
 Before December treads on May.

WAS I sure a life to lead,
 Wretched as the vilest slave,
 Ev'ry hardship would I brave,
 Rudest toil, severest need,
 Ere yield my hand so coolly
 To the man who never truly
 Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
 Where your wit and your person may please;
 Take to them your love, I conjure you,
 And in mercy set me at ease.

HOW can I again believe you?
 Could I doubt, so oft you swore?
 That your tongue may not deceive me,
 Let me see your face no more.

Falshood be your boast and fashion,
 Truth is mine, and heart sincere:
 You have cur'd me of my passion,
 I have nothing now to fear.

In his heart a swain's oft roving,
 While he wins the easy maid;
 Hard her fate who must be loving,
 Where her love is not repaid.

WHAT

WHAT sadness reigns over the plain!
 How droop the sweet flow'rets around!
 How pensive each nymph and each swain!
 How silent each musical sound!
 No more the soft lute, in the bow'rs,
 Beguiles the cool ev'nings away;
 Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
 Since Damon has wander'd away.

Oh! he was our village's pride;
 This change from his absence is seen;
 'Twas he that our music supply'd,
 When gayly we danc'd on the green:
 At shearing, at wake, and at fair,
 How jovial and frolic were we!
 But now ev'ry feast in the year
 Is joyless as joyless can be.

Ah! why did he venture from home,
 To mix among hostile alarms?
 No justice oblig'd him to roam,
 Or take up those terrible arms:
 Let those who are cruel and rough,
 Be heedless of life and of limb;
 The country had soldiers enough,
 Nor needed one gentle like him.

Where'er the adventurer goes,
 On land or the dangerous main,
 Kind heaven protect him from woes,
 And give him to Celia again.
 Oh! give him to Celia again;
 My true-love in safety restore;
 I'll cease on his breast to complain,
 From my arms he should wander no more.

DID not tyrant custom guide me,
 To my Damon I would tell,
 Never swain was half so lovely,
 Never nymph lov'd half so well.

I would tell him, that his beauty
 First assum'd the cong'ring part ;
 But his manly sense and courage
 Triumph'd o'er my yielding heart.
 Why should tyrant custom, &c.

Censure's self could ne'er upbraid him,
 Malice ne'er could spot his name ;
 All those who envy, praise him
 For his virtue, truth and fame.
 Tyrant custom shall not, &c.

WHEN the shepherds seek to woo,
 Mind them, lest they faithless prove ;
 But if once you find them true,
 Fear not to reward their love.
 When the shepherds, &c.

Let not beauty make you vain,
 Men of worth deserve your care ;
 Never give a lover pain,
 If you find his heart sincere.
 When the shepherds, &c.

Love, the source of ev'ry joy,
 Asks whatever we can give ;
 Love should ev'ry hour employ,
 'Tis for love alone we live.
 When the shepherds, &c.

TENDER

TENDER virgins shun deceivers,
Who with base seducing arts,
When they find you fond believers,
Triumph o'er unguarded hearts.

Tender, &c.

If a fickle swain pursue ye,
O, beware his subtle wiles!
All his aim is to undo ye,
Ruin lurks beneath his smiles.

Tender, &c.

SHEPHERD, would you here obtain
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain,
Joy that suits the rural sphere,
Gentle shepherd lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delights,
Verdant vales and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo murm'ring rills.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy,
Banish each tumultuous joy,
All but love, for love inspires
Tender wishes, fiercer fires.

See, to sweeten thy repose,
Blossoms bud, the fountain flows:
Lo! to crown thee, at thy word
All that music can afford.

STREPHON

STREPHON, when you see me fly,
 Let not this your fear create,
 Maids may be as often shy
 Out of love as out of hate ;
 When from you I fly away,
 It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of hatred run
 Less you'd be my pain and care ;
 But the youth I love, to shun,
 Who can such a trial bear ?
 Who that such a swain did see,
 Who could love and fly like me ?

Cruel duty bids me go,
 Gentle love commands me stay ;
 Duty's still to love a foe.
 Shall I this or that obey ?
 Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles,
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams
 I could sit and hear thee sigh,
 Ravish'd with these pleasing dreams,
 O 'tis worse than death to fly :
 But the danger is so great,
 Fear gives wings, instead of hate.!

Strephon, if you love me, leave me,
 If you stay I am undone ;
 Oh ! with ease you may deceive me,
 Prithee charming swain be gone.
 Heav'n decrees that we should part,
 That has my vows, but you my heart.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
 Heaven her covering, earth her pillow,
 Sad Aminta sigh'd alone :
 From the chearless dawn of morning,
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her moan ;
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my belov'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a youth, and such a lover,
 Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
 Damon was the pride of nature,
 Charming in his every feature,
 Damon liv'd alone for me ;
 Melting kisses,
 Murmuring blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning,
 Sweet embraces to restore ;
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before :
 Death, come end me,
 To befriend me ;
 Love and Damon are no more !

TELL my Strephon that I die ;
 Let echoes to each other tell,
 Till the mournful accents fly
 To Strephon's ear, and all is well.

But

But gently breathe the fatal truth,
 And soften every harsher sound,
 For Strephon's such a tender youth,
 The softest words too deep will wound.

Now fountains, echoes, all be dumb ;
 For should I cost my swain a tear,
 I should repent it in my tomb,
 And grieve I bought my rest so dear:

FROM place to place, forlorn, I go,
 With downcast eyes, a silent shade ;
 Forbidden to declare my woe ;
 To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,
 My soft consenting looks betray ;
 He loves, but gives me no relief ;
 Why speaks not he who may ?

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art
 To please my partial eyes ;
 The charms that have subdu'd my heart
 Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
 Another it may fright ;
 Perhaps, by some fond whim betray'd,
 In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion, know,
 'Tis to my love's excess
 You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
 Which fade as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire,
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes:

Stay not till I learn the way
How to lie and to betray;
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth
Full of love, and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a janty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

AS now my bloom comes on apace,
The swains begin to tease me;
But two who claim the foremost place,
Try different ways to please me:

To judge aright, and chuse the best,
Is not so soon decided;
When both their merits are express'd
I may be less divided.

Palæmon's flocks unnumber'd stray,
He's rich beyond all measure;
Would I but smile, be kind and gay,
He'd give me all his treasure:
But then our years do disagree
So much, as I remember;
It is but May I'm sure with me,
With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
Let frost and snow be suing;
'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
Bring ev'ry charm to ruin:
For dress and shew, to touch my pride,
My little heart is panting;
But then there's something else beside
I soon should find was wanting.

Then Colin, thou my choice shall gain,
For thou wilt ne'er deceive me;
And grey hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,
For thou hast more to give me:
My fancy paints thee full of charms,
Thy looks so young and tender;
Love beats his new and fond alarms—
To thee I now surrender.

TELL me no more of pointed darts,
Of flaming eyes and bleeding hearts,
The hyperboles of love,
The hyperboles of love;

Be honest to yourself and me,
 Speak truly what you hear and see,
 And then your suit may move,
 And then your suit may move.

Why call me angel ? why divine ?
 Why must my eyes the stars outshine ?
 Can such deceits prevail ?
 For shame, forbear this common rule ;
 'Tis low, 'tis insult ; calls me fool ;
 With me 'twill always fail.

Would you obtain an honest heart,
 Address my nobler, better part ;
 Pay homage to my mind :
 The passing hour brings on decay,
 And beauty quickly fades away,
 Nor leaves a rose behind.

Let then your open manly sense
 The moral ornaments dispense,
 And to my worth be true :
 So may your suit itself indear,
 Not for the charms you say I wear,
 But those I find in you.

A MIDST my admirers when Damon appears,
 How great is the contrast to their foppish airs,
 How great is the contrast to their foppish airs :
 Good-sense and good-nature beam forth in his face,
 And dignity o'er all his form adds a grace.
 Good-sense and good-nature, &c.

He's handsome, polite ; his wit easy and free ;
 Their talk's only nonsense, and pert repartee ;
 Their flatt'ry unmeaning, no charms can impart ;
 He praises my form, but makes love to my heart.
The

The flame of those lovers, so trifling and gay,
 Would be mighty insipid, or soon would decay;
 But he loves with passion—then blame me who can,
 If I glory in owning that Damon's the man.

GOOD Damon, if you will, you may
 Set spies and guards to watch my way;
 Or mark my looks with jealous eye,
 When any well-dress'd swain is nigh;
 Yet woman's wit a way will find,
 In spite of caution, to be kind;
 For, if myself I do not keep,
 Instead of watching, you may sleep.

Would you secure the fair at home,
 Go, bid her wander, bid her roam;
 Tir'd out with fops and fools all day,
 No more she'll ask abroad to stray;
 'Tis freedom's self must make her true,
 And fix her choice on none but you;
 For, if ourselves we do not keep,
 Instead of watching, you may sleep.

O How weak will power and reason
 To this bosom tyrant prove;
 Ev'ry act is fancy'd treason
 By the jealous sovereign love.

Passion urg'd the youth to danger,
 Passion calls him back again;
 Passion is to peace a stranger,
 Seek I must my bliss or bane.

So the fever'd minds that languish,
 And in scorching torments rave;
 Thus to end or ease their anguish,
 Headlong plunge into the wave.

OF all my experience how vast the amount,
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count !
 Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
 For to live to these years, and yet still be a maid !
 Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,
 Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me,
 You can storm a strong fort, or can form a blockade,
 Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and see me a maid !
 Ye lawyers so just, who with slippery tongue
 Can do what you please, or with right or with
 wrong,
 Can it be or by law or by equity said,
 That a buxom young girl ought to die an old maid ?
 Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
 Can save or demolish, can cure or can kill,
 To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
 Who is sick—very sick—of remaining a maid.
 You, fops, I invoke not to list to my song,
 Who answer no end, and to no sex belong,
 Ye echoes of echoes, and shadows of shade—
 For if I had you—I might still be a maid.

ALEXIS, how artless a lover,
 How bashful and silly you grow !
 In my eyes can you never discover
 I mean yes, when I often say no, say no,
 I mean yes, when I often say no.

When

When you pine and you whine out your passion,
 And only intreat for a kifs,
 To be coy and deny is the fashion,
 Alexis should ravish the blifs.

In love, as in war, 'tis but reason
 To make some defence for the town;
 To surrender without it were treason,
 Before that the out-works were won.

If I frown, 'tis my blushes to cover,
 'Tis for honour and modesty's sake;
 He is but a pitiful lover,
 Who is foil'd by a single attack.

But when we by force are o'erpower'd,
 The best and the bravest must yield;
 I'm not to be won by a coward,
 Who hardly dares enter the field.

I'LL sing of my lover all night and all day,
 He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic, and gay,
 His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
 And well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play,
 And a bonny young lad is my Jockey,
 And a bonny, &c.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
 And praises my eyes, and my lips, and my hair;
 Rose, vi'let, nor lily with me can compare:
 If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I swear:
 And a bonny, &c.

He kneel'd at my feet, and with many a sigh
 He cry'd, O my dear, will you never comply?
 If you mean to destroy me, why do it, I'll die.
 I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I:
 And a bonny, &c.

Around

Around the tall may-pole he dances so neat,
 And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat ;
 He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise and discreet,
 His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet :
 And a bonny, &c.

At eve, when the sun seeks repose in the west,
 And May's tuneful chorists all skim to their nest,
 When I meet on the green the dear boy I love best,
 My heart is just ready to burst from my breast :
 And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew,
 Come, come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you ;
 We live for each other, but constant and true,
 And taste the soft raptures no monarch e'er knew :
 And a bonny, &c.

DID you see e'er a shepherd, ye nymphs, pass
 this way,
 Crown'd with myrtle and all the gay verdure of May ?
 'Tis my Strephon, Oh ! bring him once more to my
 eyes ;

From his Lucy in search of new pleasures he flies.
 All the day have I travel'd and toil'd o'er the plains,
 In pursuit of a rebel that's scarce worth my pains,
 In pursuit of a rebel, &c.

Take care, maids, take care, when he flatters and
 swears,
 How you trust your own eyes, or believe your own
 ears ;

Like the rose-bud in June ev'ry hand he'll invite,
 But wound the kind heart like the thorn out of sight ;
 And

And trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her
pains,
She'll find him a conquest, &c.

Three months at my feet did he languish and sigh,
Ere he gain'd a kind word, or a tender reply ;
Love, honour, and truth, were the themes that he
 fung,
And he vow'd that his heart was a-kin to his tongue :
Too soon I believ'd, and reply'd to his strains,
And gave him too frankly my heart for his pains.
And gave him too frankly, &c.

The trifle once gain'd, like a boy at his play,
The wanton grew weary and flung it away ;
Now cloy'd with my love, from my arms he does fly,
In search of another as silly as I :
But trust me, whoe'er my false shepherd detains,
She'll find him a conquest that's scarce worth her
pains,
She'll find him a conquest, &c.

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you soothe the fond
flame,
And believe in good time all the sex are the same;
Like Strephon from beauty to beauty they range,
Like him they will flatter, dissemble, and change:
And do all we can, still the maxim remains,
That a man, when we've got him, is scarce worth
our pains,
That a man, when we've got him, &c.

IN

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
 Nor can I fix a single heart,
 Yet I'm not old nor ugly :
 Let me consult my faithful glass—
 A face much worse than this might pass,
 Methinks, I look full smugly.

Yet blest'd with all these pow'rful charms,
 The young Palæmon fled my arms,
 That wild unthinking rover :
 Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind
 The rolling stream, the flying wind,
 As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
 In vain they struggle to get loose,
 And make a mighty riot :
 Like madmen how they rave and stare !
 A while they shake their chains and swear,
 And then lie down in quiet.

SOONER than I'll my love forego,
 And lose the man I prize,
 I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
 Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts, nor bars, shall me controul,
 I death and danger dare ;
 Restraint but fires the active soul,
 And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,
 I'll either fall or fly ;
 Before I'll live with them I hate,
 For him I love I'll die !

H

M Y

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain;
 The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain;
 I'll teaze them and vex them,
 I'll plague and perplex them:
 Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
 I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Young Damon ador'd me, and Lycon the vain;
 By turns I encourag'd each amorous swain;
 They knelt and they trembled,
 They smil'd and dissembled:
 Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
 I'll shew them a woman's as cunning as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel believe,
 Resist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive:
 Their canting and whining,
 Their sighing and pining,
 Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray;
 Then prove there are women as cunning as they.

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind
 When 'tis not with ambition join'd;
 A sickly flame, which if not fed expires,
 And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
 Or amorous youth, that gives the joy;
 But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a swain
 For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
 When I insult a rival's eyes;
 If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
 The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

DAMON,

DAMON, if you will believe me,
 'Tis not fighting on the plain,
 Song nor sonnet can relieve ye;
 Faint attempts in love are vain.

Urge but home the fair occasion,
 And be master of the field;
 To a powerful kind invasion
 'Twere a madness not to yield.

Love gives out a large commission,
 Still indulgent to the brave;
 But one sin of base omission
 Never woman yet forgave.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
 Cries you're rude and much to blame,
 And with tears implores your pity;
 Be not merciful, for shame.

When the fierce assault is over,
 Chloris time enough will find
 This her cruel furious lover
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

WHAT! put off with one denial,
 And not make a second trial?
 You might see my eyes consenting,
 All above me was relenting;
 Women, oblig'd to dwell in forms,
 Forgive the youth that boldly storms.

Lovers when you sigh and languish,
 When you tell us of your anguish,
 To the nymph you'll be more pleasing
 When those sorrows you are easing:
 We love to try how far men dare,
 And never wish the foe to spare.

STREPHON has fashion, wit and youth,
 With all things else that please ;
 He nothing wants but love and truth
 To ruin me with ease :
 But he is flint, and bears the art
 To kindle strong desire ;
 His pow'r inflames another's heart,
 Yet he ne'er feels the fire.

O ! how it does my soul perplex,
 When I his charms recall,
 To think he should despise the sex,
 Or worse, should love 'em all.
 My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
 Thus seeks in vain for rest ;
 Finding no hope to fix its love,
 Returns into my breast.

THE wanton god, who pierces hearts,
 Dips in gall his pointed darts ;
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine ;
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine !

Farewel-lovers when they're cloy'd,
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd ; —
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company ;
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull company :

They have charms, whilst mine can please ;
 I love them much, but more my ease :

No

No jealous fears my love molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest;
 Break my rest, break my rest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me while he can;
 While he can, while he can,
 Is to love me while he can.

PURSUING beauty, men descry
 The distant shore, and long to prove
 (Still richer in variety)

The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians stand,
 Inviting from our golden coast
 The wand'ring rovers to our land;
 But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
 Stealing unseen into the heart;
 But by possession settled in,
 They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign
 In ignorance our shining store;
 Discover nature's richest mine,
 And yet the tyrants will have more.

wife, be wife, and do not try
 How he can court, or you be won;
 For love is but discovery;
 When that is made, the pleasure's done.

FLATT'RING hopes the mind deceiving,
 Easy faith too often cheat;
 Woman fond, and all-believing,
 Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Empty show of pomp and riches,
 Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
 Lovely maids too oft bewitches:
 Flatt'ry is the beauty's snare.
 Flatt'ring hopes the mind, &c.

A COLLECTION OF SONGS

FOR THE

G E N T L E M E N.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver stream,
 How brisk the nymphs, the swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural lay:
 The birds in livelier concert sung,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
 All look'd as joy could never fail
 Among the sweets of Arno's Vale.

But since the good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of shepherds, and their pride,
 Now Arno's sons must all give place
 To northern men, an iron race:
 The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail;
 Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale!

HOW

HOW pleas'd within my native bow'rs,
 Ere while I pass'd the day;
 Was ever scene so deck'd with flow'rs,
 Were ever flow'rs so gay!
 How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
 And all the landscape round;
 The rivers gliding down the dale,
 The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
 I speed to meet my dear;
 That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
 And stop my fond career.
 No more, since Daphne was my theme,
 Their wonted charms I see;
 That verdant hill, and silver stream,
 Divide my love and me.

AT once I'm in love with two nymphs that are
 fair,
 And to sweets in my garden these nymphs I compare;
 Nor can shrub, nor can blossom, be better than those,
 And Jenny's my myrtle, and Chloe's my rose.

My Chloe is fond all her charms to display,
 With the rose in her cheek, she to all would be gay;
 On all paler beauties she looks down with pride,
 And can bear not a flow'ret to grow by her side.

She thinks not how quickly these charms will
 expire,
 That with May they first came, and with summer
 retire;
 That pride, so soon over, is foolish and vain,
 And love, built on beauty, can't hold with a swain.

But Jenny, my myrtle, ne'er changes her face,
 No season nor age can her features displace;
 She covets no praise, nor with envy is stung,
 She always is pleas'd, and is pleasing and young.

Then, Chloe, I sudden must make my retreat,
 Thy rose is too blooming, too short-liv'd and sweet;
 But, Jenny, thy myrtle is lasting and green,
 And all the year thro' thou the same still art seen.

OH! would'st thou know what sacred charms
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms;
 What kind of nymph the heav'n's decree,
 The maid that's made for love and me,
 The maid that's made for love and me.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender tear,
 Who melts to see, &c.
 From each ungen'rous passion free;
 Be such the maid that's made for me,
 Be such the maid, &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
 Who feels the blessings she bestows,
 Who feels the blessings, &c.
 Gentle to all, but kind to me;
 Be such the maid that's made for me,
 Be such the maid, &c.

Whose simple thoughts, devoid of art,
 Are all the natives of her heart,
 Are all the natives, &c.
 A gentle train, from falshood free;
 Be such the maid that's made for me,
 Be such the maid, &c.

Avaunt! ye light coquettes, retire!
Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
Where flatt'ring fops around admire;
Unmov'd, your tinsel'd charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me,
More genuine beauties are for me.

A Sailor's voice, tho' coarse, can raise
A note to melodize his lays,
And quit the swelling seas to praise
The charms of Highland Nelly.

The droning bagpipe shall be mute,
Such music with such charms can't suit,
When ev'ry muse will tune her lute
In praise of Highland Nelly.

Ye tinkling rills, ye fertile plains,
Where blythe content for ever reigns,
Repeat abroad the honest strains
Which flow in praise of Nelly.

Still be the Lowland lasses fair,
Still be they proud of golden hair;
But where's the grace, the mien, the air,
That shines in Highland Nelly?

Amidst her nymphs when Venus stood,
Fair as she left the briny flood,
Unless she mov'd, no gazer cou'd
Discern the Queen of Beauty.

So at a Lowland ball I've seen
Unmov'd this pretty Highland Queen;
But when she danc'd, ye gods! I've been
In love with Highland Nelly.

YE virgins of Britain, who wisely attend
The dictates of reason, who value a friend,
Come list to my counsel, and mark what I say,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Ye, &c.

Tho' guarded by virtue's all fostering hand ;
Tho' modesty lend you her magical wand ;
Tho' innocence deck you with spotless array,
Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

When first the gay beauties of nature appear,
And Phœbus' bright smile cheers the juvenile year ;
When the birds chaunt their amorous notes from
each spray.

Ye damsels beware of the dangers of May.

Should Flora propose you the vernal delight,
Her delicate paintings exhibit to sight ;
In her meadows and fields, should you frolic and
play,

Beware, oh ! beware of the dangers of May.

When the blood briskly flows, the all-eloquent eyes
Reveal ev'ry secret the heart would disguise ;
The bosom quick-panting with force seems to say,
'Tis hard to resist all the dangers of May.

Should an amorous youth this soft scene to improve,
With ardour implore the reward of his love ;
If Hymen attend you his dictates obey,
For wedlock removes all the dangers of May.

NOW the sun is gone to bed,
Let each lift his rosy head,
All our pain is o'er and care,
Let us haste to better fare ;

Try

Try with nectar to repay
All the mighty toils of day.

Who at ills can meanly pine,
O'er the brimming joys of wine;
Who can dare a coward prove,
In the field of war or love,
Fear and spleen, that shakes the soul,
All lie drown'd within the bowl.

Wine then, balm and friend of life,
Banish thought, and banish strife,
Arm the mind 'gainst ev'ry ill,
Make us happy, come what will;
Taste the present, scorn the past,
Live as tho' to day's the last.

Here's the charm against despair,
See it laughs at furly care;
Come, my boys, and nobly join,
In the praise of sparkling wine,
Fill the glass and raise the song,
Keep the revels all night long.

YES, Delia, 'tis at length too plain,
My boasted liberty how vain,
Thy eyes triumphant prove:
My freedom now I cease to boast,
But think that freedom nobly lost,
By serving thee and love.

I talk'd, I laugh'd, with ev'ry fair,
No jealous pang, no anxious care,
Did e'er my heart perplex;
Till I beheld, too lovely maid!
In thee, with ev'ry grace display'd,
The charms of all thy sex.

O Venus, queen of soft delights,
 Accept a suppliant's prayr,
 Who wishes to attend the rites
 In which thy vot'ries share :
 Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,
 Yet void of art or skill,
 Whilst he his unfeign'd love declares
 For Patty of the Hill.

What strains, O goddess! must he find
 To melt her frozen heart,
 Since words can ne'er express his mind,
 Nor e'er his pain impart?
 Unless thy son shall aid his lays,
 And love in her instill,
 In vain will prove his artless praise
 Of Patty of the Hill.

Her cheeks with rose and lily vies,
 Her breath with sweet woodbine,
 Inferior far unto her eyes
 The sparkling diamonds shine ;
 Her voice excels the linnet's notes,
 Exceeds the thrush's stile,
 In vain they strive to raise their notes
 Like Patty's of the Hill.

How shall I paint her tender mind,
 (The charms I most admire)
 In her is ev'ry virtue join'd
 That passion can inspire.
 Her soul the Graces all refine,
 She bends to Reason's will ;
 T'd freely all the world resign
 For Patty of the Hill.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the chearful birds to sing;
 And, while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay:
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the Birks of Endermay.
 Among, &c.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age life's winter will appear;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams,
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice;
 Let us like them then sing and play
 About the Birks of Endermay.

TO keep my gentle Jesse
 What labour would seem hard!
 Each toilsome task how easy,
 Her love the sweet reward!

The bee thus uncomplaining,
 Esteems no toil severe;
 The sweet reward obtaining
 Of honey all the year.

CONSIDER,

CONSIDER fond shepherd how fleeting the
pleasure,
That flatters our hope in pursuit of the fair ;
The joys that attend it by moments we measure,
But life is too little to measure our care.

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
All ye sweets of blooming May ;
How should empty sunshine warm me,
While Lotharia keeps away ?

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me ;
Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky ;
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer sunshine fills her eye.

WHILE you, Felicia, heedless stray
Thro' woods and groves and flow'rets gay,
Exempt from ev'ry fear,
Exempt from ev'ry fear ;
Secure within thy rosy bow'rs,
Content the sweetest influence pours,
And gilds the blooming year,
And gilds the blooming year.

No anxious doubts invade thy breast,
All, all, is tranquil, calm and blest,
And joys on joys abound ;
Where'er thy fragrant footsteps lead,
Or in the grove, or on the mead,
The graces smile around.

Such ever be Felicia's fate,
Such transports ever round her wait,
Whom gods and men approve ;
O may these blessings never cease,
May all her days be crown'd with peace,
And all her hours be love.

SINCE

SINCE artists, who sue for the trophies of fame,
 Their wit, and their taste, and their genius
 proclaim,

Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find
 A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind;
 And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due—
 I have found out a padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,
 With the ardours of youth all her passions inflame;
 Should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire;
 Yet fearless you'd trust her, tho' thousands may sue,
 When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains
 With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and
 chains;

How fatally weak must this artifice prove!
 Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?
 Throw jealousy hence, bid suspicion adieu;
 Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,
 All-complying and kind you must give her her way;
 While her taste and her judgment you fondly
 approve,

'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love:
 And, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find,
 For the fair-one is safe, if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend,
 Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend;
 Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
 'Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the soft sex;
 They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in
 view;

Good-humour's the Padlock to keep a wife true.

HOW

HOW heavy the time rolls along
 Now Julia is out of my sight?
 How dull is the nightingale's song
 That formerly gave such delight?
 The meadows that seemed so green,
 Now lose all their verdure of May;
 The cowslip and violet are seen
 To droop, fade, and wither away.

Bright Phœbus no longer can please,
 Gay prospects no longer can charm;
 E'en music affords me no ease,
 Tho' wont ev'ry passion to calm:
 My flocks too disorderly stray,
 And bleat their complaints in my ear;
 No more they leap, frolic, and play,
 But sad, like their master, appear.

But ah! if my Julia were seen,
 My lambs they'd rebound on the plain;
 Each flow'et would spring on the green,
 And nightingales charm me again:
 Return then, my fair one, return,
 Your coming no longer delay;
 O leave not your shepherd to mourn,
 But hasten, my charmer, away.

THE goodness of women some men will dispute,
 But I shall their arguments fairly confute;
 Undeniably prove that they do what they ought,
 And say what you will, they are never in fault.

You sometimes object to their voluble tongues,
 That they harrass your ears, and destroy their own
 lungs;

Should
 WOH

Should they talk, pretty creatures! from morning
till night,
From fifteen to fifty they're all in the right.

If resentment against the fair-sex you conceive,
Give attention to flanders, and flanders believe;
Behold their sweet faces—resentment will fly,
Vexation turn pleasure, and jealousy die.

The poets strange tales tell of Orpheus, you know,
How he went for his wife to the regions below;
But it must be a falsehood, because one so fair,
So lovely and kind, was too good to go there.

No more at these charmers, ye unthinking, rail,
But o'er your barbarity let 'em prevail;
Perfection to kings and to females belong,
For women, like monarchs, can never do wrong.

SOME love to range, so fond of change,
Variety's their shrine;
Each has his scheme, and fav'rite whim,
But woman, woman's mine.

The festive bowl, the martial soul,
The misers I decline;
Like childish toys, to some their joys,
But lovely woman's mine.

With various arts she charms our hearts,
And makes this life divine;
For all the tricks of all the sex,
I'd still have woman mine.

Let

Let idiots rave, who what they'd have
 The sex they can't define;
 Just as she is, she's form'd to please,
 And long be woman mine.

The sparkling eye, the melting sigh,
 When heart and heart conjoin;
 The bliss of love, all bliss above,
 Make charming woman mine.

In pomp and state, succeed, ye great,
 I'll envy nor repine;
 If blest with pow'r, to life's last hour,
 To keep dear woman mine.

WHEN I survey thee, matchless fair,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry charm;
 O! how can I from love forbear?
 Or how the passion calm?
 Such beauteous charms in thee appear,
 Bright as the morning sun:
 Why gaze I, simple shepherd, here,
 And seek to be undone?

But nature ne'er design'd us harm,
 When she such skill employ'd;
 Each heav'nly grace, and beauteous charm,
 Were giv'n to be enjoy'd.
 Then let your beauteous smiles confess
 Complacency of mind,
 And ev'ry soft desire express;
 And as you're fair, be kind.

Then you, replete with ev'ry grace,
 Will shew how you despise
 Those little arts, coquettes embrace,
 To catch unguarded eyes.

So may you then with justice claim
 The loss they must deplore,
 Unblemish'd manners, purest fame,
 When beauty'll be no more.

SINCE ev'ry charm on earth's combin'd
 In Chloe's face, in Chloe's mind,
 Why was I born, ye gods, to see
 What robs me of my liberty?

Until that fatal hapless day,
 My heart was lively, blythe and gay,
 Could sport with ev'ry nymph but she
 Who robs me of my liberty.

Think then, dear Chloe, ere too late,
 That death must be my hapless state,
 If love and you do not agree
 To set me at my liberty.

Now to the darksome woods I rove,
 Reflecting on the pains of love,
 And envy every clown I see
 Enjoy the sweets of liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,
 And ev'ry idle care disdain;
 We'll live in sweet tranquillity,
 Nor wish for greater liberty.

IF that man is happy, whose life is most free,
 How blissful a state must a batchelor's be;
 From one friend to t'other, with pleasure he roams,
 For a batchelor's welcome wherever he comes.

If

If he's blest with enough, and content with his
 station,
 The whole world he may claim for his own re-
 creation;
 He's in no place a stranger from London to Rome,
 For wherever he comes is a batchelor's home.

If a husband can boast greater pleasures than these,
 They're obtain'd at th' expence of his freedom and
 ease;
 Whilst with liberty, pleasure, and merriment
 crown'd,
 A batchelor's minutes pass jovially round.
 Tho' his house ben't so nice, he is sure to be neat,
 And the ladies are always well-pleas'd with his treat;
 By the smack of their lips, at a parting, declare
 How delicious a feast they think batchelor's fare.

O rather, far rather, good fortune, for me,
 The peaceable stall of a cobbler decree,
 Undisturb'd by the din of a termagant wife,
 Than crown me a king and a cuckold for life.
 To my wishes, instead of a mistress, commend
 The solid delights of a bottle and friend;
 Go marry, if hen-peck'd and wretched you'd be,
 But if blest, you'd continue still single as we.

LET the philosophic wife
 Preach up rules the gay despise;
 Let the hoary bearded sage
 Censure follies of the age:
 Yet, while brisk the vital tide,
 Pleasure thou shalt be my guide:
 Live, O goddess, live with me,
 All in dear variety.
 Live, O goddess, &c.

Dwell thou, love, within my breast,
 Just enough to make me blest;
 Let thy sweets incessant spring,
 But protect me from thy sting:
 Be thy passion unconfin'd,
 Under no restraint the mind;
 But, like birds, as fond and free,
 Pleas'd with dear variety.

Keep, O Plutus, all thy wealth,
 Give me competence and health;
 Care surrounds the miser's hoard,
 Pain succeeds the miser's hoard,
 Pain succeeds the spendthrift's board;
 Bacchus, in thy rosy bowl
 Let me slake my thirsty soul;
 But let reason wait on thee,
 Reason prompts variety.

Life on wings of joy should haste,
 Gloomy thought the minutes waste;
 We should banish care and fear,
 Fate predestines all things here:
 Hail to friendship, beauty, wine,
 These make transient life divine;
 May they ever live with me,
 All in dear variety.

FAR sweeter than the hawthorn bloom,
 Whose fragrance sheds a rich perfume,
 And all the meadows fill;
 Much fairer than the lily blows,
 More lovely than the blushing rose,
 Is Patty of the Mill.

The neighbouring swains her beauty fir'd,
 With wonder struck they all admir'd,
 And prais'd her from the hill ;
 Each strove, with all his rustic art,
 To sooth and charm the honest heart
 Of Patty of the Mill.

But vain were all attempts to move
 A fixed heart more true to love
 Than turtles when they bill ;
 A chearful soul, a pleasing grace,
 And sweet content smiles in the face
 Of Patty of the Mill.

The good a friend in fortune find,
 Exalts the honest virtuous mind,
 And guards it from all ill ;
 Ye fair, for ever constant prove,
 Be ever kind, be true to love,
 Like Patty of the Mill.

L OVELY nymph assuage my anguish,
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish ;
 One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad that courts you,
 He not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports, you
 Scarce will meet his like again.

G IVE me but a wife, I expect not to find
 Each virtue and grace in one female combin'd,
 No goddess for me ; 'tis a woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Be she young, she's not stubborn, but easy to mold ;
 Or she claims my respect, like a mother, if old :
 Thus either can please me, since woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Like Venus she ogles, if squinting her eye ;
 If blind she the roving of mine cannot spy :
 Thus either is lovely ; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

If rich be my bride, she brings tokens of love ;
 If poor, then the farther from pride my remove :
 Thus either contents me ; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

I ne'er shall want converse, if tongue she possess ;
 And if mute, still the rarity pleases no less :
 I'm suited to either ; for woman I prize,
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

Then cease, ye prophane, on the sex to discant ;
 If you've wit to discern, of charms they've no
 want :

Each fair can make happy, if woman we prize ;
 And he that seeks more is more curious than wife.

DEAR Chloe, whilst thus beyond measure
 You treat me with doubts and disdain,
 You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
 And hoard up an old age of pain ;
 Your maxim, that love is still founded
 On charms that will quickly decay,
 You'll find to be very ill-grounded,
 When once you its dictates obey.

The passion, from beauty first drawn,
 Your kindness will vastly improve ;
 Soft smiles and gay looks are the dawn,
 Fruition's the sunshine of love :

And

And though the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness possess all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You've often regarded with wonder;
He's dropfical, she is fore-ey'd;
Yet they're ever uneasy afunder:
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door,
And at night, when old Darby's pot's out,
His Joan will not smoak a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
To make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did bestow;
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
Which sickness nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows
By reviews of such raptures as these;
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.

A Fond father's bliss is to number his race,
And exult on the bloom that just buds on
each face;

With

With their prattle he'll daily himself entertain,
 And read in their smiles their lov'd mother again.
 Men of pleasure be mute ; this is life's lovely view ;
 When we look on our young ones, our youth we
 renew.

Thus loving we live, and thus loving enjoy ;
 No deceit here distracts, no debauches destroy ;
 From the May morn of youth to winter's white age,
 Hand in hand with contentment we sing thro' life's
 stage ;
 And when death bids us stop we end easy our song,
 Then give the gods thanks that we've liv'd well so
 long.

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will ;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill ;
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part ;
 An honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the heart ?

Great is your pow'r ; but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage :
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take ;
 For who's to beauty blind ?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless you've strength to bind ?

I

Attend

ds on

With

Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Tho' beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly thro' the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light :
 To courts be gone, heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 While I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May :
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green :
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen,

Now

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves desportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay,
 Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin queen ;
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 " Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

YE fair who shine thro' Britain's isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart ;
 For once attentive be a-while
 To what I now impart.
 Would you obtain the youth you love,
 The precepts of a friend approve,
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as nature has decreed
 The bloom of eighteen years,
 And Isabel from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears ;
 The youthful blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for man, and longs to know
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
 Within the lover's breast ;
 And you by strange persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest ;
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy
 With prudence lure the happy boy,
 And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park or play,
 Assume a modest pride ;
 And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
 In fewer words confide :

The maid who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late
That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing ne'er the hours kill,
That bane to all the sex ;
Nor let the arts of dear spadille
Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride ;
By virtuous rules your reason guide ;
For that's the way to keep him.

But when the nuptial knot is fast,
And both its blessings share,
To make those joys for ever last,
Of jealousy beware :
His love with kind compliance meet ;
Let constancy the work complete,
And you'll be sure to keep him.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plains
With Sally can compare ;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair :
The beams of Sol delight and clear,
While summer seasons roll ;
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the east the morning ray
Illumes the world below,
Her presence bids the god of day
With emulation glow :
Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
Birds sweeter notes prepare ;
The playful lambkin skip around,
And hail the sister fair.

'The lark but strains his liquid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimics, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice :
 The fanning Zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I but for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal ev'ry vale ;
 The stream meand'ring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithesome lads and swains
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport :
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

WHILE beaus to please the ladies write,
 Or bards, to get a dinner by't,
 Their well-feign'd passions tell,
 Let me in humble verse proclaim
 My love for her who bears the name
 Of charming Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, lovely Kitty,
 Oh—charming Kitty, Kitty Fell.

That Kitty's beautiful and young,
 That she has danc'd, that she has fung,
 Alas! I know full well:
 I feel, and I shall ever feel,
 The dart more sharp than pointed steel,
 That came from Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, &c.

Of late I hop'd, by reason's aid,
 To cure the wounds which love had made,
 And bade a long farewell:
 But t'other day she cross'd the green;
 I saw, I wish I had not seen,
 My charming Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, &c.

I ask'd her why she pass'd that way?
 To church, she cry'd—I cannot stay:
 Why, don't you hear the bell?
 To church—oh! take me with thee there,
 I pray'd: she would not hear my prayer,
 Ah! cruelly Kitty Fell.
 Cruel Kitty, &c.

And now I find 'tis all in vain,
 I live to love, and to complain,
 Condemn'd in chains to dwell:
 For tho' she casts a scornful eye,
 In death my fault'ring tongue will cry,
 Adieu! dear Kitty Fell.
 Charming Kitty, cruel Kitty,
 Adieu, sweet Kitty, Kitty Fell!

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight and my
 pride,
 I always have boasted and seek not to hide;
 I dwell

I dwell on her praises wherever I go ;
 They say, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no ;
 They say, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft-times, with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"
 My heart how it bounds when I hear her below !
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
 But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;
 Again, I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny again :
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow ;
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
 But say, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee ;
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so :
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no ;
 Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good-humour, how I
 Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly :
 Thy bounty, O Fortune, make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No ;
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

SURE Sally is the loveliest lass
 That e'er gave shepherd glee ;
 Not May-day, in its morning dress,
 Is half so fair as she.

Let poets paint the Paphian queen,
 And fancy'd forms adore ;
 Ye bards, had ye my Sally seen,
 You'd think on those no more.

No more ye'd prate of Hybla's hill,
 Where bees their honey sip,
 Did ye but know the sweets that dwell
 On Sally's love-taught lip :
 But, ah ! take heed, ye tuneful swains,
 The ripe temptation shun ;
 Or else like me you'll wear her chains,
 Like me you'll be undone.

Once in my cot secure I slept,
 And lark-like hail'd the dawn ;
 More sportive than the kid I kept,
 I wanton'd o'er the lawn :
 'To ev'ry maid love-tales I told,'
 And did my truth aver ;
 Yet, ere the parting kifs was cold,
 I laugh'd at love and her.

But now the gloomy grove I see,
 Where love-lorn shepherds stray ;
 There to the winds my grief I speak,
 And sigh my soul away :
 Nought but despair my fancy paints,
 No dawn of hope I see ;
 For Sally's pleas'd with my complaints,
 And laughs at love and me.

Since these my poor neglected lambs,
 So late my only care,
 Have lost their tender fleecy dams,
 And stray'd I know not where :
 Alas ! my ewes, in vain ye bleat :
 My lambkins lost, adieu !
 No more we on the plains shall meet,
 For lost's your shepherd too.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns impatient thro' the sky,
 To nurse the callow brood :
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms ;
 And sickens for the darling boy,
 When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd
 My faithful bosom fires ;
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires :
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All similes are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
 For heav'n and joy divine ;
 The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine :
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more ;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

BY the dew-besprinkled rose ;
 By the blackbird piping clear ;
 By the western gale, that blows
 Fragrance on the vernal year ;
 Hear Amanda, hear thy swain,
 Nor let me longer sigh in vain ;
 Hear Amanda, &c.

By the cowslip, clad in gold;
 By the silver lily's light;
 By those meads, where you behold
 Nature rob'd in green and white;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 And to his sighs, oh! sigh again;
 Hear, &c.

By the riv'let's rambling race;
 By the music that it makes;
 By bright Sol's inverted face,
 Who for the stream his sky forsakes;
 Hear, Amanda, hear thy swain,
 And into joy convert his pain;
 Hear, &c.

AS Chloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began, Where so long could you
 stay?

In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
 You promis'd at two, but—look, child! 'tis four:
 A lady's watch needs neither figures or wheels;
 'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air;
 Thus far, &c.

Lord bless me, said she, let a body but speak;
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck:
 It has hurt me, and vex'd me, to such a degree;
 Look here! for you never believe me, pray see,
 On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made!
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
 That scene of delight I with wonder survey'd,
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

ASSIST

ASSIST me, all ye tuneful nine,
 With numbers soft and witty ;
 To Bessy I inscribe the line,
 Then raise my humble ditty.
 To Bessy, &c.

Catch, catch, ye groves, the am'rous song ;
 And, as ye waft the sound along,
 Attend, ye list'ning sylvan throng,
 To praise my charming Bessy ;
 My lovely, charming Bessy.

Let others sing the cruel fair,
 Who glories in undoing,
 And proudly bids the wretch despair,
 Rejoicing in his ruin ;
 And proudly, &c.

Such haughty tyrants I detest ;
 And let me scorn them, while I rest
 Upon thy gentle-swellling breast,
 My lovely, charming Bessy ;
 My lovely, &c.

The rose I'll pluck to deck her head,
 The vi'let and the pansy :
 The cowslip too shall quit the mead,
 To aid my am'rous fancy ;
 The cowslip, &c.

Ye fragrant sisters of the spring,
 Who shed your sweets on Zephyr's wing,
 Around my fair your odours fling,
 Around my charming Bessy ;
 Around, &c.

When ev'ning dapples o'er the skies,
 The sun no longer burning,
 Methinks I see before my eyes
 Thy well-known form returning,

On hill or dale, by wood or stream,
 Thou art alone my constant theme,
 My waking wish, my morning dream,
 Thou lovely, charming Bessy;
 Thou lovely, &c.

ON Pleasure's smooth wing, how old time
 steals away,
 And love's fatal flame leads the shepherd astray?
 My days, O ye swains! were a round of delight,
 From the cool of the morn to the stillness of night:
 No care found a place in my cottage or breast;
 But health and content all the year was my guest.

'Twas then no fair Phillis my heart could ensnare
 With voice or with feature, with dress or with air:
 So kindly young Cupid had pointed his dart,
 That I gather'd the sweets, but I missed the smart:
 I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like a bee;
 But still all my song was, "I'll ever be free."

'Twas then ev'ry object fresh raptures did yield:
 If I stray'd thro' the garden, or travers'd the field,
 Ten thousand gay scenes were display'd to my sight;
 If the nightingale sung, I could listen all night;
 With my reed I could pipe to the tune of the
 stream,
 And wake to new life from a rapturous dream.

But now, since for Hebe in secret I sigh,
 Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I!
 Adieu to the charms of the valley and glade;
 Their sweets now all sicken, their colours all fade;
 No music I find in soft Philomel's strain,
 And the brook o'er the pebbles now murmurs in vain.
 They

They say that she's kind, but no kindness I see;
 On others she smiles, but she frowns upon me:
 Then teach me, bright Venus, persuasion's soft art,
 Or aid me, by reason, to ransom my heart;
 To crown my desire, or to banish my pain,
 Give love to the nymph, or give ease to the swain.

FAIR Hebe I left with a cautious design
 To 'scape from her charms, and to drown 'em
 in wine;

I try'd it, but found, when I came to depart,
 The wine in my head, and still love in my heart.

I repair'd to my Reason, intreated her aid,
 Who paus'd on my case, and each circumstance
 weigh'd;

Then gravely pronounc'd, in return to my pray'r,
 That Hebe was fairest of all that was fair.

That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no need to be taught,
 I came for your counsel, to find out a fault:
 If that's all, quoth Reason, return as you came,
 To find fault with Hebe, would forfeit my name.

What hopes then, alas! of relief from my pain,
 While, like lightning, she darts thro' each throbbing
 vein?

My senses surpriz'd, in her favour took arms,
 And reason confirms me a slave to her charms.

ASK if yon damask rose is sweet,
 That scents the ambient air;
 Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Susanna's fair.

Say,

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble thro' the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.
 The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendor shine;
 Ye bards unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Sufanna mine.

HOW blest has my time been! what days have
 I known.

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain;
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we
 stray,

Around us, our boys and girls frolic and play;
 How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me;
 And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper oft-times am I seen
 In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with compliance and smiles;
 And meets, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
 Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year thro':
 Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
 And gives to her mind what he steals from her
 youth;
 And gives, &c.

Ye

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home;
 To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

YE belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
 Who trip in this frolicksome round,
 Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
 The sexes at once to confound?
 What means the cock'd hat and the masculine air,
 With each motion design'd to perplex?
 Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
 And softness the test of your sex—dear girls,
 And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support,
 May call ev'ry art to her aid;
 The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
 Are samples she gives of her trade:
 But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
 And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
 Should slyly attack with coyness and wiles,
 Not with open and insolent air—brave girls,
 Not with, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
 Shrinks modestly back from the view,
 And kindly should seem by the artist design'd
 To serve as a model for you.
 Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air;
 Nor venture too much to reveal:
 Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
 And double each charm you conceal—sweet girls,
 And double, &c.

The

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure;
Are charms, &c.

Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,
And your empire is solid, and sure:
But if Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for sisters or aunts;
Believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls,
Believe me, you'll never be wives.

GO, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace,
My Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
With never-fading love!

There, phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance burn and die;
Involv'd in, &c.
Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there,
More fragrant, &c.
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair,
With envy, &c.

One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love,
You die with envy, I with love.

OH!

O H! how shall I, in language weak
 My ardent passion tell,
 Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak
 That cruel word, Farewell!
 Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
 My thoughts can never stray;
 Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

I Seek not at once in a female to find
 The form of a Venus with Pallas's mind;
 Let the fair-one I love have but prudence in view,
 That, tho' she deceive, I may still think her true:
 Be her person not beauteous, but pleasing and clean;
 Let her temper be cloudless, and open her mien:
 By folly, ill-nature, nor vanity led,
 Nor indebted to paint—for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread weapon in most of the
 sex,
 Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex:
 Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest,
 For prudes I despise, and coquettes I detest:
 May her humour the taste of the company hit,
 Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit:
 Go find out the maid that is form'd on my plan,
 And I'll love her for ever—I mean, if I can.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found?

O, friend-

O, friendship! thou balm, and rich sweetner of life;
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend?
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace:
 When fortune is smiling, what crouds will appear
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they'll eagerly press.

WHY heaves my fond bosom! ah! what can
 it mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?

Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is
 near;

Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Or why when she's absent, &c.

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
 The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find;
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy
 mind;

With thy face, &c.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd by pride,
 There native good-humour and virtue reside:
 Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply
 With compassion for him, who without thee must die.
 With compassion, &c.

'GAINST

'GAINST the destructive wiles of man,
 Your hearts, ye fair-ones, guard ;
 Their only study's to trepan,
 And play a trickster's card :
 With strange delight poor women they slight,
 Amuse, cajole, belie :
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
 For men are wond'rous fly.

That Proteus, man, like him of old,
 A thousand forms will take ;
 His venal soul is all for gold,
 A crocodile, or snake.
 See his dire thread ! this spider spread
 To catch the female fly :
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
 For men are wond'rous fly.

A porcupine, with rage inspir'd,
 At nymphs he darts his quills ;
 A basilisk by frenzy fir'd,
 His glance by poison kills :
 With fraudulent arts he steals their hearts,
 Then throws the baubles by :
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
 For men are wond'rous fly.

Was the whole race of men to meet
 In one wide-spreading plain,
 Of constancy, of faith, to treat,
 And virtue's spotless train,
 To find a youth renown'd for truth,
 Whole ages you might try :
 Hence, girls ! beware—look sharp—take care ;
 For men are wond'rous fly.

WHY

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
 My ravish'd eyes reprove,
 And chide them from the only face
 They can behold with love?

To ease my pain, and sooth my care,
 I seek a nymph more kind,
 And as I rove from fair to fair,
 Still gentle usage find.

But, oh! how weak is ev'ry joy
 Where nature has no part?
 Fresh beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you alone my heart.

Thus wretched exiles, when they roam,
 Meet pity ev'ry where;
 But languish for their native home,
 Though death attends them there.

TO Reason, ye fair-ones, assert your pretence,
 Nor hearken to language beneath common
 sense:

When angels men call ye, and homage would pay,
 If you credit the tale, you're as faulty as they.

Ten thousand gay scenes are presented to view,
 Ten thousand oaths sworn, but not one of them true;
 Such passions, O heed not, unless to deride,
 Lest a victim you fall to an ill-grounded pride,

Prefer ye the dictates of virtue to sound,
 True blessings can ne'er without goodness be found;
 Leave folly and fashions, misguiders of youth,
 And stick to their opposites, freedom and truth.

NO

NO more shall meads be deckt with flow'rs,
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bow'rs;
 Nor greenest buds in branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
 Nor April violets paint the grove,
 If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
 'The humble vale no flood shall know,
 When floods shall highest hills o'erflow;
 Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
 If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
 And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
 The sun refuse to shew his light,
 And day be turned into night;
 And in that night no star appear,
 If e'er I leave my Celia dear.

ANGELIC Fair, beneath yon pine,
 On grassy verdure let's recline,
 And like the morn be gay:
 See how Aurora smiles on spring,
 See how the larks arise and sing,
 To hail the infant day.

Musick shall wake the morn—the day
 Shall roll unheeded as we play
 In wiles, impell'd by love:
 When weary, we shall deign to rest
 Alternate on each other's breast,
 While Cupid guards the grove.

What

What prince can boast more happiness
 Than I (possessing thee) possess?
 All care is banish'd hence,
 Say, mortals, who our deeds despise,
 In what superior pleasure lies,
 Than love and innocence?

YOU say, at your feet that I wept in despair,
 And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair;
 How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke?
 What know we of angels?—I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
 And nothing but death should my passion remove;
 I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a calendar year;
 And not yet contented! have conscience, my dear.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy:
 You, greater bards, the lyre should hit;
 For say, what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sparkling wit
 And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The sun first rising in the morn,
 That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn,
 As does my lovely Peggy:
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He not so beauteous as, undrest,
 Appears my lovely Peggy.

When

When Zephyr on the vi'let blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
It does not half the sweets disclose,
As does my lovely Peggy.

I stole a kiss the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy:
With her a cottage would delight ;
All's happy when she's in my sight ;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r still rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,
So long shall I love Peggy :
And when Death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

THE winter's dreary scene is o'er,
The sun unlocks the frozen ground ;
The vessels leave the verdant shore,
And woods with vocal music found :
Warm'd by the sun's enliv'ning ray,
The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Transported, hop from spray to spray,
And feel the genial pow'r of love.

A fea-

A feather of peculiar dye,
 A softer note, a sweeter voice,
 May teach their little breasts to sigh,
 And guide them in their transient choice :
 No wonder that these trifles please,
 Transfix their hearts, and charm their ear ;
 Their nuptial union soon must cease,
 Nor can survive the circl'ing year.

Far nobler gifts my fancy warms,
 Far nobler gifts must strike my eyes ;
 I rove in quest of brighter charms,
 And seek a mate discretely wise.
 In Chloe all those charms combine,
 That wit and virtue can impart ;
 She then shall be my Valentine,
 And ever triumph o'er my heart.

WHEN, lovely maid, with thee I join'd
 In humble suit to heav'n,
 Unusual comfort cheer'd my mind,
 And spoke my faults forgiv'n.

My griefs were hush'd, my joy serene,
 No anxious care I knew :
 Lost to my thought this earthly scene,
 All but my love for you.

Fain would I think, that thou, dear maid,
 By pitying heav'n wast sent
 To lend an erring sinner aid,
 And teach him to repent.

Vouchsafe me still the pious care,
 O! crown the great design ;
 Reward my passion, charming fair,
 And fix me heav'n's—and thine.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I
stray'd;

But short was her sway for so lovely a maid :
In the bloom of her youth to a cloyster she run ;
In the bloom of her graces, too fair for a nun !
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love !

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs and the
plains ;

Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my
pains ;

How many soft moments I spent in this grove !
How fair was my nymph ! and how fervent my
love !

Be still tho' my heart, thine emotion give o'er ;
Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs
Or loiter'd behind, and collected the flow'rs !

'Then breathless, with ardour, my fair-one pursu'd,
And to think with what kindness my garland she
view'd !

But be still, my fond heart, this emotion give o'er ;
Fain would'st thou forget, thou must love her no
more.

EV'RY blifs that heav'n can give,
With dear Myra is to live,
Hear her talk, and see her smile,
Fondly gazing all the while :
Constantly with raptures trace
Ev'ry charm of mind and grace ;
Snatch her to my glowing breast,
When with tenderness oppress.
Ev'ry blifs, &c.

But of these, if once depriv'd,
 Long, too long, I shall have liv'd;
 Frankly I'd resign my breath;
 Myra lost is worse than death.
 Ev'ry bliss, &c.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you
 no more;

I blame all the fears I gave way to before;
 I say to my heart, be at rest, and believe
 That whom once she has chosen she never will leave.

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace,
 That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face,
 My heart beats again; I again apprehend
 Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
 Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my
 love;

But doubts, caus'd by passion, you never can blame,
 For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

STILL in hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try,
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny.

Now prepare with scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
 Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself her slave.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
 From fraud, disguise, and guile,
 Need neither Fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave
 Is but an empty thing ;
 What more than mirth would mortals have ?
 The chearful man's a king !

AS bringing home, the other day,
 Two linnets I had ta'en,
 The little warblers seem'd to pray
 For liberty again :
 Unheedful of their plaintive notes
 I sung acrofs the mead ;
 In vain they tun'd their pleasing throats,
 And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing thro' the tufted grove
 Near which my cottage stood,
 I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
 When Chlora's charms I view'd :
 I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,
 To hear my tender tale,
 But all in vain—she fled away,
 Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon thro' the wound, which love had made,
 Came pity to my breast,
 And thus I (as compassion bade)
 The feather'd pair address'd :
 " Ye little warblers, chearful be,
 " Remember not ye flew ;
 " For I who thought myself so free,
 " Am far more caught than you."

WHEN beauty on the lover's soul
Imprints its first and fairest charms,
It soon does reason's force controul,
And ev'ry passion quite disarms.

'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,
As ev'ry feature blooms divine;
'Tis beauty makes the king a slave,
When in an angel's form, like thine.

OF woman to tell you my mind,
And I speak from th' experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of our lives,
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right
Being set in their fight,
They're sure to take hold of the wrong;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine and they'll snivel,
They'll coax and they'll simper—
In short, they're the devil;
And so there's an end of my song.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
In maims, blood, and bruises, and blows;
Not a sword, but a sword-knot, rejoices the fair:
And what are rough soldiers to beaux?
Away then with laurels! come beauty and love,
And silence the trumpet and drum;
Let me with soft myrtle my brows bare involve,
And tenderly combat at home.

HEAR

HEAR me, blooming goddess, hear me !
 Queen of smiles and soft desire ;
 Send the beauty to endear me,
 Who has lit this am'rous fire.

Oh ! how sweet the mild dominion
 Of the charmer we approve !
 Honour clips the wanton pinion,
 And we're willing slaves to love.

TO heal the smart a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
 The honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

WHEN real joy we miss,
 'Tis some degree of bliss,
 To reap ideal pleasure,
 And dream of hidden treasure.

The soldier dreams of wars,
 And conquers without scars ;
 The sailor in his sleep
 With safety ploughs the deep :

So I, through fancy's aid,
 Enjoy my heav'nly maid,
 And, blest with thee and love,
 Am greater far than Jove.

THEN hey for a frolicksome life;
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rife;
 Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
 And never think more of a wife.
 Plague on it, men are but asses,
 To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buckled,
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair;
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
 And boys pointing, cry'd—Look there!

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me;
 And yet, I swear, I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me:
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there the graces revel;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 'Tis not her shape, for there the fates
 Have rather been uncivil,
 Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 And all her sense is only chat,
 Like any other woman:
 Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm;
 'Tis both, perhaps, or neither;
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm
 Of Celia all together,
 Of Celia all together.

TO sigh and complain,
Alike I disdain,
Contented my wish to enjoy :
I scorn to reflect
On a lady's neglect,
Or barter my peace for a toy.

In love, as in war,
I laugh at a fear ;
And if my proud enemy yield,
The joy that remains
Is to lead her in chains,
And glean the rich spoils of the field.

WHY should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful swain ;
Since labour oft a sweet bestows,
Which lazy splendor never knows ?

Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth ;
And spread those blushes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dress, the pomp of show,
Are trappings oft that cover woe ;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home:

THO' my dress, as my manners, is simple and
plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain ;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a
year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting uncouth,
 I feel no remorse for the follies of youth;
 I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
 And my boys think my age not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
 That of Honest I prize—and that title's my own.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally:
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange! no longer seek to roam,
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,
 And cries, I court but to destroy;
 Can love with ruin tally?
 By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
 I would all deaths, all torments bear,
 Rather than injure Sally.

Come, then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
 Than jessamine and roses are,
 Or lilies of the valley;
 O follow Love, and quit your fear,
 He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
 And make me blest in Sally.



THO' my features, I'm told,
 Are grown wrinkled and old,
 Dull wisdom I hate and detest;

Not

Not a wrinkle is there,
Which is furrow'd with care,
And my heart is as light as the best.

When I look on my boys,
They renew all my joys,
Myself in my children I see ;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young
Oh ! I caper'd and fung,
The lasses came flocking apace ;
But now turn'd of threescore,
I can do so no more—
Why then let my boy take his place.

Of our pleasures we crack ;
For we still love the smack,
And chuckle o'er what we have been ;
Yet why should we repine ?
You've had your's, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.

CONSTANTIA, see thy faithful slave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave :
Ah ! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond pursuing Love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding, aching heart ;
Regard my sighs, and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be,
 By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
 Ere yet the western sun decline,
 My hand and heart shall both be thine.

THY origin divine I see,
 Of mortal race thou can'st not be :
 Thy lip a ruby lustre shows,
 Thy purple cheek outshines the rose :
 And thy bright eye is brighter far
 Than any planet, any star.
 Thy fordid way of life despise ;
 Above thy slav'ry, Silvia, rise :
 Display thy beauty, form, and mien,
 And grow a goddess, or a queen.

LOVELY Phillis, when thou'rt kind,
 Nought but raptures fill my mind ;
 Then I think thee so divine,
 Thou excell'st e'en mighty wine :
 But when you insult me and laugh at my pain,
 I wash thee away in sparkling champaign ;
 So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
 And drive out one god by the pow'r of another.

Eyes relenting when I see,
 Friends I freely quit for thee ;
 Love persuades and charms me then,
 Freedom I'd not wish to gain :
 But when thou art cruel and heed'st not my care,
 Then straight with a bumper I banish despair ;
 So bravely contemn both the boy and his mother,
 And drive out one god by the pow'r of another.

WAS

WAS Nanny but a rural maid,
 And I her only swain,
 To tend her flocks in verdant mead,
 And on the verdant plain ;
 Oh ! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
 To please my lovely maid ;
 While of all sense of care we're freed,
 Beneath an oaken shade.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
 And rain seems in the sky,
 Then to our oaken, safe retreat,
 We'd both together hie !
 There I repeat my vows of love
 Unto my charming fair,
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart would prove
 A mind like mine, sincere.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural ease ;
 Then grandeur, bustle, pride, and noise,
 Could ne'er my fancy please :
 In Nanny ev'ry joy combines,
 With grace and blooming youth,
 Sincerity and virtue shines,
 With modesty and truth.

THrice-lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair,
 For thee a servant's form I wear ;
 Tho' blest with wealth, and nobly born,
 For thee both wealth and birth I scorn.

Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame
 For ever will remain the same :
 My love that ne'er will cease, my love
 Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 Believe the heart you've won ;
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or, Peggy, I'm undone.
 You say I'm false, and apt to change
 At ev'ry face that's new :
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.
 My heart was like a flake of ice,
 Till warm'd by your bright eyes,
 And then it kindled in a trice,
 A flame that never dies.
 Then take and try me, you shall find
 That I've a heart that's true :
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Farewell, ye green fields and sweet groves,
 Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart ;
 Where nightingales warble their loves,
 And nature is dress'd without art :
 No pleasure ye now can afford,
 Nor music can lull me to rest ;
 For Phillis proves false to her word,
 And Strephon can never be blest.
 Oft-times, by the side of a spring,
 Where roses and lilies appear,
 Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
 For Strephon was all she held dear :
 But as soon as she found, by my eyes,
 The passion that glow'd in my breast,
 She then, to my grief and surprize,
 Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too late, to my sorrow, I find,
 The beauties alone that will last,
 Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
 Which envy or time cannot blast :
 Beware, then, beware how ye trust
 Coquets, who to love make pretence;
 For Phillis to me had been just,
 If nature had blest'd her with sense.

YE virgins attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan ;
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid,
 But get married as fast as you can.
 As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man ;
 Then choose out a youth
 With honour and truth,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 For age, like a cloud,
 Your charms soon will shroud,
 And this whimsical life's but a span ;
 Then, maids, make your hay,
 While Sol darts his ray,
 And get married as fast as you can.
 The treacherous rake
 Will artfully take
 Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan ;
 But baffle their snare,
 Make virtue your care,
 And get married as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
 Have join'd both your hands,
 The bright flame still continue to fan;
 Ne'er harbour the stings
 That jealousy brings,
 But be constant, and blest while you can:

SURE never poor Shepherd was tortur'd like me,
 From morning to night I could never be free;
 The charms of young Phillis so ran in my head,
 I wish'd she was mine, or I wish'd myself dead.

Whenever I saw her and told her my case,
 She gave me a frown, or she laugh'd in my face;
 Yet still I ador'd her, and call'd her my wife,
 My passion was fix'd, nor could end but with life.

I found all the offers I made her of love
 Produc'd no effect, nor affection could move;
 So schem'd a contrivance her passion to try,
 And boldly resolv'd, or to conquer, or die.

'Twas spread round the village I courted young
 Prue,
 And Phillis had left, her own schemes to pursue;
 This answer'd my wishes, she soon prov'd more
 kind,
 And vow'd to be true, if I'd not change my mind.

I catch'd the occasion, and sent for a priest,
 For fear she should alter, I thought it the best;
 From hence learn, ye virgins, be blest if ye can,
 And never refuse the sincere honest man.

ERE

ERE Phœbus shall peep on the fresh-budding
flow'r,

Or blue-bells are robb'd of their dew ;
Sleep on, my Maria, while I deck the bow'r,
To make it more worthy of you.

There roses and jess'min each other shall greet,
And mingle, to copy thy hue ;
The lily to match with thy bosom so sweet,
How faint its resemblance of you.

With sweets of thy breath the hedge vi'let shall vie,
But weakly, and pay it its due ;
The thorn shall be robb'd of the fleece for thine eye,
Yet Nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the sensitive-plant must declare
The truth of my well-belov'd she ;
Whose hand if to touch it bold shepherds should
dare,
Would shrink from all others but me.

LET misers hug their darling store,
And kiss each guinea o'er and o'er,
I'm richer with a shilling ;
It brings me out to chearful air,
To meet my lovely, cruel fair,
Oh ! that she was but willing.

To make her such, I point to groves,
And bid her mark the heart-sick doves,
How sweetly they are billing ;
But all in vain, as yet, my art,
For, oh ! I feel across my heart,
Love's god his poison spilling.

The streams which flow like my sad eye,
 Will leave, at last, their channels dry,
 Unless the springs are filling ;
 And softest rain, on hardest stone,
 Will wear, tho' drops fall one by one,
 A hole, by constant drilling.

But, oh ! my springs will ne'er again
 Replenish, but with fresher pain,
 Her frowns are still so killing ;
 Nor will my tears her marble pierce,
 Though constant drops bedew my verse,
 From eyes, like limbeck's stilling.

I sung the song, it pleas'd her too,
 " How Sue loves I, and I loves Sue,"
 While neighbour's grist was milling ;
 But all was vain, if you must know,
 So I resolv'd to let her go,
 Because she was not willing.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves ;
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves :
 The silver tide that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be ;
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung ;
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young :

Tho'

Tho' dear to her maternal heart
The genial brood must be,
'They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow furround,
Were natives of the dale ;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before the hue grew pale :
My vital blood would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee ;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair ;
The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
They're like her bosom fair :
May they of our connubial love
A happy omen be ;
Then such fond bliss as turtles prove
Shall Delia share with me.

COME Rosalind, oh, come and see
What pleasures are in store for thee,
What pleasures are in store for thee ;
The flow'rs in all their sweets appear,
The fields their gayest beauties wear,
The fields their gayest beauties wear.

The joyful birds, in ev'ry grove,
Now warble out their songs of love ;
For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
And Colin thee invites to come.

Come,

Come, Rosalind, and Colin join;
 My tender flocks and all are thine:
 If love and Rosalind be near,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

Come, see a cottage and a swain:
 Can'st thou my love or gifts disdain?
 Can'st thou, &c.
 Leave all behind, no longer stay,
 For Colin calls, then haste away,
 For Colin calls, then haste away.

BREATHE soft, ye winds, be calm ye skies,
 Arise, ye flow'ry race, arise;
 Ye silver dews, ye vernal show'rs,
 Call forth a blooming waste of flow'rs.

The fragrant rose, a beauteous guest,
 Shall flourish on my fair one's breast,
 Shall grace her hand, or deck her hair,
 The flow'r most sweet, the nymph most fair.

CAN love be controul'd by advice?
 Can madness and reason agree?
 O Molly! who'd ever be wise,
 If madness is loving of thee?
 Let sages pretend to despise
 The joys they want spirits to taste;
 Let me seize old time as he flies,
 And the blessings of life while they last.
 Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;
 Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
 Too soon we may meet with grey hairs,
 Too late may repent being coy:

Then,

Then, Molly, for what should we stay
 Till our best blood begins to run cold?
 Our youth we can have but to-day;
 We may always find time to grow old.

BEHOLD the sweet flowers around,
 With all the bright beauties they wear,
 With all the bright beauties they wear;
 Yet none on the plains can be found,
 So lovely, so lovely, as Celia is fair,
 So lovely as Celia is fair.
 Ye warblers, come raise your sweet throats,
 No longer in silence remain,
 No longer in silence remain;
 Oh! lend a fond lover your notes,
 To soften, to soften my Celia's disdain?
 To soften my Celia's disdain.

Oft times in yon flowery vale
 I breathe my complaints in a song,
 I breathe my complaints in a song;
 Fair Flora attends the sad tale,
 And sweetens, and sweetens the borders along,
 And sweetens the borders along.
 But Celia, whose breath might perfume
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 The bosom of Flora in May,
 Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
 Regardless, regardless of all I can say,
 Regardless of all I can say.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the skies,
 To Daphne's window speed thy way,
 And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
 And there thy vocal art display.

And

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song;
 Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
 To Damon's native plaints belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may shine;
 But ask the lovely, partial maid,
 What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

I Am marry'd and happy, with wonder hear this,
 Ye rovers and rakes of the age;
 Who laugh at the mention of conjugal bliss,
 And who only loose pleasures engage:
 You may laugh, but, believe me, you're all in the
 wrong,

When you merrily marriage deride;
 For to marriage the permanent pleasures belong,
 And in them we can only confide.

The joys which from lawless connections arise,
 Are fugitive, never sincere;
 Oft stolen with haste, or snatch'd by surprize,
 Interrupted by doubts and by fear:
 But those which in legal attachments we find,
 When the heart is with innocence pure,
 Is from ev'ry imbitt'ring reflection refin'd,
 And to life's latest hour will endure.

The

The love which ye boast of, deserves not that name,
 True love is with sentiment join'd ;
 But your's is a passion, a feverish flame,
 Rais'd without the consent of the mind.
 When, dreading confinement, ye mistresses hire,
 With this and with that ye are cloy'd ;
 Ye are led, and misled, by a flatt'ring false fire,
 And are oft by that fire destroy'd.

If you ask me—from whence my felicity flows ?
 My answer is short—From a wife,
 Who for chearfulness, sense, and good-nature, I
 chose,
 Which are beauties that charm us for life.—
 To make home the seat of perpetual delight,
 Ev'ry hour each studies to seize ;
 And we find ourselves happy from morning to night,
 By our mutual endeavours to please.

NOT on beauty's transient pleasure,
 Which no real joys impart ;
 Nor on heaps of fordid treasure
 Did I fix my youthful heart.

'Twas not Chloe's perfect feature
 Did the fickle wand'rer bind ;
 Nor her form, the boast of nature ;
 'Twas alone her spotless mind.

Not on beauty's transient pleasure,
 Which no real joys impart ;
 Nor on heaps of fordid treasure
 Did I fix my youthful heart.

Take,

Take, ye swains, the real blessing
 That will joys for life ensure;
 The virtuous mind alone possessing,
 Will your lasting bliss secure.

THO' Chloe's out of fashion,
 Can blush and be sincere;
 I'll toast her in a bumper,
 If all the belles were here.
 What tho' no diamonds sparkle
 Around her neck and waist,
 With ev'ry shining virtue
 The lovely maid is grac'd.

In modest plain apparel,
 No patches, paint, nor airs,
 In debt alone to nature,
 An angel she appears:
 From gay coquets, high finish'd,
 My Chloe takes no rules,
 Nor envies them their conquests,
 The hearts of all the fools.

Who wins her must have merit,
 Such merit as her own;
 The graces all possessing,
 Yet knows not she has one:
 Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
 The gift you must approve,
 And Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Will bless me with her love.

FAIR is the swan, the ermine white,
 And fair the lily of the vale;
 The moon, resplendent queen of night,
 And snows that drive before the gale :
 In fairness these the rest excel,
 But fairer is my Isabel.

Sweet is the vi'let, sweet the rose,
 And sweet the morning breath of May ;
 Carnations rich their sweets disclose,
 And sweet the winding woodbines stray :
 In sweetness these the rest excel,
 But sweeter is my Isabel.

Constant the poets call the dove,
 And am'rous they the sparrow call :
 Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
 And fond the feather'd lovers all :
 In fondness these the rest excel,
 But fonder I of Isabel.

TO curb the will, with vain pretence
 Philosophy her force employs,
 And tells us, in despite of sense,
 That life affords no real joys :
 Such idle whims my heart abjures ;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

Since you have giv'n desires to men,
 Deny us not enjoyment free :
 Must I be happy only then,
 When I, alas ! shall cease to be ?

Such

Such idle whims my heart abjures;
 Envy me not, immortal Jove,
 If I prefer my bliss to your's,
 Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

FAIRER than the op'ning lilies,
 Sweeter than the morning rose,
 Are the blooming charms of Phillis;
 Richer sweets does she disclose,
 Long secure from Cupid's pow'r,
 Soft repose had lull'd my breast,
 Till in one short fatal hour,
 She depriv'd my soul of rest.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
 From whose shafts I bleed and burn!
 Teach, O! teach the maid to languish!
 Strike fair Phillis in her turn.
 From that torment in her breast,
 Soon to pity she'll incline,
 And, to give her bosom rest,
 Kindly heal the wound in mine.

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do'st ask me how many I'd have?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure;
 Then, pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind;
 For, since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing;
 Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;
 Count the flocks that in Tempe are straying,
 And the grain that rich Sicily yields;
 Count how many stars are in heaven;
 Go number the sands on the shore;
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms let me ever infold thee,
 And circle thee round, like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is?
 My life on your lips shall be spent:
 The wretch that can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.

Farewel, my Pastora, no longer your swain,
 Quite sick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:
 Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty disdain;
 My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.
 Sing tol derol, &c.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May,
 Who always are sportful, who always are gay;
 How sweetly their sonnets they carol all day!
 Their love is but frolic, their courtship but play.
 Sing tol derol, &c.

If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,
 In chirping soft notes they her pity implore:
 She yields to intreaty; and when the fit's o'er,
 'Tis a hundred to ten that they never meet more.
 Sing tol derol, &c.

THE nymph that I love was as chearful as day,
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in
May ;

Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the Mother's of Love :
Tho' mild as the pleasantest Zephyr that sheds
And receives gentle odours from flowery beds ;
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n snow,
And as lively as tints from young Iris's bow ;
As clear as the stream and as deep as the flood ;
She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good :
The sweets that each virtue or grace had in store,
She cull'd, as the bee does, the bloom of each flow'r,
Which, treasur'd for me, O ! how happy was I !
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy !

COME, give your attention to what I unfold,
The moral is true, tho' the matter is old,
The moral is true, &c.

My honest confession's intended to prove,
How tasteless, insipid, is life without love ;
My honest confession's, &c.

In works of old sophist my mind I employ'd ;
My bottle and friend, too, by turns, I enjoy'd,
My bottle, &c.

I laugh'd at the sex, and presumptuously strove
Their charms to forget, and bid farewell to love :
I laugh'd, &c.

I toil'd and I traffick'd, grew wealthy and great,
A patriot in politics, fond of debate,
A patriot, &c.

Each passion indulging, my doubts did remove :
 They center'd in pleasure, and pleasure in love :
 Each passion, &c.

How sweet my resolves, I confess'd with a sigh,
 When Phillis, sweet Phillis, tripp'd wantonly by,
 When Phillis, &c.

I caught her, and mention'd a turn in the grove ;
 Consenting she made me a convert to love :
 I caught her, &c.

Ye lovers of freedom, no longer complain ;
 We're born fellow-subjects of beauty's soft chain,
 We're born, &c.

My purchas'd experience this maxim will prove,
 That life is not life when divided from love :
 My purchas'd experience, &c.

BEHOLD, fairest Phœbe, yon garden so fair,
 So rural the arbours, so pleasant the air;
 The trees how they're clad with a bright lovely green,
 And lovers, for pleasure, a walking are seen.

See the meadows and fields, with what beauty they
 grow,

And the clear limpid streams uninterruptedly flow ;
 See the innocent lambs how they chearfully play,
 While their dams, on the bank, do a sun-burning lay.

In the air hear the birds, with sweet warbling throats,
 All chanting their lays in the sweetest of notes ;
 The lark in the morning, as soon as 'tis light,
 With out-stretched wings tow'rd's the sky takes her
 flight.

The cowslips and vi'lets adorn the green banks,
 And pleasantly grow in irregular ranks ;

Not a thing is there wanting to make it look neat,
But you, my dear Phœbe, to render't compleat.

Suppose, then, for pleasure, we just take a walk
Around yonder green, and let love be our talk :
What say you, my fair one, to you I'll resign ;
What pleases your fancy, will likewise please mine.

I would scorn to be rude ; my thoughts I'd employ
To drive away that which I thought would annoy ;
I am plain and sincere, as a lover should be ;
I hate to be flatter'd, and love to be free.

THE flame of love sincere I felt,
And screen'd the passion long ;
A tyrant in my soul it dwelt,
But awe suppress'd my tongue.
At length I told my dearest maid,
My heart was fix'd upon her :
But think not I can love, she said ;
I can't, upon my honour.

The heart that once is roving caught,
All prudent nymphs distrust ;
And must it for a youthful fault
Be always deem'd unjust ?
So Celia judg'd, so sense decreed,
And bid me still to shun her :
Your suit, she said, won't here succeed,
It won't, upon my honour.

Too long, I cry'd, I've been to blame,
I with a sigh confess ;
But thou, who canst the rake reclaim,
My new-born passion bless !

Had

Had ev'ry nymph like Celia prov'd,
 I could not have undone her ;
 On thee, bright maid, thou best-belov'd,
 I doat, upon my honour.

Awhile the nymph my suit repress'd,
 My constancy to prove,
 Then with a blush consent express'd,
 And bless'd me with her love.
 To church I led the blooming fair,
 Enraptur'd that I'd won her ;
 And now life's sweetest joys we share,
 We do, upon my honour.

LET the tempest of war
 Be heard from afar,
 With trumpets' and cannons' alarms :
 Let the brave, if they will,
 By their valour or skill,
 Seek honour and conquest in arms.

To live safe, and retire,
 Is what I desire,
 Of my flocks and my Chloe possess ;
 For in them I obtain
 True peace without pain,
 And the lasting enjoyment of rest :

In some cottage or cell,
 Like a shepherd to dwell,
 From all interruption at ease ;
 In a peaceable life,
 To be blest with a wife,
 Who will study her husband to please.

WHERE virtue encircles the fair,
 There lilies and roses are vain ;
 Each blossom must drop with despair,
 Where innocence takes up her reign :
 No gaudy embellishing arts
 The fair-one need call to her aid,
 Who kindly by nature imparts
 The graces that Nature has made.

The swain who has sense, must despise
 Each coquettish art to ensnare ;
 If timely ye'd wish to be wise,
 Attend to my counsel, ye fair ;
 Let virgins whom Nature has blest,
 Her sovereign dictates obey ;
 For beauties by Nature exprest,
 Are beauties that never decay.

MY fair, ye swains, is gone astray ;
 The little wand'rer lost her way
 In gath'ring flow'rs the other day ;
 Poor Phillis, poor Phillis, poor lovely Phillis.
 Ah ! lead her home, ye gentle swains,
 Who know an absent lover's pains,
 And bring her safely o'er the plains ;
 My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

Conceive what tortures rack my mind ;
 And, if you'll be so just and kind,
 I'll give you certain marks to find
 My Phillis, &c.
 Whene'er a charming form you see,
 Serenely grave, sedately free,
 And mildly gay, it must be she ;
 'Tis Phillis, &c.

Not boldly bare, nor half undrest,
 But under cover slightly prest,
 In secret plays the little breast
 Of Phillis, &c.

When such a heavenly voice you hear,
 As makes you think a Dryad near,
 Ah! seize her, and bring home my dear;
 'Tis Phillis, &c.

The nymph, whose person, void of art,
 Has ev'ry grace, in ev'ry part,
 With murd'ring eyes, yet harmless heart,
 Is Phillis, &c.

Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,
 Whose skin is like the clearest snow,
 Whose face like—nothing that I know,
 Is Phillis, &c.

But rest, my soul, and bless your fate;
 The gods, who form'd a piece so neat,
 So just, exact, and so compleat
 As Phillis, &c.

Proud of their hit in such a flow'r,
 Which so exemplifies their pow'r,
 Will guard, in ev'ry dang'rous hour,
 My Phillis, my Phillis, my lovely Phillis.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
 And steal its fragrance from the rose,
 To dress their Fancy's Queen;
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
 All music's powers too weak to paint
 My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
 And told my tale unseen !
 While, faithful in the lover's cause,
 The winds would murmur soft applause
 To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my soul revives the day,
 When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
 She hail'd the sylvan scene ;
 Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the grace and ease
 Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
 On me she cast her partial eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble mien ;
 The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
 That day adorn'd the lovely hair
 Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the fairy land of love,
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
 The pride of gay fifteen ;
 Tho' now she treads some distant plain,
 Tho' far apart, I'll meet again
 My Jenny of the Green.

But thou, old Time, till that blest night
 That brings her back with speedy flight,
 Melt down the hours between ;
 And when we meet, the loss repay,
 On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
 With Jenny of the Green.

SOFT

SOFT pleasing pains, unknown before,
 My beating bosom feels,
 When I behold the blissful bow'r
 Where dearest Delia dwells.
 That way I daily drive my flock ;
 Ah! happy, happy vale!
 There look, and wish; and while I look,
 My sighs increase the gale,
 My sighs increase the gale.

Sometimes at midnight I do stray
 Beneath th' inclement skies,
 And there my true devotion pay
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes :
 So pious pilgrims nightly roam,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kifs alone the clay-cold tomb
 Of some lov'd fav'rite saint,
 Of some, &c.

O tell, ye shades, that fold my fair,
 And all my bliss contain,
 Ah! why should ye those blessings share
 For which I sigh in vain?
 But let me not at fate repine,
 And thus my grief impart :
 She's not your tenant;—she is mine ;
 Her mansion is my heart,
 Her mansion is my heart.

TOO long a giddy wand'ring youth,
 From fair to fair I rov'd ;
 To ev'ry nymph I vow'd my truth,
 Tho' all alike I lov'd :

Yet, when the joy I wish'd was past,
 My truth appear'd a jest;
 But, trust me, I'm convinc'd at last
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

Like other fools, at female wiles
 'Twas my delight to rail;
 Their sighs, their vows, their tears, their smiles,
 Were false, I thought, and frail:
 But, by reflection's bright'ning pow'r,
 I see their worth confest;
 That man cannot enough adore,
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

The roving heart at beauty's sight
 May glow with fond desire;
 Yet, tho' possession yield delight,
 It damps the lawless fire:
 But love's celestial faithful flames
 Still catch from breast to breast;
 While ev'ry home-felt joy proclaims
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

No solid bliss from change results,
 No real raptures flow;
 But, fix'd to one, the soul exults,
 And tastes of heav'n below.
 With love, on ev'ry gen'rous mind,
 Is truth's fair form impress;
 And reason dictates to mankind,
 That constancy is best,
 That constancy is best.

CUPID, god of love and joy,
 Wanton rosy winged boy,
 Guard her heart from all alarms,
 Bring her deck'd in all her charms,
 Blushing, panting, to my arms.

All the heaven I ask below,
 Is to use thy darts and bow,
 Could I have them in my pow'r,
 One sweet smiling happy hour,
 One sweet woman I'd secure.

She's the first which Venus made,
 With her graces full array'd;
 When she treads the velvet ground,
 We feel the zone with which she's bound,
 All is paradise around.

IN pursuit of the fox and the hare
 What joys and what comforts abound!
 But I am alone in despair,
 Since Sylvia's not there to be found.

When I join with my friends round the bowl,
 What rapture I view in each face!
 But Sylvia possesses my soul,
 And no pleasures her form can erase.

I have told her a tale of soft love,
 As we sat in the cool myrtle shade;
 But nothing I said could remove
 Her idea of being betray'd.

O! could I but make her my wife,
 I'd bid ev'ry folly adieu!
 And resolve for the rest of my life
 To center my wishes with You.

O Betfy ! wilt thou gang with me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot and russet gown ?
 Nae longer drest in silken sheen,
 Nae longer deckt wi' jewels rare ;
 Say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair ?

O Betfy ! when thou'rt far awa,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?
 Say, can'st thou face the flaky snaw,
 Nor shrink beneath the northern wind ?
 Say, can that fast and gentlest mien,
 Severest hardships learn to bear ?
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair.

O Betfy ! can'st thou love sa true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to go ?
 Or when mishap the swain should rue,
 To share with him the pang of woe ?
 Or when invading pains befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care ?
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair ?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And chear with smiles the bed of death ?
 And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear ?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert Fairest of the Fair.

IN pity, Celia, to my pain,
 No more my heart reprove,
 Nor let the blasts of cold disdain
 Destroy my rising love.
 My love, as yet, but newly blown,
 Must die for want of care ;
 'Tis your's (as you the seeds have sown)
 To save the flow'rs they bear.

When first the springing flow'r appears,
 And shews its rising head,
 Each gentlest wind it shiv'ring fears,
 And courts the gardner's aid.
 In pity then, no longer strive
 To grieve my faithful mind ;
 Since love and faith, and justice too,
 Expect you to be kind.

SAY, why must the poet's soft lay
 To beauty be always confin'd ?
 Or why not the tribute of praise
 Be paid to the charms of the mind ?
 Why need we observe what we know,
 That beauty will quickly decay,
 Like flow'rs, which as soon as they blow,
 Droop, wither, and then fade away ?

Tho' not with that ravishing form,
 Which blooming Lucinda can boast,
 Shall Celia be treated with scorn,
 Or slighted, because she's no toast ?
 No, surely, for all must revere
 The charms of her temper and mind ;
 Her judgment so solid and clear,
 Her taste so correct and refin'd.

Then

Then why not the tribute of praise
 Be paid to the charms of the mind?
 Or why must the poet's soft lays
 To beauty be always confin'd?
 Ye swains, then be prudent and wise,
 Nor listen to beauty's false voice;
 A happiness pure if ye prize,
 Let merit alone claim your choice.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
 Celia! who can tell my bliss?
 Who the raptures I'm enjoying,
 When thy balmy lips I kiss?
 Ev'ry look with love inspires me;
 Ev'ry touch my bosom warms;
 Ev'ry melting transport fires me;
 Ev'ry joy is in thine arms.

Those dear eyes that sweetly languish,
 Make my heart with rapture beat;
 Pleasure almost turns to anguish,
 When the transport is so great.
 Look not so divinely on me;
 Celia! I shall die with bliss:
 Yet, oh! turn those eyes upon me;
 Who'd not die a death like this?

THE fragrant Lily of the Vale,
 So elegantly fair,
 Whose sweets perfume the fanning gale,
 To Chloe I compare:

What

What though on earth it lowly grows,
 And strives its head to hide;
 Its sweetness far out-vies the rose,
 That flaunts with so much pride:

The costly tulip owes its hue
 To many a gaudy stain;
 In this we view the virgin white
 Of innocence remain:
 See how the curious florist's hand
 Uprears its humble head;
 And to preserve the charming flower,
 Transplants it to his bed.

There while it sheds its sweets around,
 How shines each modest grace;
 Enraptur'd how its owner stands,
 To view its lovely face:
 But pray, my Chloe, now observe
 The inference of my tale;
 May I the Florist be—and thou
 The Lily of the Vale.

WHEN once I with Phillida stray'd,
 Where rivers ran murmuring by,
 I heard the soft vows that she made,
 What swain was so happy as I?
 My breast was a stranger to care,
 For my wealth by her kisses I told;
 I thought myself richer, by far,
 Than he that had mountains of gold.

But now I am poor and undone,
 Her vows have prov'd empty and vain;
 The kisses, I once thought my own,
 Are bestow'd on a happier swain:

But

But cease, gentle shepherd, to deem
 Her vows shall be constant and true ;
 They're as false as a Midsummer dream,
 As fickle as Midsummer dew.

O Phillis, so fickle and fair,
 Why did you my love then approve ?
 Had you frown'd on my suit, thro' despair,
 I soon had forgotten to love :
 You smil'd, and your smiles were so sweet,
 You spoke, and your words were so kind,
 I could not suspect the deceit,
 But gave my loose sails to the wind.

When tempests the ocean deform,
 And billows so mountainous roar,
 The pilot, secure from the storm,
 Ne'er ventures his bark from the shore ;
 As soon as soft breezes arise,
 And smiles the false face of the sea,
 His art he too credulous tries,
 And sailing is shipwreck'd like me.

HARK ! 'tis I, your own true lover ;
 After walking three long miles,
 One kind look, at least, discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on,
 Ah, you little cunning vixen !
 I can see your roguish smiles.

Addlids ! my mind is so possess'd,
 'Till we're sped I shan't have rest ;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here, an you like it, ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing :
 I am her's, she is mine ;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

THE

THE smiling plains, profusely gay,
 Are drest in all the pride of May,
 The birds around in every vale,
 Breathe rapture on the vocal gale.

But ah! Miranda, without thee,
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me!
 All lonely in the secret shade,
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid.

O soft as love! as honour fair!
 More gently sweet than vernal air,
 Come to my arms, for you alone
 Can all my anguish past atone!

O come! and to my bleeding heart,
 Th' ambrosial balm of love impart!
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
 And give the year eternal spring.

HOW sweet are the roses of June,
 The pink and the jessamine gay;
 But stripp'd of their blossoms, how soon,
 How sudden those sweets will decay!
 Just such is the maid in her prime,
 Adorn'd with the bloom of fifteen;
 But robb'd of her beauty by time,
 No traces of youth can be seen.

Then, Phillis, be wise whilst you may,
 To Damon's addresses prove kind,
 Relent, or, believe what I say,
 Too late you will alter your mind.
 When next the fond youth shall declare,
 The passion which glows in his breast,
 With him to the altar repair,
 Nor longer refuse to be blest.

YE gods, ye gave to me a wife,
 Out of your grace and favour,
 To be the comfort of my life,
 And I was glad to have her.

But if your providence divine
 For greater bliss design her;
 To obey your will at any time,
 I'm ready to resign her.

ADIEU, dear maid, whose charms inspire
 A never-fading love;
 Once more to rural scenes retire,
 And range the thoughtful grove;
 Where peace shall all thy steps attend,
 And Nature's various beauties blend,
 And Nature's various, &c.

There no corroding cares intrude,
 Which haunt th' ambitious throng:
 Th' embow'ring shades of solitude
 To humble minds belong;
 To those whose virtue is too great
 To live in regions of deceit.

Though now ill-nature throws her darts,
 And wounds our social joy,
 Blest friendship still unites our hearts
 With her endearing tie.

While thus supported, we can brave
 Each cruel storm and threat'ning wave.

Vice shall try all her arts in vain
 Our union to divide;

For purest love's eternal chain
 Our spirits has ally'd:

Then let not parting give us pain,
 We parted but to meet again.

SAY,

SAY, oh! too lovely creature,
 Thou cause of all my smart,
 What means this palpitacion,
 Without a feeling heart?
 There's conjuration in it:
 It ceases—Then, in a minute,
 Such rapping,
 And tapping,
 As if it ne'er would rest;
 Mine too, I vow,
 I can't tell how,
 Is like to burst my breast.

I Am a young shepherd, the pride of the plain;
 The lasses all strive my affection to gain;
 I'm teaz'd by young Phillis, young Bridget and Sue;
 Say, what would you have such a young shepherd do?

I cannot be easy wherever I go,
 Nor know I the reason they follow me so;
 'Tis strange I am sure you will readily own,
 That, tho' I refuse, they wont let me alone.

Last night at the wake, when I danc'd on the green,
 Such numbers came round me as never were seen;
 To be teaz'd in this manner no mortal could bear,
 So I fix'd upon one who is lovely and fair.

Her ease and good-nature, I vow and protest,
 Have gain'd my affection beyond all the rest;
 She has wit, youth and beauty, the passions to move,
 And at last, i must own, I am smitten with love.

THE

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride ;
For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness
hide ;

The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
In a batchelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
In settling of jointures, or making of deeds ;
But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great ;
Let love be thy jointure, ne'er mind an estate :
You can never be poor, who have all those charms ;
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
Must my fond suit miscarry ?
With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play ;
But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry ;
With you I'll toy, &c.

Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry ;
With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play ;
But hang me if I marry :
With you, &c.

Tho' charms and wit assail,
The stroke I well can parry ;
I love to kifs, to toy and play ;
But do not choose to marry :
I love, &c.

Young

Young Molly of the dale
 Makes a mere slave of Harry ;
 Because, when they had toy'd and kifs'd,
 The foolish swain would marry ;
 Because, &c.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 I to the grave will carry ;
 With you I'll toy, and kifs and play ;
 But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry ;
 With you I'll toy, &c.

A DIEU, ye groves, adieu ye plains !
 All nature mourning lies ;
 See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains,
 Obscure the lab'ring skies :
 See from afar th' impending storm
 With fullen haste appear ;
 See winter comes, a dreary form,
 To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gamefome bound
 Rejoice the gladden'd light ;
 No more the gay enamell'd ground,
 Or sylvan scenes delight :
 Thus Zephalinda, much lov'd maid,
 Thy early charms shall fail ;
 The rose must droop, the lily fade,
 And winter soon prevail.

Again the lark, sweet bird of May,
 May rise on active wing ;
 Again the sportive herds may play,
 And hail reviving spring :

But

But youth, my fair, sees no return ;
 The pleasing bubble o'er,
 In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
 They fall to bloom no more.

Haste then, dear girl, that time improve
 Which art can ne'er regain,
 In blissful scenes of mutual love,
 With some distinguish'd swain :
 So shall life's spring, like jocund May,
 Pass smiling and serene ;
 Tho' Summer, Autumn, glide away,
 And Winter close the scene.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment ?
 If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content !
 Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain ?
 Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
 That at once it both wounds me and tickles my
 heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known :
 But, oh ! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does
 prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name !

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are the charms !
 How delightful embraces ! how peaceful her arms !
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield ;
 For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

WHAT

WHAT beauteous scenes enchant my sight !
 How closely yonder vine
 Does round that elm's supporting height
 Her wanton ringlets twine !
 That elm (no more a barren shade)
 Is with her clusters crown'd ;
 And that fair vine, without his aid,
 Had crept along the ground.

Let this, my fair one, move thy heart
 Connubial joys to prove,
 Yet mark what age and care impart,
 Nor thoughtless rush on love :
 Know thy own blifs, and joy to hear
 Vertumnus loves thy charms,
 The youthful god that rules the year,
 And keeps thy groves from harms.

While some with short-liv'd passion glow,
 His love remains the same ;
 On him alone thy heart bestow,
 And crown his constant flame :
 So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
 Deform the blooming spring ;
 So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
 Their wonted tribute bring.

THE gaudy tulip swells with pride,
 And rears its beauties to the sun,
 With heav'n-born tints of Iris's bow ;
 While low the vi'let springs beside,
 And in the shade it strives to shun
 The hand of some rapacious foe.

Of worth intrinsic, small the store
 That from the tulip can arise,
 When parted from its glowing bed :
 While hid, the vi'let charms the more,
 Like innocence in its native skies,
 When crop'd to grace the virgin head.

Then think, ye fair ones, how these flow'rs
 Are wrought in nature's various robe :
 Where pride declines, and merit thrives,
 Your virgin dignity o'er-pow'rs
 The heroes of the conquer'd globe :
 But sweet compliance makes ye wives.

YE chearful virgins, have ye seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jess'mine bow'r ?
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade ?
 For sure ye know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-blown flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose,
 Join'd with the lily as it blows,
 Where each in sweetness vie ;
 Like dew-drops glist'ning in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles chearful on the spray,
 To hail the vernal beam :
 Her heart is blither than her song,
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth gliding stream.

A DIEU, ye streams, that smoothly flow ;
 Ye vernal airs, that softly blow ;
 Ye plains, by blooming spring array'd ;
 Ye birds, that warble thro' the glade,
 Ye birds, &c.

Unhurt from you, my soul could fly,
 Nor drop one tear, nor hear one sigh ;
 But, forc'd from Celia's smiles to part,
 All joy deserts my drooping heart,
 All joy, &c.

O! fairer than the rosy morn,
 When flow'rs the dewy field adorn ;
 Unfully'd as the genial ray,
 That warms the gentle breeze of May,
 That warms, &c.

Thy charms divinely sweet appear,
 And add new splendor to the year ;
 Improve the day with fresh delight,
 And gild with joy the dreary night,
 And gild, &c.

THE glitt'ring sun begins to rise
 On yonder hill, and paints the skies ;
 The lark his warbling matin sings ;
 Each flow'r in all its beauty springs ;
 The village up, the shepherd tries
 His pipe, and to the woodland hies.

Oh! that on th' enamell'd green
 My Delia, lovely maid, were seen,
 Fresher than the roses bloom,
 Sweeter than the meads perfume.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away,
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey :
 As some lone turtle his lost love deplores,
 And with shrill echoes fills the sounding shores,
 So I, like him, abandon'd and forlorn,
 With ceaseless plaints my absent Delia mourn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along :
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
 The winds to blow, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love :
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Nor balmy sleep to lab'ers spent with pain,
 Nor show'rs to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so pleasing as thy sight to me.

I Love thee, by heavens, I cannot say more ;
 Then set not my passion a cooling :
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee o'er,
 For I am but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words it shall make up in
 deeds ;

Then why should we waste time in stuff, child ?
 A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds ;
 A word to the wife is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known ;
 But I hate all protesting and arguing :
 Had a goddess my heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,
 If she made many words to a bargain.

I'm a quaker in love, and but barely affirm
 Whate'er my fond eyes have been saying :
 Pr'ythee be thou so too ; seek for no better term,
 But e'en throw thy yea, or thy nay, in.

I cannot

I cannot bear love like a Chancery suit,
 The age of a patriarch depending ;
 Then pluck up a spirit ; no longer be mute ;
 Give it, one way or other, an ending.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
 Like the grace of fanatical finners ;
 Where the stomachs are lost, and the victuals grow
 cool,
 Before men sit down to their dinners.

BRIGHT was the morning, cool was the air,
 Serene was all the sky,
 When on the waves I left my dear,
 The center of my joy ;
 Heaven and nature smiling were,
 And nothing sad but I.

Each rosy field did odours spread,
 All fragrant was the shore ;
 Each river-god rose from his bed,
 And sigh'd, and own'd her pow'r ;
 Curling their waves, they deck'd their heads,
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair Egyptian queen
 Her hero went to see,
 Cindus swell'd o'er her banks with pride,
 As much in love as he.

Glide on, ye waters, bear these lines,
 And tell her how distress'd :
 Bear all my sighs, ye gentle winds,
 And waft 'em to her breast :
 Tell her, if e'er she proves unkind,
 I never shall have rest.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 Yet Moggy's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed:
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed, gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush;
 The black-bird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Moggy not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While, happily, she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel;
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell:
 She's fairest when thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

THE heavy hours are almost past,

That part my love and me ;
My longing eyes may hope, at last,
Their only wish to see :

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long ?

Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in ev'ry look declare,

Your heart is still the same,
And heal each idle anxious care,
Our fears in absence frame ?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,

When we shall shortly meet,
And try what yet remains between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove ;

If I am doom'd at length to find

That you've forgot to love :

All I of Venus ask, is this,

No more to let us join ;

But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,

To die, and think you mine.

ASK me not how calmly I
All the cares of life defy ;

How I baffle human woes,

Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I ;

You, like me, may cares defy ;

All the pangs the heart endures,

Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,
Feats of arms, and drunken joys;
I have pleasure more divine,
Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Raptures more than folly knows,
More than fortune e'er bestows;
Flowing bowls, and conquer'd fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows and faithless hearts:
Tell me wretch, who pines and grieves,
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can bestow,
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of kings,
Woman, woman, woman brings.

YES, she is fair, divinely fair,
And softer than the balmy air
That vernal Zephyr blows;
Her cheeks transcend the rose's bloom,
And sweeter is the rich perfume
Her ruby lips disclose.

Fly swift, oh! Love, and in her ear
Whisper soft, her lover's near,
Full of doubt and full of fear;
If my rashness should offend,
Intercede,
My pardon plead,
Her angry brow unbend.

OH!

OH! had I been by fate decreed
 Some humble cottage swain,
 In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
 My flocks upon the plain,
 What blifs had I been born to taste,
 Which now I ne'er must know?
 Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
 My fair-one's lot so low?

THE mind of a woman can never be known,
 You never can guess it aright:
 I'll tell you the reason—she knows not her own;
 It changes so often ere night.
 'Twou'd puzzle Apollo,
 Her whimsies to follow;
 His oracle would be a jest:
 She'll frown when she's kind,
 Then quickly you'll find,
 She'll change with the wind,
 And often abuses
 The man that she chuses,
 And what she refuses
 Likes best.

IN all the sex some charms I find;
 I love to try all womankind,
 The fair, the smart, the witty,
 The fair, the smart, the witty.
 In Cupid's fetters, most severe,
 I languish out a long, long year,
 The slave of wanton Kitty,
 The slave of wanton Kitty.

At length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was endless pain,
 One constant scene of folly,
 One constant, &c.

I vow'd no more to wear the yoke;
 But soon I felt a second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly,
 And sigh'd, &c.

With tresses next of flaxen hue,
 Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder valley,
 That lives, &c.

Then Cupid threw another snare,
 And caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting Sally,
 Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms, tho' blithe and young,
 My roving heart from bondage sprung,
 This heart of yielding mettle,
 This heart, &c.

And now it wanders here and there,
 By turns the prize of brown and fair,
 But never more will settle,
 But never more will settle.

NATURE gave all creatures arms,
 Faithful guards from hostile harms;
 Jaws the lion brood defend,
 Horrid jaws that wide distend;
 Horns the bull, resistless force;
 Solid hoofs the vig'rous horse;
 Nimble feet the fearful hare;
 Wings to fly the birds of air.

To the fox did wiles ordain,
 The craftiest of the sylvan train;
 Tusks she gave the grunting swine,
 Quills the fretful porcupine;
 Fins to swim, the wat'ry kind;
 Man the virtues of the mind;
 Nature, lavishing her store,
 What for woman had she more?

Helpless woman! to be fair
 Beauty fell to woman's share;
 Beauty, that nor wants or fears
 Swords, or flames, or shields, or spears;
 Beauty stronger aid affords,
 Stronger far than shields or swords;
 Stronger far than swords or shields;
 Man himself to beauty yields.

HASTE, haste, Amelia, gentle-fair,
 To soft Elysian gales;
 From smoke to smiling skies repair,
 And sun-illumin'd vales:
 No sighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,
 But blessings crown the plains;
 Here calm Contentment, heav'n-born maid,
 And Peace, the cherub, reigns.

O come! for thee the roses bloom,
 The deep carnation grows;
 For thee sweet violets breathe perfume,
 The white-rob'd lily blows;
 For thee their streams the Naiads roll,
 The daisied hills are gay,
 Where (emblems of Amelia's soul)
 The spotless lambskins play.

M ;

From

From vale to vale the Zephyrs rove,
 To rob th' unfolding flow'rs ;
 And music melts in ev'ry grove,
 To charm thy rural hours ;
 The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
 Exerting all his pride,
 Will strive to please Amelia fair,
 Who pleases all beside.

THE morning fresh, the sun in east
 New gilds the smiling day ;
 The morning fresh, &c.
 The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
 The fields all round are gaily drest ;
 Arise, my love, and play, and play ;
 Arise, my love, and play.

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
 And bless thy shepherd's sight ;
 Come forth, &c.
 Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
 Unveil the rose's blushing shade,
 And give them sweet delight,
 And give, &c.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,
 Those smiles your charms improve ;
 Thy presence, &c.
 Thy strains the list'ning birds beguile,
 And, as invite, reward their toil,
 And tune their notes to love,
 And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
 The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine ;
 Beneath, &c.

E'er

E'er other eyes ye beauties see,
 Then on my brows adorn'd shall be;
 Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,
 Thy happy fate be mine.

WHEN Chloe first, with blooming charms,
 Invited lovers to her arms,
 She look'd a dainty thing;
 We saw her beauty, own'd her wit,
 And, as the simile most fit,
 We call'd the period, Spring.

The hasty moments pass'd away;
 We saw her bright meridian day,
 And woman's state become her:
 The prudent mother, and the wife,
 Diffus'd around her all the life,
 And all the bliss of Summer.

Advancing on in life's career,
 The maids to Chloe lent an ear,
 And what she knew she taught 'em;
 Her sage advice dispersing round,
 Till every prudent virgin found
 The richest fruits of Autumn.

But Chloe's charms are faded quite;—
 Yet honour can't allow it right,
 Of well-earn'd praise to stint her;
 For she who Summer well employs,
 Will reap the Autumn's solid joys,
 Nor dread the frost of Winter.

YE nymphs and ye shepherds that join in this
throng,

Pray tarry a while, and attend to my song:
The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell;
I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went, t'other day, to a wake on the green,
And met with a lass fair as beauty's gay queen;
I ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel cry'd no;
And struggled and frown'd, and said, pray let me go.

I tenderly cry'd, Phillis, don't be a prude;
But still, she return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude:
The more that I press'd her, the more she cry'd no,
And struggled and frown'd, and said, pray let me go.

I found no intreaties would make her comply;
Whenever I touch'd her, 'twas fye, Colin, fye:
So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,
And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
Take care how too freely you part with a kiss;
Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
For that's the best way to make sure of your man.

PHILIRA's charms poor Damon took;
How eager he for billing!
When, lo! the nymph the swain forsook,
To shew her pow'r of killing:
In either eye she sheath'd a dart,
He felt it, never doubt him:
Odzooks! a man were thro' the heart,
Ere he could look about him.

But

But mark the end—with scythe so sharp
 Time o'er the forehead struck her;
 And all her charms began to warp—
 Then she was in a pucker:
 She then began to rave and curse,
 Her time she pass'd no better;
 Yet still had hopes, ere bad grew worse,
 Some comely swain might get her.

Philira, ev'ry lad she meets,
 Now makes an am'rous trial;
 But each with scorn her warmness treats;
 Each frowns in cold denial.
 Coquets, take warning; change your tune;
 This woeful case remember:
 The bed-fellow you flight in June,
 You'll wish for in December.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
 And to the rural hamlets ply;
 Behold the winter storms are gone,
 A gentle radiance glads the sky.
 The birds awake, the flow'rs appear,
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
 'Tis joy and music all we hear,
 'Tis love and beauty all we see.

Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
 Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to spread the rose.

Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming day;
 For soon, too soon, it will be night;
 Arise, my love, and come away.

ATTEND

ATTEND all ye shepherds and nymphs to my
lay—

You may learn from my tale, and go wiser away.
A damsel once dwelt at the foot of the hill,
Well known by the name of the Maid of the Mill.

In her all the graces had jointly combin'd
Her face to improve, and embellish her mind;
Nor pride or deceit e'er her bosom did fill;
'Twas nature alone in the Maid of the Mill:

The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid:
Each art to subdue her was presently laid;
With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,
But nought could prevail with the Maid of the Mill.

Her virtue she priz'd beyond splendor and state;
Tho' poor, yet she never repin'd at her fate;
His proffers she slighted—in vain all his skill
To ruin the fame of the Maid of the Mill.

Young Colin address'd her with hope and with fear,
His heart was right honest, his love was sincere;
With rapture his bosom each moment would thrill,
When'er he beheld his dear Maid of the Mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth—
The nymph read his heart, and of course lov'd the
youth;

At church little Patty soon answer'd, "I will."
His lordship was baulk'd of the Maid of the Mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair!
Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care!
The flame they first rais'd in each other, burns still,
And Colin is blest, 'd with the Maid of the Mill.

YOUNG

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the
hill,

And whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
That men call her the las with the delicate air.

One ev'ning last May when I travers'd the grove,
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph, I declare,
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, by a green mossy bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair-one was laid :
Surpriz'd and transported, I could not forbear
With raptures to gaze on her delicate air.

That moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd, without pity, my innocent heart :
And from thence, how to win the dear maid was
my care;

For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me, she blush'd, and complain'd I
was rude,

And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude :
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air ;

Said her heart was the prize which I sought to
obtain,

And hop'd she would grant it to ease my fond pain.
She neither reject'd, nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er I've repeated my suit ;
But still the tormentor affects to be mute :

Then tell me, ye swains, who have conquer'd the
fair,

How to win the dear las with the delicate air.

WHILE

WHILE servile scribblers take the pen,
 To flatter some great ruling men,
 In hopes to get a dinner;
 Not so the bard who now invokes
 The nine, and such celestial folks,
 In praise of Betfy Skinner.

Before my tongue should frame a lye,
 For wealth, or fame, I'd sooner die,
 An unforgiven sinner;
 If truth direct me on my way,
 Do thou approve my feeble lay,
 Oh charming Betfy Skinner!

Though Stella boasts a sparkling eye,
 And Flavia's cheek a crimson dye,
 A shape and air, Corinna;
 No more those fading charms shall shine
 At court, when once compar'd with thine,
 Oh lovely Betfy Skinner.

An angel's heav'nly form we find,
 With reason, sense, and wisdom join'd,
 Such beauties dwell within her;
 That Venus, though the fairest she,
 Enrag'd would seek her native sea,
 At sight of Betfy Skinner.

If happiness can be express'd
 In wedlock, how supremely blest'd
 The youth that's doom'd to win her;
 He need not envy kings, who wear
 The diadem of pain and care,
 Possess'd of Betfy Skinner.

BEAU-

BEauteous nymph approve the flame
 Thy merit rais'd within my breast;
 Let ev'ry tender thought proclaim
 How much I love, and how distress'd;
 Since words themselves want energy to prove
 What Damon suffers by capricious love.

Suppress not then the pleading thought,
 Which thy soft nature must advance;
 Nor blush, if in the contest caught,
 The purest minds have fell by chance.
 Then deign, Belinda, generous and kind,
 To smile compliance on the humble mind.

AT Windfor, where Thames glides so smoothly
 along,

Lives the wish of my heart, the dear girl of my song;
 Her name all the day I with rapture repeat,
 And am blest when the shepherds but talk of my Kate.

When my fair one is by, the whole village is gay,
 For 'tis she, not the sun, that enlivens the day;
 The lads are all happy when round her they wait,
 And the lasses learn beauty by watching my Kate.

Should I join the pale lily, or blush-painted rose,
 And with pinks and sweet woodbines a garland
 compose,

More lovely to sight are her looks, and more sweet
 Is the fragrance that dwells on the lips of my Kate.

Hush, hush, ye vain warblers, no more croud the
 spray,

Nor think to delight with your love-liven'd lay;
 With success each may tune the shrill note to his
 mate,

But your notes are all harsh to the voice of my Kate.

As

As she sits on the banks by the side of the stream,
The fish, without fear, feed and play by the brim;
And why should they not? they can think no deceit,
Such truth is confest in the looks of my Kate.

The shepherds bring posies of flow'rs: but the maid
Cries, these are but emblems that I too must fade:
But myrtles I'll bring, and in their happy date,
Shew the unfading charms of the mind of my Kate.

DEAREST Kitty, kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where,
Tell thy fond and faithful swain
When we thus shall meet again?
When shall Strephon fondly see
Beauties only found in thee?
Kiss thee, press thee, toy and play,
All the happy live long day?
Dearest Kitty! kind and fair,
Tell me when, and tell me where?

All the happy day, 'tis true,
Bless'd, but only when with you;
Nightly Strephon sings alone,
Sighs till Hymen makes us one.
Tell me then, and ease my pain,
Tell thy fond and faithful swain,
When the priest shall kindly join
Kitty's trembling hand to mine?
Dearest Kitty! kind and fair,
Tell me when—I care not where.

IN vain, dear Chloe, you suggest,
That I, unconstant, have possess'd,
Or lov'd a fairer she:

If that, at once, you would be cur'd,
Of all the pain you've long endur'd,
Consult your glafs and me.

In gardens did you never fee
The little, wanton, curious bee,
Where ev'ry blossom blows,
Fly gently o'er each flower he meets,
And, for the quintessence of sweets,
He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ,
On each variety of joy,
From fair to fair I roam,
Perchance, to thousands in a day;
Those are but visits which I pay—
My Chloe, you're my home.

GRANT me, ye pow'rs, a calm repose,
Exempt from noise, and strife, and pride,
Where I may pity human woes,
And taste the pleasures you provide:

Unenvy'd by the proud and great,
My hours shall sweetly glide away;
While, conscious of my still retreat,
Chearful I hail the opening day.

And if I may select the maid
From all the softer sex below,
May Stella be alone convey'd,
Whose beauties bid my bosom glow.'

At length, when life is in decline,
Celestial mansions let me view;
Without a groan my breath resign,
And peaceful bid the world adieu.

FAIR

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
 With little rage inflam'd ;
 Inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
 Which wise mama ordain'd,
 And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.
 And sorely vex'd to play the faint,
 While wit and beauty reign'd.

Must lady Jenny frisk about
 And visit with her cousins ?
 At balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens ?
 What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 While I am scarce a toast ?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast ?

Dear, dear mama, for once let me,
 Unchain'd, my fortune try ;
 I'll have my earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 Fond love prevail'd, mama gave way ;
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire,
 And set the world on fire.
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

THE woodlark whistles through the grove,
Tuning the sweetest notes of love
To please his female on the spray ;
Perch'd by his side, her little breast
Swells with a lover's joy confess'd,
To hear, and to reward the lay.

Come then, my fair one, let us prove
From their example how to love :
For thee the early pipe I'll breathe ;
And when my flock returns to fold,
Their shepherd to thy bosom hold,
And crown him with the nuptial wreath.

HOW happy the lover,
How easy his chain,
How pleasing his pain !
How sweet to discover
He sighs not in vain !

For love ev'ry creature
Is form'd by his nature ;
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

THINK, oh ! think, within my breast,
While contending passions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of rest ;
And, in pity, ease my pain.

To a lover thus distress'd,
Torn with doubts, and hopes, and fears,
Ev'ry moment, till he's blest'd,
Is a thousand, thousand years.

IN pursuit of some lambs from my flocks that have
stray'd,

One morning I rang'd o'er the plain ;
But, alas ! after all my researches were made,
I perceiv'd that my labour was vain.

At length growing hopeless my lambs to restore,
I resolv'd to return back again ;
It was useless, I thought, to seek after them more,
Since I found that my labour was vain.

On this my return, pretty Phœbe I saw,
And to love her I could not refrain ;
To solicit a kiss I approach'd her with awe,
But she told me my labour was vain.

But, Phœbe, I cry'd, to my suit lend an ear,
And let me no longer complain :
She reply'd, with a frown, and an aspect severe,
Young Colin, your labour's in vain.

Then I eagerly clasp'd her quite close to my breast,
And kiss'd her, and kiss'd her again ;
O Colin, she cry'd, if you're rude, I protest
That your labour shall still be in vain.

At length, by entreaties, by kisses and vows,
Compassion she took on my pain ;
She now has consented to make me her spouse,
So no longer I labour in vain.

RESOLV'D, as her poet, of Celia to sing,
For emblems of beauty I search'd thro' the
spring ;

To flowers soft blooming compar'd the sweet maid,
But flowers, tho' blooming, at ev'ning may fade.

Of

Of sunshine and breezes I next thought to write,
 Of breezes so calm, and of sunshine so bright;
 But these with my fair no resemblance will hold,
 For sun sets at night, and breezes grow cold.

The clouds of mild evening array'd in pale blue,
 While the sun-beams behind them peep'd glittering
 through,
 Tho' to rival her charms they can never arise,
 Yet methought they look'd something like Celia's
 sweet eyes;
 These beauties are transient; but Celia's will last
 When spring, and when summer, and autumn, are
 past;
 For sense and good-humour no season disarms,
 And the soul of my Celia enlivens her charms.

At length, on a fruit-tree a blossom I found,
 Which beauty display'd, and shed fragrance around.
 I then thought the muses had smil'd on my pray'r:
 This blossom, I cry'd, will resemble my fair;
 These colours, so gay, and united so well,
 This delicate texture, and ravishing smell,
 Be her person's dear emblem: but where shall I find,
 In nature, a beauty that equals her mind?

This blossom, now pleasing, at summer's gay call
 Must languish at first, and must afterwards fall,
 But behind it the fruit, its successor, shall rise,
 By nature disrob'd of its beauteous disguise:
 So Celia, when youth, that gay blossom, is o'er,
 By her virtues improv'd, shall engage me the more;
 Shall recall ev'ry beauty that brighten'd her prime,
 When her merit is ripen'd by love and by time.

THO'

THO' women, 'tis true, are but tender,
 Yet nature does their strength supply;
 Their will is too strong to surrender;
 They're obstinate still till they die.

In vain you attack 'em with reason,
 Your sorrows you only prolong;
 Disputing is always high treason;
 No woman was e'er in the wrong.

Your only relief is to bear;
 And, when you appear content,
 Perhaps, in compassion, the fair
 May persuade herself to relent.

SYLVIA, wilt thou waste thy prime,
 Stranger to the joys of love?
 Thou hast youth, and that's the time
 Ev'ry minute to improve:
 Round thee wilt thou never hear
 Little wanton girls and boys
 Sweetly founding in thy ear,
 Sweetly founding in thy ear,
 Infant prate and mother's joys?

Only view that little dove,
 Softly cooing to his mate;
 As a farther proof of love,
 See her for his kisses wait.
 Hark! that charming nightingale,
 As he flies from spray to spray,
 Sweetly tunes an am'rous tale,
 Sweetly tunes, &c.
 I love, I love, he strives to say.

Could

Could I to thy soul reveal
 But the least, the thousandth part
 Of those pleasures lovers feel
 In a mutual change of heart ;
 Then, repenting, would'st thou say,
 Virgin fears from hence remove ;
 All the time is thrown away,
 All the time is thrown away,
 That we do not spend in love.

MY dearest life, were you my wife,
 How happy should I be ;
 And all my care, in peace and war,
 Should be to pleasure thee.
 When up and down, from town to town,
 We jolly soldiers rove,
 Then you, my queen, in chaise marine,
 Shall move like queen of love.

Your love I prize, beyond the skies,
 Beyond the spoils of war,
 Would'st thou agree to follow me,
 In humble baggage car ;
 For happiness, tho' in distress,
 In soldiers wives is seen ;
 And pride in coach, has more reproach,
 Than love in chaise marine.

Oh ! do not hold your love in gold,
 Nor set your heart on gain ;
 Behold the great, with all their state,
 Their lives are care and pain :
 In house or tent, I pay no rent,
 Nor care nor trouble see,
 And ev'ry day, I get my pay,
 And spend it merrily.

Love not those knaves, great fortune's slaves,
 Who lead ignoble lives,
 Nor deign to smile on men so vile,
 Who fight none but their wives :
 For Britain's right, and you we fight,
 And ev'ry ill defy,
 Should but the fair reward our care,
 With love and constancy.

If sighs nor groans, nor tender moans,
 Cant't win your harden'd heart,
 Let love in arms, with all his charms,
 Then take a soldier's part ;
 With fife and drum, the soldiers come,
 And all the pomp of war,
 Then don't think mean of chaise marine,
 'Tis love's triumphant car.

DEAR Sally, thy charms have undone me,
 They've robb'd me of freedom and joy ;
 Then dearest, sweet Sally, smile on me,
 For death is my fate if thou'rt coy :
 Be cautious, dear charmer, in slaying,
 Since murder's so heinous, comply ;
 And torture me not with delaying
 What ev'ry cross chit can deny.

Consider, my angel, why nature
 In forming you took such delight ;
 Don't think you were made that fair creature
 For nought but to dazzle the sight :
 No ; Jove, when he gave you those graces,
 Intended you wholly for love ;
 And gave you the fairest of faces,
 The kindest of females to prove.

Besides,

Besides, pretty maiden, remember,
 The flower that's blooming in May
 Is wither'd and shrunk in December,
 And cast unregarded away :
 So it fares with each scornful young charmer,
 Who takes at her lover distaste ;
 She trifles till thirty disarm her,
 And then dies forsaken at last.

NOT long ago how blythe was I !
 My heart was then at rest ;
 I knew not what it was to sigh,
 Of love I made a jest.

But soon I found 'twas all in vain
 To thwart the urchin's will ;
 For now I'm forc'd to drag the chain
 For Fanny of the hill.

When walking out upon the green,
 We chance to toy and kifs,
 The lads and lasses vent their spleen,
 In envy of the blifs.

By turns they censure ev'ry part,
 Her face, her shape, and air ;
 But let 'em rail, with all my heart,
 If I but think her fair.

With golden locks her head is grac'd,
 That fan each dimpled cheek ;
 With lips might tempt e'en Jove to taste,
 And eyes which seem to speak.
 If then such beauties she displays,
 Ye paltry critics hence ;
 For such a form was made for praise,
 And not to give offence.

Great gods! who make mankind your care,
 And judge unseen above;
 For once be grateful to my pray'r,
 Give me the girl I love:
 That when possess'd of Fanny's charms,
 The world I may defy;
 And when you snatch her from my arms,
 With pleasure then I'll die.

A Twelvemonth and more I had courted young
 Kate,
 And offer'd to wed her and make her my mate;
 But the silly damsel was froward and shy,
 And always declar'd she a maiden would die.

" You know, my dear Kitty, one evening I said,
 " What danger awaits if you die an old maid;
 " The sentence is cruel, then pr'ythee comply."
 Yet still she declar'd, she a maiden would die.

But for an old gypsey, I vow and declare,
 Kate had dy'd an old maid, and I dy'd with despair;
 But she, by me tutor'd, soon made her comply,
 And Kitty now fear'd she a maiden should die.

That hanging and marriage by destiny went,
 The beldame assur'd her, which made her relent;
 So she met me next day, and with looks very shy,
 Declar'd 'twas decreed she no maiden should die.

Her innocence charm'd me, I made her my wife,
 And Kitty and I shall be happy for life;
 No bliss now I find like the conjugal tie,
 And Kitty ne'er wishes a maiden to die.

I Have seriously weigh'd it, and find it but just,
That a wife makes a man either blessed or curst;
I declare I will marry, ah! can I but find,
Mark me well ye young lasses, the maid to my mind.

Not the pert little miss, who advice will despise,
Nor the girl that's so foolish to think herself wise;
Nor she who to all men alike would prove kind,
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Not the prude, who in public will never be free,
Yet in private for ever a toying will be;
Nor coquet that's too forward, nor jilt that's unkind,
Not one of these three is the maid to my mind.

Nor she who for pleasure her husband will slight,
Nor the positive dame who thinks always she's right;
Nor she who a dupe to the fashion's inclin'd;
Not one of these three is a maid to my mind.

But the fair, with good-nature and carriage genteel,
Who her husband can love, and no secrets reveal;
In whose boast I may virtue with modesty find;
This, this, and this only's the maid to my mind.

FROM sweet bewitching tricks of love

Young men your hearts secure,
Left from the paths of sense you rove,

In dotage premature,

In dotage premature.

Look at each lass thro' wisdom's glass,

Nor trust the naked eye:

Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,

The blind eat many a fly,

The blind eat many a fly.

Not only on their hands and necks
 The borrow'd white you'll find;
 Some belles, when interest directs,
 Can even paint the mind, &c.
 Joy in distress they can express,
 Their very tears can lye:
 Gallants beware, &c.

There's not a spinster in the realm
 But all mankind can cheat,
 Down to the cottage from the helm,
 The learn'd, the brave, the great, &c.
 With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
 T'entangle us they try:
 Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
 Was earth of parchment made;
 Was ev'ry single stick a quill,
 Each man a scribe by trade, &c.
 To write the tricks of half the sex
 Would suck that ocean dry:
 Gallants beware, look sharp, take care,
 The blind eat many a fly, &c.

GODDESS of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
 Obsequious to the muse and me;
 For once endure the pain to think,
 O sweet Insensibility!
 Sister of Peace and Indolence,
 Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
 Elaborately void of sense,
 And sweetly thoughtless let them flow,
 And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near

Near to some cowslip-painted mead,
 There let me doze away dull hours ;
 And under me let Flora spread
 A sofa of her softest flowers ;
 Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
 Forth from behind the neighb'ring pine,
 While murmurs of the stream beneath
 Still flow in unison with thine, &c.

For thee, O Idleness, the woes
 Of life we patiently endure ;
 Thou art the source whence labour flows,
 We shun thee but to make thee sure ;
 For who would bear war's toil and waste,
 Or who the thund'ring of the sea,
 But to be idle at the last,
 And find a pleasing end in thee ?
 And find, &c.

I Tell with equal truth and grief,
 That Chloe is an arrant thief :
 Before the urchin well could go,
 She stole the whiteness of the snow ;
 And more, that whiteness to adorn,
 She stole the blushes of the morn.

She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
 And stole the cow's ambrosial breath ;
 The cherry, steep'd in morning-dew,
 Gave moisture to her lips and hue :
 These were her infant-spoils, a store,
 To which in time she added more.

At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen
 Her air and love-commanding mien ;

Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
 From Pallas sense to charm the soul.
 Apollo's wit was next her prey;
 Her next the beam that lights the day.

There's no repeating all her wiles;
 She stole the Graces winning smiles;
 She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard,
 And to assert their voice appear'd;
 She play'd, the Muses from their hill
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill.

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art,
 And t'other day she stole my heart.
 If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
 Exert thy vengeance on the fair;
 To trial bring her stolen charms,
 And let her prison be—my arms.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
 His doctrine is deceiving;
 For whilst he teaches us to die,
 He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
 Too soon without a master;
 Then let us only study now
 How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blefs, be blest
 With mutual inclination;
 Share then my ardour in your breast,
 And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blefs'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die,

WHEN

WHEN first I fought fair Celia's love,
 And ev'ry charm was new,
 I swore by all the gods above,
 To be for ever true.

ut long in vain did I adore,
 Long wept and sigh'd in vain;
 She still protested, vow'd and swore
 She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last, o'ercame, she made me blest'd,
 And yielded all her charms;
 And I forsook her when possess'd,
 And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear Celia, now
 Thy breast to rage incline;
 For why, since you forgot your vow,
 Should I remember mine?

MY time, O ye muses, was happily spent,
 When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
 Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast,
 Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
 But now she is gone and has left me behind,
 What a marvelous change on a sudden I find!
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,
 I thought it was spring, but alas! it was She.

The fountain that us'd to run sweetly along,
 And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
 Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
 'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
 But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
 And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide;
 Must you be so chearful whilst I go in pain?
 Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me com-
 plain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither poor fellow, and patted his head :
But now when he's frowning I with a frow look
Cry, firrah, and give him a blow with my crook ;
And I'll give him another, for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master when Phœbe's away ?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet:
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else an agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:
'Take heed, all ye swains, how you love one so fair.

TO make the man kind, and keep true to the
bed,
Whom your choice or your destiny brings you to
wed,
Take a hint from a friend, whom experience has
taught,
And experience you know never fails when 'tis
bought.

The art which you practis'd at first to ensnare,
(For in love little arts, as in battle, are fair ;)
Whether neatness, or prudence, or wit were the
bait,

Let the hook still be cover'd, and still play the cheat.

Should he fancy another, upbraid not his flame ;
To reproach him is never the way to reclaim :

'Tis more to recover than conquer the heart,
For this is all nature, but that is all art.

Good sense is to them what a face is to you ;
Flatter that, and, like us, they'll but think it their
due :

Doubt the strength of your judgment compar'd to
his own,

And he'll give you perfections at present unknown :

Tho' you learn that your rival his bounty partakes,
And your meriting favour ungrateful forsakes ;
Still, still debonair, kind, engaging, and free,
Be deaf tho' you hear, and be blind tho' you see !

COME all you young lovers, who, wan with
despair,

Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair ;
Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,
And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms :

Be wise by example, take pattern by me,
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free,
By Jove I'll be free ;

For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Young Daphne I saw, in the net I was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as custom had taught ;
I press'd her to bliss, which she granted full soon,
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
 From the bare rock or oozy beach,
 Who from each barren weed that grows
 Expects the grape or blushing peach,
 With equal faith may hope to find
 The truth of love in womankind.

I have no herds, no fleecy care,
 No fields that wave with golden grain,
 No pastures green, nor garden fair,
 A damsel's venal heart to gain :
 Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 For I, alas ! have nought but love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
 Since women's hearts are bought and sold !
 They ask not vows of sacred truth ;
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold :
 Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
 But I, alas ! have nought but love.

To buy the gems of India's coast,
 What wealth, what treasure can suffice ?
 Not all their fire can ever boast
 The living lustre of her eyes :
 For these the world too cheap would prove,
 But I, alas ! have nought but love.

Oh Sylvia ! since nor gems, nor ore,
 Can with your brighter charms compare,
 Consider that I proffer more,
 More seldom found—a heart sincere :
 Let treasure meaner beauties move ;
 Who pays thy worth, must pay in love.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind heav'n to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square :
The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings, which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
While sweet meditation and chearful content
Shall make me both healthy and wise:

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part ;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove
of tall trees,
With my fair-one as blooming as May,
Undisturbed by all but the sighs of the breeze,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake.

Where

Where my fairest and I, on the verge as we pass,
 (For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
 Our shadows may view in the watery glass,
 While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the herds cease to low, and the lambkins to
 bleat,

When she sings me some amorous strain;
 All be silent and hush'd, unless echo repeat
 The kind words and sweet sounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
 Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
 Let the moon's silver beams thro' the leaves give us
 light,

Just direct us and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its note in our walk,
 As thus gently and slowly we move;
 And no single thought be express'd in our talk,
 But friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
 And secure from ambition's alarms,
 Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
 And each morning shall rise with new charms.

THE blooming damsel, whose defence
 Is adamantine innocence,
 Requires no guardian to attend
 Her steps, for modesty's her friend.
 Tho' her fair arms are weak to wield
 The glitt'ring spear, and massy shield;
 Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,
 She is an Amazon in mind.

With

With this artillery she goes
 Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux,
 But ev'n unhurt and undismay'd,
 Views the long sword and fierce cockade.
 Tho' all a fyren as she talks,
 And all a goddeſs as ſhe walks,
 Yet decency each motion guides,
 And wiſdom o'er her tongue preſides.

Place her in Ruſſia's ſhow'ry plains,
 Where a perpetual winter reigns;
 The elements may rave and range,
 Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
 Place her, Ambition, in thy tow'rs,
 'Mongſt the more dangerous golden ſhow'rs;
 Ev'n there ſhe'd ſpurn the venal tribe,
 And fold her arms againſt the bribe.

Leave her defenceleſs and alone,
 A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
 The ſunſhine there might vainly vie
 With the bright luſtre of her eye;
 But Phœbus' ſelf, with all his fire,
 Could ne'er one unchaſte thought inſpire;
 But virtue's path ſhe'd ſtill purſue,
 And ſtill, ye fair, would copy you.

WHene'er I meet my Celia's eyes,
 Sweet raptures in my boſom riſe,
 My feet forget to move;
 She too declines her lovely head,
 Soft bluſhes o'er her cheeks are ſpread;
 Sure this is mutual love!

My

My beating heart is wrapt in bliss,
Whene'er I steal a tender kiss
 Beneath the silent grove;
She strives to frown, and puts me by,
Yet anger dwells not in her eye:
 Sure this is mutual love!

And once, oh! once, the dearest maid,
As on her breast my head was laid,
 Some secret impulse drove;
Me, me, her gentle arms caress'd,
And to her bosom closely press'd:
 Sure this was mutual love!

Transported with her blooming charms,
A soft desire my bosom warms
 Forbidden joys to prove:
Trembling for fear she should comply,
She from my arms prepares to fly,
 Tho' warm'd with mutual love.

Oh! stay, I cry'd—let Hymen's bands
This moment join our willing hands,
 And all thy fears remove:
She blush'd consent, her fears suppress'd,
And now we live, supremely blest'd,
 A life of mutual love.

THO' cruel you seem to my pain,
 And hate me because I am true;
Yet, Phillis, you love a false swain,
 Who has other nymphs in his view.
Enjoyment's a trifle to him;
 To me what a heaven 'twou'd be!
'To him but a woman you seem,
 But ah! you're an angel to me.

Those

Those lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow ;
 Still clinging around that dear waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go.
 That arm, like a lily so white,
 Which over his shoulders you lay,
 My bosom could warm it all night,
 My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
 Were graces my subjects to be,
 I'd leave 'em and fly to the plain,
 To dwell in a cottage with thee.
 But if I must feel thy disdain,
 If tears cannot cruelty drown,
 Oh ! let me not live in this pain,
 But give me my death in a frown.

DEAR madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool ;
 For me, I would not give a shilling
 For one that can love out of rule :
 At least you should wait for our offers,
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
 If you've liv'd till these years without proffers,
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your blushing,
 And not speak the matter too plain ;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
 And yours to affect a disdain.
 That you're in a terrible taking,
 By all your fond ogling I see ;
 But the fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed, is too mellow for me.

LOVE's

LOVE's a dream of mighty treasure,
Which in fancy we possess ;
In the folly lies the pleasure,
Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,
We a goddess have in chace,
Like Ixion we are cheated,
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,
Whom his mistress well deceives ;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch, that would be knowing
What the fair-one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wife.

YOU may say what you will, but Belinda's too
tall,
And Stella's all bone, and her shape is too small ;
Dear Chloe's my wish, tho' extensive her charms,
'Tho' the front of her stays is too wide for my arms.

'Tis certain Miss Fanny's a sweet little dear,
And Zephyrs bring odours when Lucy is near ;
But Chloe's all sweetness by nature design'd,
We might call her a hoghead of double-refin'd.

When she dances, then leaps my fond heart like a
frog ;

When with rapture I press her, I'm lost in a fog :
I beg for a kiss, while my vows I renew,
And imbibe half a pint of ambrosial dew.

E's

She

She frequently mentions young Strephon the beau,
 But why should I reckon my rival a foe?
 E'en let him proceed, it will ne'er give me pain;
 We both shall find more than our arms will contain.

I've oft over-heard the ill-natur'd expression,
 That beauty so bulky must pall in possession:
 In his notion the critic is surely misled,
 Love's flame by her fat will be constantly fed.

Some nymphs have angelical sweetnesss and grace,
 But Chloe has rather a cherubim's face:
 She's always good-humour'd, facetious, and free,
 And only gives pain when she sits on my knee.

I start not, as timorous fribbles have done,
 At the substance of three or four females in one;
 First balance her weight with his majesty's coin,
 Then let the dear ponderous charmer be mine.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be
 seen,

And the meadows their beauty have lost;
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost.

While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with
 cold,

As bleak the winds northerly blow,
 And the innocent flock run for ease to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a steam;
 And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream.

When

When the sweet country maiden as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips, often slides,
 And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shews
 All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a croud round the embers are met,
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts till they're all in a sweat.

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,
 While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire !

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,
 We may live and no hardships endure;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

THE new-flown birds, the shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May;
 Come, Pastorella, now the spring
 Makes ev'ry landscape gay;
 Wide-spreading trees their leafy shade
 O'er half the plain extend,
 Or in reflecting fountains play'd
 Their quiv'ring branches bend,
 Their quiv'ring branches bend.

Come, taste the season in its prime,
 And bless the rising year:
 Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
 Till thou, my love, appear.
 Then shall I pass the gladsome day,
 Warm in thy beauty's shine,
 When thy dear flocks shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine, &c.

For

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
 In silken band I hold;
 For thee a firstling lambkin fair
 I keep within the fold:
 If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
 Or tender lambkin please,
 My spotless heart without deceit
 Be offer'd up with these,
 Be offer'd up with these.

WHERE is pleasure, tell me where,
 What can touch my breast with joy?
 All around the spacious sphere,
 Let my muse her search employ.

Wealth, thy shining stores produce,
 Heap'd in golden mountains rise;
 Thee let senseless misers chuse,
 Thou can'st ne'er allure my eyes.

Honour, let thy chariot roll,
 Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms;
 Thou may'st charm th' ambitious soul,
 But for me thou hast no charms.

Ruddy Bacchus, try thy pow'r,
 Gaily laugh astride thy tun;
 Thee let frantie bards adore,
 Pleasure thou for me hast none.

Only Delia, gentle fair,
 Can the precious boon bestow:
 Give, ye pow'rs, O give me her!
 She's the All I ask below.

YE swains that are courting a maid,
 Be warn'd and instructed by me :
 Tho' small experience I've had,
 I'll give you good counsel and free.
 For women are changeable things,
 And seldom a moment the same,
 As time a variety brings,
 Their looks new humours proclaim,
 Their looks their humours proclaim.

But he who in love would succeed,
 And his mistress's favour obtain,
 Must mind it as sure as his creed,
 To make hay while the sun is serene.
 There's a season to conquer the fair,
 And that's when they're merry and gay ;
 To catch the occasion take care,
 When 'tis gone in vain you'll assay, &c.

WAS Nancy but a rural maid,
 And I her only swain,
 To tend our flocks on flow'ry mead,
 And on the verdant plain ;
 Oh ! how I'd pipe upon my reed,
 To please the lovely maid !
 While from all sense of care we're freed
 Beneath an oaken shade,
 Beneath, &c.

When lambkins under hedges bleat,
 And rain seems in the sky ;
 Then to our oaken safe retreat
 We'd both together hie ;

There

There I'd repeat my vows of love
 Unto the charming fair;
 Whilst her dear flutt'ring heart should prove,
 Her love, like mine, sincere,
 Her love, &c.

When Phœbus bright sinks in the west,
 And flocks are pent in fold,
 Beneath our oaken tree we'd rest,
 In joys not to be told;
 Then when Aurora's beams set free
 The next enliv'ning day,
 We'd turn our flocks at liberty,
 Then down we'd sit and play,
 Then down, &c.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural ease;
 Their grandeur, and their pride and noise
 Cou'd ne'er my fancy please.
 In Nancy ev'ry joy combines,
 With grace and blooming youth;
 In her with lucid brightness shines
 Love, constancy, and truth,
 Love, constancy, and truth.

THOU rising fun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough,
 Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
 What woods conceal my sleeping maid?
 Up by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

Oh! could I ride on clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise!
 Ye storks, ye swains, a moment stay,
 And waft a lover on his way.

My blifs too long my bride denies,
 Apace the wasting summer flies;
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
 Not storms or nights shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
 Oh! love has stronger fetters far:
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast;
 When thoughts perplex, the first are best:
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;
 Away to Orra, haste away.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 Who poorly satisfy our eyes,
 More with your number than your light,
 Like common people of the skies;
 What are you when the moon doth rise?

You violets, that first appear,
 By your fine purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own;
 What are you when the rose is blown?

O

You

You warbling chanters of the wood,
 Who fill our ears with nature's lays,
 Thinking your passion's understood
 By meaner accents: what's your praise,
 When Philomel her voice doth raise?

You glorious trifles of the East,
 Whose estimation fancies raise,
 Pearls, rubies, sapphires, and the rest
 Of glitt'ring gems; what is your praise,
 When the bright di'mond shews his rays?

So when my princess shall be seen
 In beauty of her face and mind,
 By virtue first, then choice, a queen;
 Tell me, if she were not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

The rose, the vi'let, the whole spring,
 Unto her breath for sweetness run;
 The di'mond's darken'd in the ring;
 If she appears, the moon's undone,
 As in the presence of the sun.

WHEN the bright god of day
 Drove to westward each ray,
 And the ev'ning was charming and clear;
 The swallows amain,
 Nimbly skim o'er the plain,
 And our shadows like giants appear.

In a jessamine bow'r,
 When the bean was in flow'r,
 And Zephyr breath'd odours around;
 Lovely Sylvia was sat,
 With a song and spinnet,
 To charm all the grove with the sound.

“ Rosy

"Rofy bowers" ſhe fung,
 While the harmony rung,
 And the birds they all fluttering ſtrive;
 Th' induſtrious bees,
 From the flowers and trees,
 Gently hum with the ſweets to their hive.

The gay god of love,
 As he rang'd o'er the grove,
 By Zephyr conducted along;
 As ſhe touch'd o'er the ſtrings,
 He beat time with his wings,
 And echo repeated the ſong.

O ye rovers beware,
 How you venture too near,
 Love doubly is arm'd for to wound;
 Your fate you can't ſhun,
 And you're ſurely undone,
 If you raſhly approach near the ſound.

I'M in love with twenty,
 I'm in love with twenty,
 And could adore
 As many more,
 For nothing's like a plenty.
 Variety is charming,
 Variety is charming,
 For conſtancy
 Is not for me,
 So ladies you have warning.

He that has but one love,
 Looks as poor
 As any boor,
 Or like a man with one glove:
 Variety, &c.

Not the fine regalia
 Of eastern kings,
 The poet sings,
 But oh ! the fine seraglio.
 Variety, &c.

Girls grow old and ugly,
 And can't inspire
 The same desire,
 As when they're young and smugly.
 Variety, &c.

Why has Cupid pinions,
 If not to fly
 Through all the sky,
 And see his favourite minions.
 Variety, &c.

Love was born of beauty,
 And when she goes,
 The urchin knows,
 To follow is his duty.
 Variety, &c.

BY love too long depriv'd of rest,
 Fell tyrant of the human breast;
 His vassal long, and worn with pain,
 Indignant, late I spurn'd the chain :
 In verse, in prose I sung, and swore
 No charms should e'er enslave me more ;
 Nor neck, nor hair, nor lip, nor eye,
 Again should force one tender sigh.

Then freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
 With freedom's praise the vallies rung ;

And

And ev'ry night, and ev'ry day,
 My heart thus pour'd th' enraptur'd lay :
 My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
 My breast regains its wonted peace ;
 And joy and hope returning, prove
 That reason is too strong for love.

Such was my boast, but ah ! how vain,
 How short was reason's vaunted reign !
 The firm resolve I form'd ere while,
 How weak ! oppos'd to Clara's smile :
 Chang'd is the strain ; the vallies round
 With freedom's praise no more resound ;
 But ev'ry night and ev'ry day
 My full heart pours the alter'd lay.

SOME sing in the praise of a friend or a glass,
 The theme of my song is my favourite lass :
 For her I relinquish my friend and the bowl,
 For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

In friendship, 'tis true, many pleasures we prove ;
 But what are all these to the raptures of love :
 For Chloe I leave both the friend and the bowl,
 For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

The bottle I love, and a friend I admire ;
 But Chloe enjoys ev'ry wish and desire :
 Her wit, youth, and beauty, my passions controul,
 For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

Then Chloe, dear Chloe, shall bless me for life,
 I'll yield ev'ry joy to a virtuous wife ;
 For her I relinquish my friends and the bowl,
 For woman, dear woman's the joy of my soul.

'TIS a maxim I hold, whilst I live to pursue,
 Not a thing to defer, which to-day I can do:
 This piece of good council attend to, I pray,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove,
 In her ear gently pour the soft poison of love:
 With kisses and presses your rapture convey,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

If Chloe is kind and gives ear to your plaint,
 Declare your whole sentiments free from restraint:
 Enforce your petition, and make no delay,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

But should you the present occasion let pass,
 The world may with justice proclaim you an ass:
 Then briskly attack her, if longer you stay,
 The sun may not shine, and you cannot make hay.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring heart,
 Let Damon urge his claim,
 He feels the passion void of art,
 The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,
 Their sensual love condemn;
 They only prize the beauteous shell,
 But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
 Destroys the transient fire;
 But when the mind receives the dart,
 Enjoyment whets desire.

By

By age your beauty will decay,
 Your mind improves with years ;
 As when the blossoms fade away,
 The rip'ning fruit appears.

May heav'n and Sylvia grant my suit,
 And bless the future hour,
 That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
 May gather ev'ry flow'r !

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty,
 What annual offering shall I make
 Expressive of my duty ?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair one prize
 The gift, who flights the giver ?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give—and let 'em :
 If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
 I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
 Or rose-bud more in fashion ;
 Such short-liv'd offerings but disclose
 A transitory passion :

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
 Not less sincere, than civil :
 I'll give thee—Ah ! too charming maid,
 I'll give thee—to the devil.

FAIR Iris I love, and I hourly die,
 But not for a lip, nor a languishing eye;
 She's fickle and false, and there we agree,
 For I am as false and as fickle as she;
 We neither believe what either can say,
 And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and to say things of course,
 We mean not the taking for better for worse;
 When present we love, when absent agree,
 I think not of Iris, nor Iris of me;
 The legend of love no couple can find,
 So easy to part, or so equally join'd.

I Toss and tumble through the night,
 And wish th' approaching day,
 Thinking when darkness yields to light,
 I'll banish care away:
 But when the glorious sun doth rise,
 And cheers all nature round,
 All thought of pleasure in me dies,
 My cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy mind
 Bereaves me of my rest;
 My thoughts are to all pleasure blind,
 With care I'm still oppress'd:
 But had I her within my breast
 Who gives me so much pain,
 My raptur'd soul would be at rest,
 And softest joys regain.

I'd envy not the god of war,
 Bless'd with fair Venus' charms,
 Nor yet the thund'ring Jupiter,
 In fair Alcmena's arms:

Paris with Helen's beauty blest,
 Would be a jest to me ;
 If of her charms I were possesst,
 'Thrice happier I would be.

But since the gods do not ordain
 Such happy fate for me,
 I dare not 'gainst their will repine,
 Who rule my destiny.
 With sprightly wine I'll drown my care,
 And cherish still my soul ;
 Whene'er I think of my lost fair,
 I'll drown her in the bowl.

WHEN youth mature to manhood grew,
 Soon beauty touch'd my heart ;
 From vein to vein love's light'ning flew,
 With pleasing, painful smart :
 My bosom dear content forsook,
 And sooth'd the soft dejection ;
 The melting eye, the speaking look,
 Prov'd love and sweet affection.

Unus'd to arts which win the fair,
 What could a shepherd do ?
 And to submit to sad despair,
 Was not the way to woo.
 At length I told the lovely maid,
 I hop'd we'd no objection
 To talk (while round her lambkins play'd)
 Of love and sweet affection.

A blush my Chloe's cheek bedeck'd,
 A blush devoid of guile,
 " And what from me can you expect ?"
 She answer'd with a smile.

"How many nymphs have been betray'd,
 "Through want of calm reflexion!
 "Then don't my peace of mind invade
 "With love and sweet affection."

Dear maid, I cry'd, mistrust me not,
 In wedlock's bands let's join;
 My kids, my kine, my herds, my cot,
 My soul itself is thine.
 To church I led the charming fair,
 To Hymen's kind protection;
 And now life's dearest joys we share,
 With love and sweet affection.

Farewel, Ianthe, faithless maid,
 Source of my grief and pain;
 Who with fond hopes my heart betray'd,
 And fan'd love's kindling flame;
 Yet gave from me thy hand, this morn,
 To Corydon's rich heir,
 Who with gay vestments did adorn
 Thee, false, yet beauteous fair.

Adieu, my native soil; ye vales,
 High woods, and tufted hills:
 Adieu, ye groves and flow'ry dales,
 Clear streams and crystal rills:
 Adieu; ye bring into my mind
 Those past, those happy days,
 When Iphis found Ianthe kind,
 And pleasure strew'd his ways.

Ere dawn my homely steps I'll bend,
 Where distant mountains rise,
 In hopes that reason there may send
 That aid she here denies;

That time and absence may efface
 Her image from my breast,
 Which, while she there maintains a place,
 Can never taste of rest.

WHO has e'er been at Baldock must needs
 know the mill,
 At the sign of the Horse, at the foot of the hill,
 Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the
 beau,
 Without all distinction promiscuously go.
 Where the grave, &c.

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,
 With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,
 That once on the ever-green bank as I stood,
 I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the flood.
 That once, &c.

But looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake;
 For Venus, though fair, has the looks of a rake,
 While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
 The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill.
 While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
 To enliven that mass which he model'd of clay:
 Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes
 Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies.
 Had Polly, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear lass of the mill,
 I can never be quiet; but do what I will,
 All day and all night I sigh, and think still
 I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill.

NO more of my Harriet, of Polly no more,
Nor all the bright beauties that charm'd me
before;

Myself for a slave to gay Venus I've sold,
And have barter'd my freedom for ringlets of gold:
I throw down my pipe, and neglect all my flocks,
And will sing of my lass with the golden locks.

Tho' o'er her white forehead the gilt tresses flow,
Like the rays of the sun on a hillock of snow;
Such, painters of old, drew the queen of the fair,
'Tis the taste of the antients, 'tis classical hair;
And tho' wittings may scoff, and tho' raillery mocks,
Yet I'll sing of my lass with the golden locks.

Than the swan, in the brook, she's more dear to
my sight,

Her mien is more stately, her breast is more white;
Her lips are like rubies, all rubies above,
Which are fit for the labour or language of love.
At the Park in the Mall, at the play in the box,
My lass bears the belle with her golden locks.

Her beautiful eyes, as they roll or they flow,
Shall be glad for my joy, or shall weep for my woe;
She shall ease my fond heart, or shall sooth my soft
pain,

While thousands of rivals are fighting in vain;
Let them rail at the fruit they can't reach, like the
fox,

While I have the lass with the golden locks.

HAD I but the wings of a dove,
Enraptur'd I'd hasten away,
And quickly repair to my love,
Whose beauties enliven the day.



Bring soon from the hamlets again,
 Ye gods, her I ask for my wife;
 Without her I'm ever in pain,
 And relish no pleasure in life.

Ah! cruel decree of hard fate,
 To keep me so long from my fair;
 Come, pity my desolate state,
 And banish all thoughts of despair.
 With her, oh! what scenes I enjoy
 Of mirth and good-humour all day:
 Such blessings as never will cloy,
 Nor cease till our souls leave the clay.

AH! Chloe, thou treasure, thou joy of my
 breast,
 Since I parted from thee I'm a stranger to rest:
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return:
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay;
 But they smile all in vain, for my Chloe's away:
 The field and the grove can afford me no ease,
 But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please,
 But bring me my Chloe, &c.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
 I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms;
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye,
 These are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry:
 These looks, where bright love, like the sun, sits
 enthron'd,
 And, smiling, diffuses his influence round:
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd;
 Thus view'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I
 gaz'd,
 Thus view'd thee, &c. Then,

Then, then the dear fair one was still in my sight,
 It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night :
 But, now my hard fortune, remov'd from my fair,
 In secret I languish, a prey to despair :
 But absence and torment abate not my flame,
 My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same ;
 O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
 Then absence would please me, for I should be blest,
 Then absence would please me, &c.

O Would'st thou know what sacred charms,
 This destin'd heart of mine alarms,
 This destin'd heart, &c.
 What kind of nymph the heav'ns decree,
 The maid that's made for love and me,
 The maid that's made, &c.

Who joys to hear the sigh sincere,
 Who melts to see the tender tear,
 Who melts, &c.
 From each ungentle passion free,
 O be the maid that's made for me,
 O be the maid, &c.

Whose heart with gen'rous friendship glows,
 Who feels the blessings she bestows,
 Who feels, &c.
 Gentle to all, but kind to me,
 Be such the maid that's made for me,
 Be such the maid, &c.

Whose simple thoughts devoid of art,
 Are all the natives of her heart,
 Are all, &c.
 A gentle train from falshood free,
 Be such the maid that's made for me,
 Be such the maid, &c.

Avaunt,

Avaunt, ye light coquets, retire
 Where flatt'ring fops around admire,
 Where flatt'ring, &c.
 Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
 More genuine beauties are for me,
 More genuine, &c.

SPRING renewing all things gay,
 Nature's dictates all obey :
 In each creature we may see
 The effect of love's decree :
 Thus their state, such their fate ;
 Do not, Polly, stay too late,
 Do not, Polly, stay too late.

Look around, and see them play ;
 All are wanton while they may :
 Why should precious time be lost ?
 After summer comes a frost :
 All pursue nature's due ;
 Let us, Polly, do so too,
 Let us, Polly, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing ;
 Herds on ev'ry meadow lowing :
 Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing ;
 Turtles all around are cooing :
 Hark ! they coo ; see, they woo ;
 Let us, Polly, do so too,
 Let us, Polly, do so too.

Hark ! how kind that swain and lass,
 Yonder sitting on the grass ;
 See, how earnestly he sues,
 While she, blushing, can't refuse :

See

See yon two, how they woo ;
 Let us, Polly, do so too,
 Let us, Polly, do so too.

Mark that cloud above the plain ;
 See, it seems to threaten rain :
 Herds and flocks do run together,
 Seeking shelter from the weather.
 Fear not you, I'll be true,
 Let us, therefore, do so too,
 Let us, therefore, do so too.

FOR ever Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love ?
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part ;
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish, the soul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow ;
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other blessings I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth that fondly sits by thee ;
 And sees, and hears thee, all the while,
 Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

THY fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love;
I feel the soft resistless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.

For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport overwhelm my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing numbers to complain;
My tongue some secret magic tries,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

YES

YES, fairest proof of beauty's power,
 Dear idol of my panting heart;
 Nature points this my fatal hour;
 And I have liv'd; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
 Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,
 Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
 On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
 For ever be thy bosom freed;
 That nothing may disturb thy life
 Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better fated youth
 Shall with his amorous parly move thee,
 Reflect one moment on his truth,
 Who dying thus persists to love thee.

IN vain you tell your parting lover
 You wish fair winds may waft him over;
 Alas! what winds can happy prove
 That bear me far from what I love?
 Alas! what dangers on the main
 Can equal those which I sustain
 From slighted vows and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
 To wish the wildest tempests loose;
 That, thrown again upon the coast
 Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my pain,
 Once more in dying notes complain
 Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

WHEN

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move;
 Tell me my heart if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but her's can hear;
 No other wit but her's approve;
 Tell me my heart if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove;
 Tell me my heart if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
 Tell me my heart if this be love?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spreads for every swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
 Tell me my heart if this be love?

IF ever thou did'st joy to bind
 Two hearts in equal passion join'd,
 O son of Venus! hear me now,
 And bid Florella bless my vow.

If any bliss reserv'd for me
 Thou in the leaves of fate should see,
 If any white propitious hour,
 Pregnant with hoarded joys in store;

Now, now the mighty treasure give,
 In her for whom alone I live;
 In sterling love pay all the sum,
 And I'll absolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms
Yield her, relenting, to my arms ;
Her bosom touch with soft desires,
And let her feel what she inspires.

But, Cupid, if thine aid be vain
The dear reluctant maid to gain,
If still with cold averted eyes
She dash my hopes, and scorn my sighs ;

O! grant ('tis all I ask of thee)
That I no more may change than she ;
But still with duteous zeal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languish,
Think not time can heal my anguish,
Pity the woes which I endure,
But never, never grant a cure.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast ?
Say, soft confusion, art thou love ?
If love thou art, then farewell rest !

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
Tho' hopeless of a warm return,
Yet kill me not with cold despair,
But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create ;
And, tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, oh ! forbear to hate.

'TIS

'TIS not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
 That swim with pleasure and delight;
 Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
 O'er each of them to shade their light;
 'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
 And loves to wanton round thy face;
 Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
 Retiring with insidious grace.

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
 As new shorn sheep, equal and fair;
 Nor even that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
 With which no smile could e'er compare;
 'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
 Those breasts that swell to meet my love;
 That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
 Nor ought below, nor ought above.

'Tis not the living colours over each,
 By nature's finest pencil wrought,
 To shame the fresh blown rose, and blooming peach,
 And mock the happiest painter's thought:
 But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
 So kindly answering my desire;
 That grace with which you look, and speak, and
 move,
 That thus have set my soul on fire.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain
 The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;
 With art divine the lyre she strung,
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quiv'ring wire
 The eager breast was all on fire;
 And when she join'd the vocal lay
 The captive soul was charm'd away.

But

But had she added still to these
 Thy softer, chaster, power to please;
 Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
 Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain,
 She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
 Despair had ne'er her soul possess'd
 To dash on rocks the tender breast.

GO plaintive sounds! and to the fair
 My secret wounds impart,
 Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
 Each motion in my heart:

But she, methinks, is list'ning now
 To some enchanting strain;
 The smile that triumphs o'er her brow
 Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds! yet, yet delay,
 Howe'er my love repine;
 Let that gay minute pass away,
 The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds! no longer crost,
 Your grief shall soon be o'er;
 Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost
 The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds! she now is yours,
 'Tis now your time to move;
 Essay to soften all her powers,
 And be that softness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds! your task is done;
 That anxious tender air
 Proves o'er her heart the conquest won;
 I see you melting there.

Return,

Return, ye smiles, return again,
 Return each sprightly grace ;
 I yield up to your charming reign
 All that enchanting face.

I take no outward shew amiss,
 Rove where you will, her eyes ;
 Still let her smiles each shepherd blefs,
 So she but hear my sighs.

WHEN charming Teraminta sings,
 Each new air new passion brings ;
 Now I resolve, and now I fear ;
 Now I triumph, now despair ;
 Frolic now, now faint I grow ;
 Now I freeze, and now I glow.
 The panting Zephyrs round her play,
 And trembling on her lips would stay :

Now would listen, now would kiss
 Trembling with divided blifs ;
 Till, by her breath repuls'd, they fly,
 And in low pleasing murmurs die.
 Nor do I ask that she would give
 By some new note, the pow'r to live ;
 I would, expiring with the sound,
 Die on the lips that gave the wound.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
 Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
 When with love's resistless art,
 And her eyes, she did enslave me :

But

But her constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous heart would break
 Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
 Wounding pleasures, killing blisses,
 She can drefs her eyes in love,
 And her lips can arm with kisses;
 Angels listen when she speaks,
 She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
 But my jealous heart would break
 Should we live one day asunder.

LET the ambitious favour find
 In courts and empty noise,
 Whilst greater love does fill my mind
 With silent real joys.

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great,
 And the world think 'em wise,
 Whilst I lie dying at her feet,
 And all that world despise.

Let conquering kings new trophies raise,
 And melt in court delights,
 Her eyes can give me brighter days,
 Her arms much softer nights.

FROM all uneasy passions free,
 Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
 Contented, I had been too blest
 If love and you had let me rest :

Yet

Yet that dull life I now despise ;
 Safe from your eyes
 I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires
 Which beauty moves, and love inspires,
 Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
 No heart so soft as mine can bear.
 Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,
 Such are your charms,
 'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

COME all ye youths, whose hearts e'er bleed
 By cruel beauty's pride ;
 Bring each a garland on his head,
 Let none his sorrows hide :
 But hand in hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest tales of love ;
 And see, when your complaints ye join,
 If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
 My heart no sorrows knew ;
 Pity the pain with which I die,
 But ask not whence it grew :
 Yet if a tempting fair you find,
 That's very lovely, very kind,
 Tho' bright as heaven whose stamp she bears,
 Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

FAIR, and soft, and gay, and young,
 All charm ! she play'd, she danc'd, she sung,
 There was no way to 'scape the dart,
 No care could guard the lover's heart.

Ah! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear,
 (Adoring, yet despairing e'er
 To have her to myself alone)
 Was so much sweetness made for one?

But growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft numbers told my care :
 She heard, and rais'd me from her feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
 Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
 My joys could but be known by guess!
 Ah! fool, said I, what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than one?

But long I had not been in view,
 Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
 Ere I had reckon'd half her charms
 She sunk into another's arms.
 But she that once could faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me :
 He too will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for one.

WHEN your beauty appears
 In its graces and airs,
 All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
 At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
 So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
 Your kind thoughts you impart,
 When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein;
 When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your
 heart,
 Then I know you're a woman again.

There's

There's a passion and pride
 In our sex she reply'd,
 And thus, might I gratify both, would I do;
 Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
 But yet be a woman to you.

ON Belvidera's bosom lying,
 Wishing, panting, sighing, dying;
 The cold regardless maid to move
 With unavailing prayers I sue;
 You first have taught me how to love,
 Ah! teach me to be happy too.

But she, alas! unkindly wife,
 To all my sighs and tears replies,
 'Tis every prudent maid's concern
 Her lover's fondness to improve;
 If to be happy you should learn,
 You quickly would forget to love.

IT is not, Celia, in our power
 To say how long our love will last;
 It may be we within this hour
 May lose the joys we now do taste:
 The blessed that immortal be
 From change of love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
 Ask not how long our love will last;
 But while it does, let us take care
 Each minute be with pleasure past:
 Were it not madness to deny
 To live, because we're sure to die?

SAY, Myra, why is gentle love
 A stranger to that mind,
 Which pity and esteem can move;
 Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
 The ills that love molest;
 The jealous doubt, the tender care,
 That rack the am'rous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
 We every bliss must gain:
 The heart can ne'er a transport know,
 That never feels a pain.

YE little loves that round her wait
 To bring me tidings of my fate,
 As Celia on her pillow lies,
 Ah! gently whisper—Strephon dies.

If this will not her pity move,
 And the proud fair disdains to love,
 Smile and say 'tis all a lie,
 And haughty Strephon scorns to die.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
 That Chloe's false and common;
 I always knew (at least believ'd)
 She was a very woman:
 As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd,
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She could do more for no man.

But

But oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing?
Perhaps she fancied you the man;
And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
I take her body, you her mind;
Who has the better bargain?

CHLOE's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But nature graciously inclin'd
With liberal hand to please us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread
Not o'er her face, but hair.

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace
With open force defies;
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambush lies.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And amorous warmth inspire;
Thro' glafs, who darts her pointed rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years,
 My peace or bliss destroy ;
 Alive, she gives no jealous fears,
 And dead, she crowns my joy.

ASPASIA rolls her sparkling eyes,
 And every bosom feels her power ;
 The Indians thus view Phœbus rise,
 And gaze in rapture, and adore.
 Quick to the soul the piercing splendors dart,
 Fire every vein, and melt the coldest heart.

Aspasia speaks ; the listening croud
 Drink in the sound with greedy ears ;
 Mute are the giddy and the loud,
 And self-admiring folly hears.
 Her wit secures the conquests of her face ;
 Points every charm, and brightens every grace.

Aspasia moves ; her well-tun'd limbs
 Glide stately with harmonious ease ;
 Now thro' the mazy dance she swims,
 Like a tall bark o'er summer seas ;
 'Twas thus Æneas knew the queen of love,
 Majestic moving thro' the golden grove.

But ah ! how cruel is my lot,
 To doat on one so heavenly fair ;
 For in my humble state forgot,
 Each charm but adds to my despair.
 The tuneful swan thus faintly warbling lies,
 Looks on his mate, and while he sings, he dies.

WHEN

WHEN gentle Celia first I knew,
 A breast so good, so kind, so true,
 Reason and taste approv'd ;
 Pleas'd to indulge so pure a flame,
 I call'd it by too soft a name,
 And fondly thought I lov'd.

Till Chloris came, with sad surprize
 I felt the lightning of her eyes
 'Thro' all my senses run ;
 All glowing with resistless charms,
 She fill'd my breast with new alarms,
 I saw, and was undone.

O Celia ! dear unhappy maid,
 Forbear the weakness to upbraid
 Which ought your scorn to move :
 I know this beauty false and vain,
 I know she triumphs in my pain,
 Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
 Nor can thy softest friendship ease
 The torments I endure ;
 Think what that wounded breast must feel
 Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
 Nor e'en thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain,
 And wish again thy milder reign
 With long and vain regret ;
 All that I can, to thee I give,
 And could I still to reason live,
 I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild impetuous sea
Hurries me far from peace and thee,
'Twere vain to struggle more:
Thus the poor sailor slumbering lies,
While swelling tides around him rise,
And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,
His pitying friends with fond alarms
In vain deplore his state;
Still far and farther from the coast,
On the high surge his bark is tost,
And foundering yields to fate.

AT Cynthia's feet I sigh'd, I pray'd,
And wept; yet all the while
The cruel unrelenting maid
Scarce paid me with a smile.

Such foolish timorous arts as these
Wanted the power to charm;
They were too innocent to please,
They were too cold to warm.

Resolv'd, I rose, and softly prest
The lilies of her neck;
With longing eager lips I kist
The roses of her cheek.

Charm'd with this boldness, she relents,
And burns with equal fire;
To all my wishes she consents,
And crowns my fierce desire:

With heat like this Pygmalion mov'd
His statue's icy charms;
Thus warm'd the marble virgin lov'd,
And melted in his arms.

A C O L L E C T I O N
 O F
 P A S T O R A L S O N G S.

A B S E N C E :

YE shepherds so chearful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,

Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find;
 None once was so watchful as I:
 I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
 With the torture of doubt and desire;
 What it is, to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire.
 Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
 Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
 I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my vine;
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.
 I priz'd every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before:
 But now they are past, and I sigh;
 And I grieve that I priz'd 'em no more.

But why do I languish in vain?

Why wander thus pensively here?

Oh! why did I come from the plain,

Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?

They tell me, my favourite maid,

The pride of that valley, is flown;

Alas! where with her I have stray'd,

I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,

What anguish I felt at my heart!

Yet I thought, but it might not be so,

'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew;

My path I could hardly discern;

So sweetly she bade me adieu,

I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day

To visit some far-distant shrine,

If he bear but a relique away,

Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair.

Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,

Soft hope is the relique I bear,

And my solace wherever I go.

H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep?

My grottos are shaded with trees,

And my hills are white over with sheep.

I feldom

I feldom have met with a loss,
 Such a health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
 Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
 More charms than my cattle unfold:
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasted and planted it there.
 Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay!
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow?
 How the nightingales warble their loves
 From thickets of roses that blow!
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:

For he ne'er could be true she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
 And I lov'd her the more, when I heard
 Such tendernefs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetnefs unfold
 How that pity was due to a dove;
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And she call'd it the fister of love:
 But her words fuch a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her fpeak, and whatever fhe fay,
 Methinks I fhould love her the more.

Can a bofom fo gentle remain
 Unmov'd when her Corydon fighs!
 Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
 Thefe plains and this valley defpife?
 Dear regions of f Silence and fhade!
 Soft fcenes of contentment and eafe!
 Where I could have pleafingly ftray'd,
 If aught, in her abfence, could pleafe.

But where does my Phillida ftray?
 And where are her grôts and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the fhepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
 The fwains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine.

SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paffion reprove?
 Why term it a folly to grieve?
 Ere I fhew you the charms of my love,
 She is fairer than you can believe.

With

With her mien she enamours the brave ;
 With her wit she engages the free ;
 With her modesty pleases the brave ;
 She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
 Come and join in my amorous lays ;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That will sing but a song in her praise.
 When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
 Come trooping, and listen the while ;
 Nay on him let not Phillida frown ;
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
 Any favour with Phillis to find,
 O how, with one trivial glance,
 Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
 In ringlets he dresses his hair,
 And his crook is be-studded around ;
 And his pipe—oh may Phillis beware
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
 How her face is as bright as the snow,
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold :
 How the nightingales labour the strain,
 With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
 How they vary their accents in vain,
 Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
 And pillages every sweet ;
 Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
 He throws it at Phillis's feet.

O Phillis,

O Phillis, he whispers, more fair,
 More sweet than the jessamin's flow'r !
 What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
 What is eglantine, after a show'r?

Then the lily no longer is white ;
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;
 Then the violets die with despight,
 And the woodbines give up their perfume.
 Thus glide the soft numbers along,
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
 Yet I never should envy the song,
 Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
 So Phillis the trophy despise ;
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
 So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
 The language that flows from the heart
 Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue ;
 Yet may she beware of his art,
 Or sure I must envy the song.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep :
 They have nothing to do, but to stray ;
 I have nothing to do, but to weep.
 Yet do not my folly reprove ;
 She was fair and my passion begun ;
 She smil'd, and I could not but love ;
 She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so compleat would be fought,
 By a swain more engaging than me.
 Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire:
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.
 Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
 What hope of an end to my woes?
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.
 Yet time may diminish the pain:
 The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
 High transports are shewn to the sight,
 But we are not to find them our own;
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,
 As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye

O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
 I would vanish from every eye.
 Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
 Was faithless, and I am undone !

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heat of day ;

When from a hazel's artless bower
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
 He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.

Let fops with fickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love,
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden every grove :

But endless blessings crown the day
 I saw fair Esham's dale :
 And every blessing find its way
 To Nancy of the vale.

'Twas from Avona's bank, the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Naiad of the streams.

Soft

Soft as the wild duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide ;
Bright as the water lily sprung
And glittering near its side.

Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom,
Her eye all mild to view ;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
So taper, strait, and fair ;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were !

Far in the winding vale retir'd
This peerless bud I found,
And shadowing rocks and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

That nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet !
Or fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wand'ring feet !

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline ;
Prove to your equals true, she cry'd,
As I will prove to mine.

'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
Has won my right good will ;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.

Struck

Struck with her charms and gentle truth
 I clasp'd the constant fair;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.

And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I these charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the pride of the plain:
 In truth, he was gentle and kind;
 He mark'd in his elegant strain,
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
 But never would ristle their cell.
 Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat, and your master bemoan:
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing,
 (Our hedges so vocal before)
 Since he that should welcome the spring,
 Can greet the gay season no more.

His

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came round in a throng ;]
 They listen'd, and envy'd his lays,
 But which of them equal'd his song ?
 Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain ;
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 And thus—let me break it in twain.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren
 and bare,
 As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,
 And leads me o'er lawns to my home :
 Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
 crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on the floor ;
 Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly
 round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best,
 Whilst thrown off my guard by some glances she
 cast,

Love slyly stole into my breast.
 I told my soft wishes, she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine)
 I've rich ones rejected and great ones deny'd,
 Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
 So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the lov'd maid in my arms.

Now

Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if on the banks, by the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And mark out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent;
 The cottager Peace is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her—Content.

D Espairing beside a clear stream
 A shepherd forsaken was laid;
 And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
 A willow supported his head:
 The wind, that blew over the plain,
 To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
 And the brook, in return to his pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was,
 Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
 When first I beheld that fair face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
 She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear tongue;
 When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
 Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a clown;
 Or that her fond heart would not grieve
 To forsake the fine folks of the town!

To think that a beauty so gay
 So kind and so constant would prove,
 To be clad like our maidens in grey,
 Or live in a cottage on love!

What tho' I have skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd?
 What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around?
 Ah Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
 Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer, forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false maid:
 Tho' through the wide world I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, whilst my hard fate I sustain,
 In her breast any pity is found,
 Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
 And see me laid low in the ground:
 The last humble boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
 And when she looks down on the grave,
 Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
 And deck her in golden array,
 Be finest at e'ery fine show,
 And frolic it all the long day:

Whilst

Whilst Colin, forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be heard of or seen,
 Unless when beneath the pale moon
 His ghost shall glide over the green.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
 With arms across, and head reclin'd;
 Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
 And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
 His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
 Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
 My Chloe is unkind.

Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
 Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
 I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
 My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
 Yet why should you your song forbear?
 Your mates delight your song to hear,
 But Chloe mine disdains.

As thus he melancholy stood,
 Dejected as the lonely dove,
 Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood,
 I feel the sound; my heart-strings move:
 'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
 No, 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue,
 Hark, hark, what says my love!

How foolish is the nymph, she cries,
 Who trifles with her lover's pain!
 Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
 Our artful lips were made to feign.
 O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
 'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd,
 Come back, dear youth, again.

As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
 My blood with thrilling motion flew ;
 Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
 And hasty from his hold withdrew.
 'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain,
 Then had'st thou prest my hand again,
 My heart had yielded too !

'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
 That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek ;
 Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
 That lip should other pleasures seek :
 Much, much thy music I approve ;
 Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
 Much more to hear thee speak.

My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd,
 Daphnis I fear is ever gone ;
 Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
 Love by such trifles first comes on.
 Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
 My tongue would now my heart obey,
 Ah Chloe, thou art won !

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
 And found where wishing Chloe lay ;
 Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
 Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
 At last in broken words, she cry'd,
 To-morrow you in vain had try'd,
 But I am lost to-day !

AS on a summer's day,
 In the greenwood shade I lay,
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way.

And

And as she passed by,
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 What a shame, quoth she,
 For a swain must it be,
 Like a lazy loon for to lie?

And dost thou nothing heed
 What Pan our god has decreed;
 What a prize to-day
 Shall be given away
 To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

There's not a single swain
 Of all this fruitful plain,
 But with hopes and fears,
 Now busily prepares
 The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
 In brighter array than thine?
 Up, up, dull swain,
 Tune thy pipe once again,
 And make the garland mine.

Alas! my love, I cry'd,
 What avails this courtly pride!
 Since thy dear desert
 Is written in my heart,
 What is all the world beside?

To me thou art more gay
 In this homely russet grey,
 Than the nymphs of our green,
 So trim and so sheen,
 Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
 And deny thee a filken gown;
 My own dear maid,
 Be content with this shade,
 And a shepherd all thy own.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
 Their rural sports and jocund strains;
 Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!
 He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
 And wandering thro' the lonely rocks,
 He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
 His grief some pity, others blame,
 The fatal cause all kindly seek;
 He mingled his concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly tears,
 He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
 And she too kind concern express'd
 And ask'd the reason of his woe;
 She ask'd, but with an air and mien
 That made it easily foreseen
 She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel truth reveal?
 Which nothing from my breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the plain,
 You are the cause of all my care ;
 Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
 Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
 I love and I despair.

Too much Alexis have I heard,
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
 And yet I pardon you, she cry'd ;
 But you shall promise ne'er again
 To breathe your vows, or speak your pain ;
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

I Said on the banks by the stream
 I've pip'd for the shepherds too long :
 Oh grant me, ye muses, a theme,
 Where glory may brighten my song !
 But Pan bids me stick to my strain,
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse ;
 Ambition befits not a swain,
 And Phillis loves pastoral verse.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
 Looks faded to Phillis's bloom ;
 And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume :
 The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
 That loose on the violet lies,
 Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
 Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride
 Its fairness with her's to compare ;
 And foolishly thought (till I try'd)
 The flow'et was equally fair.

How, Corydon, could you mistake?
 Your fault be with sorrow confest:
 You said the white swans on the lake
 For softness might rival her breast.

While thus I went on in her praise,
 My Phillis pass'd sportive along:
 Ye poets, I covet no bays,
 She smil'd—a reward for my song!
 I find the god Pan's in the right,
 No fame's like the fair one's applause!
 And Cupid must crown with delight
 The shepherd that sings in his cause.

SEE Nerissa, the young and the fair,
 Far away from her Corylas flies,
 Though the Zephyrs float soft on the air,
 And mild seasons illumine the skies:
 To the haunts of the great ones she strays;
 She despises our meads and our flow'rs;
 She will listen no more to our lays;
 She has left the sweet shade of our bow'rs.

Yet at eve have the nymphs of the plains
 Oft join'd our gay dances among,
 And the Dryads, in murmuring strains,
 Through the woodlands have echo'd our song.
 E'en Pan must have own'd that our verse
 Had exceeded the chief of the grove;
 E'en with Pan might we dare to rehearse,
 When the theme was Nerissa and love.

But alas! till the fair one return,
 No soft music shall glad the dull scene;
 The nymphs and the Dryads shall mourn,
 For their goddess has quitted the green.

Q:

But

But sad Corylas chief shall complain,
 By the lark, by the thrush on the spray,
 Shall invoke the dear goddess again,
 Whose presence enlivens the May.

ON ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove,
 Along the margin of each stream,
 Dear conscious scenes of former love,
 I mourn, and Damon is my theme :
 The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
 Where to my cave I oft have fung,
 Well pleas'd the browsing goats to spy,
 As o'er the airy steep they hung :
 The mossy cave, the goats remain,
 But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now thro' the rambling vale I pass,
 And sigh to see the well-known shade ;
 I weep, and kiss the bended grass,
 Where love and Damon fondly play'd :
 The vale, the shade, the grass remain,
 But damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
 Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more ;
 Each flow'r in pity droops its head,
 All nature does my loss deplore :
 All, all reproach the faithless swain,
 Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

THE

THE lafs of Pattie's mill,
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill
 Hath stole my heart away:
 When tedding of the hay
 Bare headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth
 To prefs them with his hand:
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 An extasy of blifs,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
 Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
 Her looks they were fo mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I all the wealth
 Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lafs of Pattie's mill,
 Should share the fame with me.

YE nymphs of the plain who once saw me so gay,
 You ask why in sorrow I spend the whole day :
 'Tis love, cruel love, that my peace did betray :

Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.
 The bloom which once grac'd, has deserted this
 cheek ;

My eyes no more sparkle, my tongue can scarce
 speak ;

My heart too so flutters, I fear it will break :
 Then crown your poor Phillis with willow.

Ye lovers so true, that attend on my bier,
 And think that my fortune has prov'd too severe ;
 Ah ! curb not the sigh, nor refuse the kind tear ;

Then strew all the place round with willow.
 Erect me a tomb, and engrave on its side,
 " Here lies a poor maiden, whose love was deny'd ;
 " She strove to endure it, but could not, and dy'd :"
 Then shade it with cypress and willow.

A Swain of love despairing,
 Thus wail'd his cruel fate,
 His grief the shepherds sharing,
 In circles round him sat :
 The nymphs in kind compassion,
 The luckless lover mourn'd ;
 All who had felt love's passion
 A sigh for sigh return'd.

O friends ! your plaints give over,
 Your kind concern forbear,
 Should Chloe but discover
 For me you've shed a tear,

Her

Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,

Your friendship soon subdue :

Too late you'd ask forgiveness,

And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover,

Resistance is in vain,

Spight of yourself you'd love her,

And hug the galling chain :

Her wit the flame increases,

And rivets fast the dart ;

She has ten thousand graces,

And each would gain a heart.

But, oh ! one more deserving

Has thaw'd her frozen breast,

Her heart for him preserving,

She's cold to all the rest :

Their love with joy abounding,

The thought distracts my brain.

O cruel maid ! then swooning,

He fell upon the plain.

HARK ! hark ! 'tis a voice from the tomb !

Come Lucy, it cries, come away,

The grave of thy Colin has room

To rest thee beside his cold clay.

I come, my dear shepherd, I come ;

Ye friends and companions adieu ;

I haste to my Colin's dark home,

To die in his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung

When Lucy, sad Lucy arose,

And forth to the green turf she sprung,

Where Colin's pale ashes repose :

All wet with the night's chilling dew,
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
 While stormy winds over her blew,
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, she cry'd,
 How long must thy Lucy complain?
 How long shall the grave my love hide?
 How long e'er it join us again?
 For thee thy fond shepherdeſs liv'd,
 With thee o'er the world would ſhe fly,
 For thee ſhe had ſorrow'd and griev'd,
 For thee, would ſhe lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear
 Thy Lucy was once to her ſwain;
 Her face like the lily ſo fair,
 And eyes that gave light to the plain.
 The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone,
 That face and thoſe eyes charm no more,
 And Lucy forgot and alone
 To death ſhall her Colin deplore.

While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
 And mourn'd to the echo around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground:
 I hear the kind call and obey,
 Ah Colin! receive me, ſhe cry'd:
 Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-ſtone and dy'd.

IN the morn as I walk thro' the mead,
 And tread on a carpet of green,
 When I view the ſweet flocks as they feed,
 What equals the beautiful ſcene:

Thro'

Thro' the groves do I pass with delight,
 In viewing yon ever-green pine ;
 What sensations I feel at the sight
 Of a prospect so rural and fine !

Hark ! the birds as they perch on the bough
 With melody pleasing the ear ;
 See the hind from afar with his plough
 Denoting the time of the year.
 As I stray thro' the neighbouring vale,
 Encompass'd by mountains so high,
 O, what charms do I find in the dale,
 By the stream that runs bubbling by !

At the foot of yon sycamore tree
 Sits the shepherd a tuning his reed,
 While his lambs frolic round him with glee,
 His sheep a long side of him feed.
 O'er yon beautiful lawn do I see
 The hare with timidity fly ;
 How delightful's the music to me
 Of the echoing dogs in full cry.

But what harmony's that which I hear ?
 'Tis the bells from yon neighbouring vill,
 O, how pleasing the sound to my ear
 By the side of this murmuring rill.
 There's no pleasure to me is so sweet
 As that which the country gives ;
 I am happy, thank God, at my seat,
 Where rural felicity lives.

WHERE the jessamine sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green,
 The roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the scene ;

In a cottage, retir'd, there live
 Young Colin, and Phœbe the fair;
 The blessings each other receive,
 In mutual enjoyments they share:
 And the lads and the lasses that dwell on the plain,
 Sing in praise of fair Phœbe, and Colin her swain.

The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendor and grandeur of pride;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride:
 He wishes no greater delight
 Than to tend on his lambkins by day,
 And return to his Phœbe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay;
 And the lads and the lasses that dwell on the plain,
 Sing in praise of fair Phœbe, and Colin her swain.

If delightful her lover appears,
 The fair-one partakes of his blifs:
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals all his pains with a kiss:
 She despises the artful deceit
 That is practis'd in city and court;
 Thinks happiness no where compleat
 But where shepherds and nymphs do resort:
 And the lads and the lasses they die in despair,
 Unless they're as kind as Phœbe the fair.

Ye youths, who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair-one betray,
 No longer be faithless in love,
 The dictates of honour obey:
 Ye nymphs, who with beauty are blest'd,
 With virtue improve ev'ry grace;
 The charms of the mind, when possess'd,
 Will dignify those of the face:

And

And ye lads and ye lasses whom Hymen has join'd,
Like Colin be constant, like Phœbe be kind.

WHAT shepherd or nymph of the grove
Can blame me for dropping a tear,
Or lamenting, aloud, as I rove,
Since Phœbe no longer is here ?
My flocks, if at random they stray,
What wonder, if she's from the plains ?
Her hand they were wont to obey :
She rul'd both the sheep and the swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd
To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,
To the bow'r we had built in the shade,
Or the river that runs by the mill ?
There, sweet, by my side as she lay,
And heard the fond stories I told,
How sweet was the thrush from the spray,
Or the bleating of lambs from the fold ?

How oft' would I spy out a charm,
Which before had been hid from my view !
And, while arm was enfolded in arm,
My lips to her lips how they grew !
How long the sweet contest would last !
'Till the hours of retirement and rest ;
What pleasures and pain each had past,
Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time,
I felt when my fair-one was near ;
Alike was each weather and clime,
Each season that checquer'd the year :

In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
 She had all the kind gods could impart;
 She was nature's most beautiful task,
 The despair and the envy of art:
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was drest;
 For the graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

MY Colin leaves fair London town,
 Its pomp, its pride and noise;
 With eager haste he hies him down,
 To taste of rural joys.
 Soon as my much-lov'd swain's in sight,
 My heart is mad with glee;
 I never know such true delight,
 As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all day to rove,
 And range the meadows wide!
 Not yet less sweet the moon-light grove,
 All by the river's side.
 The gaudy seasons pass away,
 How swift, when Colin's by!
 How swiftly glides the flow'ry May!
 How fast the summers fly!

When Colin comes to grace the plains,
 An humble crook he bears;
 He tends the flock like other swains,
 A shepherd quite appears.

All in the verdant month of May,
 The rake is all his pride ;
 He helps to make the new-mown hay,
 With Moggy by his side.

'Gainst yellow Autumn's milder reign,
 His sickle he prepares ;
 He reaps the harvest on the plain,
 All pleas'd with rural cares.
 With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
 When all the toil is o'er,
 With him I trip it on the ground,
 With bonny fwains a score.

When winter's gloomy months prevail,
 If Colin is but here,
 His jovial laugh and merry tale
 To me are muckle cheer.
 The folk that chuse in town to dwell
 Are from my envy free ;
 For Moggy loves the plains too well,
 And Colin's all to me.

WITH Phillis I'll trip o'er the meads,
 And hasten away to the plain,
 Where shepherds attend with their reeds,
 To welcome my love and her fwain.
 The lark is exalted in air,
 The linnet sings perch'd on the spray ;
 Our lambs stand in need of our care,
 Then let us not lengthen delay.

What pleasures I feel with my dear,
 While gamefome young lambs are at sport,
 Exceed the delights of a peer
 That shines with such grandeur at court.

When

When Colin and Strephon go by,
 They form a disguise for a while ;
 They see how I'm blest'd with a sigh,
 But envy forbids them to smile.

Let courtiers of liberty prate,
 T' enjoy it take infinite pains ;
 But liberty's primitive state
 Is only enjoy'd on the plains.
 With Phillis I rove to and fro,
 With her my gay minutes are spent ;
 'Twas Phillis first taught me to know,
 That happiness flows from Content.

STREPHON arose at early dawn,
 And sought as wont his fleecy care ;
 His fleecy care, alas ! were gone,
 Nor knew the hapless shepherd where :
 In vain each hill, in vain each dale,
 Each dell, each brake he travers'd round ;
 Each pathless wood and flow'ry vale,
 But not one lambkin could be found.

Celia, he cry'd, my flocks are fled,
 How shall I e'er thy grief assuage ?
 How shall I cheer thy drooping head,
 If poverty should mark my age ?
 Said she, my love, misfortune's dart
 Is pointed, and is spent in vain ;
 While I possess my shepherd's heart,
 I laugh at ills, and smile at pain.

Tho' ev'ry lambkin devious stray,
 And grace our envious neighbours folds,
 Nought can thy Celia's soul dismay,
 While Strephon to her breast she holds ;

Said

Said he, My warmest thanks, O take,
 Hence shalt thou be my only care;
 If I thy virtues e'er forsake,
 May heav'n regardless hear my pray'r.

If from thy lovely form mine eyes
 Should swerve but in the least degree;
 Thy dear idea will arise,
 And lead the wand'rer back to thee.
 Thus long they liv'd, and long they lov'd,
 As oft I've heard the story told;
 Kind heav'n their fortitude approv'd,
 And amply fill'd the shepherd's fold.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves:
 But my lov'd song is then the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows;
 For sure so sweet, so fair a broom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art;
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader haughs, and Leader-side,
 Oh! how I blest the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom,
 So fair on Cowden Knows;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a broom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not

Not Tiviot braes so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare ;
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor bush a boon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden Knows,
 My peaceful happy home ;
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes
 At eve among the broom :
 Ye pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,
 Where Tweed, and Tiviot, flows ;
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowden Knows.

PALEMONT, in the hawthorn bow'r,
 With fond impatience lay ;
 He counted ev'ry anxious hour
 That stretch'd the tedious day.
 The rosy dawn, Pastora nam'd,
 And vow'd that she'd be kind ;
 But, ah ! the setting sun proclaim'd
 That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle sex the boy defy'd,
 And swore in terms profane,
 That beauty in her brightest pride
 Might sue to him in vain.
 When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
 Appear'd in all her charms,
 Each angry vow Palemont made,
 Was lost in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclin'd,
 Before Pastora came :
 Inconstancy, she cry'd, I find
 In ev'ry heart's the same ;

For

For young Alexis sigh'd and prest,
 With such bewitching pow'r,
 I quite forgot the wishing guest,
 That waited in the bow'r.

'T WAS on a river's verdant side,
 About the close of day,
 A dying swan with music try'd
 To chase her cares away.
 And, tho' she ne'er had strain'd her throat,
 Or tun'd her voice before,
 Death, ravish'd with so sweet a note,
 Awhile the stroke forbore.

Farewel, she cry'd, ye silver streams;
 Ye purling waves, adieu;
 Where Phœbus us'd to dart his beams,
 And bless both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whistling reeds,
 Soft scenes of happy love;
 Farewel, ye bright enamel'd meads,
 Where I was wont to rove.

With you I must no more converse;
 Look, yonder setting sun
 Waits, while I these last notes rehearse,
 And then I must be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and constant mate,
 We'll meet again below;
 It is the kind decree of fate,
 And I with pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a tree
 Within th' adjacent wood,
 To hear her mournful melody,
 A stork attentive stood,

From

From whence, thus to the swan she spoke :

What means this song of joy ?

Is it, fond fool, so kind a stroke

That does thy life destroy ?

Turn back, deluded bird, and try

To keep thy fleeting breath ;

It is a dismal thing to die,

And pleasure ends in death.

Base stork, the swan reply'd, give o'er ;

Thy arguments are vain :

If, after death, we are no more,

Yet we are free from pain.

But there are soft Elysian shades,

And bowers of kind repose,

Where never any storm invades,

Nor tempest ever blows.

There, in cool streams and shady woods,

I'll sport the time away ;

Or, swimming down the crystal floods,

Among young halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee cease, or tell me why

I have such cause to grieve ;

Since 'tis a happiness to die,

And 'tis a pain to live ?

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
That each night they went safely to rest,

And they merrily sung thro' the day :

But, ah ! what a scene must appear !

Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er ?

Shall the tabor no more strike the ear ?

Shall the dance on the green be no more ?

Must

Must the flocks from their pastures be led ?
 Must the herds go wild, straying abroad ?
 Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road ?
 Must the arts be all scatter'd around,
 And shall commerce grow sick of the tide ?
 Must religion expire on the ground,
 And shall virtue sink down by her side ?

A C O L L E C T I O N

OF THE MOST

ESTEEMED CANTATAS, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
 shade
 Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
 A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
 Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose ;
 Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
 And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay :
 Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
 By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove ;
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought :
 But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
 He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd ;
 And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
 Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue :

A I R.

A I R.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
 Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,
 Completes the rural scene,
 Completes the rural scene;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene,
 Too lovely Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

She wakes, and starts—poor Cymon trembling
 stands;
 Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rais'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
 Oh Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain:
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long,
 But thus with extasy pursu'd his song.

A I R.

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets, down thy neck;
 Thy love inspiring mien,
 Thy love inspiring mien;
 Thy swelling bosom, skin of snow,
 And taper shape, enchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene,
 I die for Iphigene.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former clod is thus inspir'd with sense:

She

She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and straight,
 And thinks he might improve his aukward gait;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

A I R.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul.
 Depriv'd of that, our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date;
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 But blest with beauty, and with love!
 We taste what angels do above;
 What angels do above.

R E C I T A T I V E.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad despair and famine alway dwells,
 A meagre Frenchman, madam Granfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took;
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine:
 Good father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,

A I R.

[A lovely lass to a friar came, &c.]
 Oh rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I were doom'd to have thee,

When

When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's force combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft-times decreed
 The theme of English ballad;
 On thee e'en Kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup-meagre, frogs and fallad!

R E C I T A T I V E.

A half-starv'd foldier, shirtless, pale and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food.
 His morning's mefs forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

A I R.

[Foot's Minuet.]

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre;
 Oh! grant to me von liddle bite.

But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel fate dis boon denies;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

R E C I -

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray,
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread,
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd :

AIR.

[Ellen a Roon.]

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy, that so light is,
 To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.

While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
 Ah hard-hearted Loui !
 Why did I come to you ?
 The gallows, more kind, would have fav'd me from
 starving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear-lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside :
 With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case :

AIR.

A I R.

[The broom of Cowden Knows.]

How hard, oh ! Sawney, is thy lot,
 Who was so blythe of late,
 To see such meat as can't be got,
 When hunger is so great ?
 O the beef ! the bonny beef,
 When roasted nice and brown ;
 I wish I had a slice of thee,
 How sweet it would gang down !

Ah Charley ! had'st thou not been seen,
 This ne'er had happ'd to me ;
 I would the de'el had pick'd mine ey'n,
 Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
 O the beef, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But see ! my muse to England takes her flight,
 Where health and plenty socially unite ;
 'Where smiling freedom guards great George's
 throne,
 And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
 Tho' Britain's frame in loftiest strains shall ring,
 In rustic fable give me leave to sing.

A I R.

As once on a time a young frog, pert and vain,
 Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
 He boasted his size he could quickly attain.
 O the roast beef of Old England,
 And O the Old English roast beef.

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,
Mama, who stood by like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, " Son; to attempt it you're surely to blame."
O the roast beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst;
An effort he ventur'd more strong than the first,
'Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.
O the roast beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear;
The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur,
Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To see the Sir Loin smoking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burst like the frog in the
fable.
O the roast beef of Old England,
And O the Old English roast beef.

RECITATIVE:

B RITONS, attend; I sing, in merry lay,
The feats achiev'd upon a Lord-mayor's day:
What surfeits caught, what feeding when they dine;
What sober citizens get drunk by nine;
What sights are seen; what rattling, fufs and noise,
Of coaches, carts, men, women, girls, and boys,
Who streets, bulks, windows, tops of houses throng,
To view his lordship pass in state along.

A I R.

[Oh! London is a fine town, &c.]
Oh! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave and gay, does
honour to the city;
And old and young, and rich and poor, must own
'tis vastly pretty,
R To

To see the gilded coach and six, and man in armour
ride,

In pomp and splendor, from Guildhall, unto the
water-side.

And when, in barges closely pent, such plenty of
good cheer,

What pity 'tis so fine a sight should come but once
a year !

Oh ! Lord-Mayor's show, so brave, &c.

RECITATIVE.

The bustle o'er, the cavalcade gone by,
The mob dispers'd, " To dinner's " all the cry.
With hasten'd steps, as keenest hunger calls,
The starv'd mechanics seek their diff'rent halls ;
At the full-groaning board each takes his seat,
With brandish'd knife and fork, prepar'd to eat.

AIR.

[Ghosts of every occupation.]

Cits of ev'ry occupation,
Ev'ry age, and ev'ry station,
Parsons, justices of quorum,
All with napkins tuck'd before 'em,
Prets to have their plates fill'd first.
With the victuals here such work is,
Snatching turtles, geese, and turkies,
Hares with puddings in their bellies,
Cheesecakes, custards, tarts and jellies :
Bawling, swearing,
Cutting, tearing,
Sweating, puffing,
Licking, stuffing,
Just as if they all would burst.

RECITATIVE

RECITATIVE.

Their prowess now in eating having prov'd,
 The dishes empty'd, and the cloth remov'd;
 Again the table smiles with wine and ale,
 And toasts and bumpers ev'ry where prevail;
 Some talk, some laugh, some smoak, some snoring
 lie,
 And some with jovial songs old care defy.

AIR.

[Come hither, my country 'squire, &c.]

Come fill the glass to the brink;
 Brisk wine soon away sorrow drives;
 Like cowards ne'er shrink, but valiantly drink
 Confusion to bailiffs and wives.

CHORUS.

Such foaking, such smoaking and joking,
 Such guzzling here you see;
 The buck and furr'd gown together sit down,
 And all are good company.
 To enjoy life while we may,
 I'll prove from the scripture, is right:
 Old Lot us'd they say, to fuddle all day,
 And lie with his doxy at night.
 Such foaking, such smoaking, and joking, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But soon the lascious grape too potent grows;
 Mirth and good-humour turn to words and blows;
 Now Rogue and Cuckold through the hall resound,
 And wigs, and canes, and cravats strew the ground;
 Till bright Aurora rears her rosy head,
 And bids the noisy crew reel home to bed.

A I R.

[There was a jovial beggar, &c.]

Let heroes, both by land and sea,
 Their deeds in battle boast;
 They only fame acquire now,
 Who eat and drink the most.
 Then a guttling we will go, will go, will go;
 Then a guttling we will go.

In story we are told, of one
 An ox slew with his fist;
 Then at a meal he eat him up,
 Gods! what a glorious twist!
 Then a guttling, &c.

If then good eating's so renown'd,
 Be this each Briton's pray'r,
 "God blefs the Court of Aldermen,
 "The Sheriffs and Lord-Mayor,
 "When a guttling they do go, do go, do go;
 "When a guttling they do go."

RECITATIVE.

AS Dian and her hunting train
 Once rov'd to try the woods and plain,
 Poor Cupid fast asleep they found,
 His bows and arrows on the ground.
 Well pleas'd to find his godship there,
 She thus commands her list'ning fair:

A I R.

Break, break with speed, each pointed dart!
 For if he wakes he'll surely turn our foe,
 'Tis, 'tis to wound the tender heart,
 His only joy's to give us woe.

Now shall we safely trace the plain,
And haunt the river, lawn and grove,
His arrows broke, his pow'r is vain,
You now may safely laugh at love.

RECITATIVE.

When now, too late the god awoke,
Saw Dian and her fav'rites by,
The fatal mischief thus he spoke,
Whilst malice sparkled from each eye :

AIR.

Tho' Cupid is vanquish'd to-day,
Believe not my empire is o'er,
To Venus I'll hie me away,
She'll arm me as well as before.
Oh Dian! what nymph of thy train
Is safe when I aim the sure dart?
I'm mad with the wrongs I sustain,
Then, goddess, take care of thy heart.

RECITATIVE.

OF T I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary,
For once I'll try my wish to gain
Of Oberon the Fairy.

AIR.

Sweet airy being, wanton spright,
That lurks in woods unseen,
Or oft by Cynthia's silver light,
Trips gaily o'er the green ;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
 As antient stories tell,
 And for th' Athenian maid that lov'd
 Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell;
 O deign once more t'exert thy pow'r;
 Hap'ly some herb or tree,
 Sov'reign as juice of western flow'r,
 Conceals a balm for me.

RECITATIVE.

Ah! haste and shed the sacred balm,
 My shatter'd nerves new string;
 And for my guests serenely calm
 The nymph Indiff'rence bring.
 At her approach see Fear, pale Fear,
 And Expectation fly!
 And Disappointment in the rear,
 That blasts the promis'd joy.
 The tear that pity taught to flow,
 They eye shall then disown;
 The heart that griev'd for other's woe,
 Shall then scarce feel its own:
 And wounds that now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close;
 And tranquil days shall then succeed
 To nights of calm repose.

AIR.

O, Fairy Elf, but grant me this,
 This one kind comfort send,
 And so may never-fading bliss
 Thy flow'ry paths attend.
 So may the glow-worm's glitt'ring light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
 To some new region of delight
 Unknown to mortal tread.

And

And be thy acorn goblet fill'd
 With heav'n's ambrosial dew,
 From sweetest freshest flow'rs distill'd
 That sheds fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me
 I'll pass in sober ease ;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.

RECITATIVE.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring,
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deplo'ring,
 All on a rock reclin'd :
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows,
 That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days,
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
 And let my lover rest ;
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion,
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views tempests with despair ;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To the losing of my dear ?

R 4

Should

Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and di'monds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain ?
 Why then, beneath the water,
 Do hideous rocks remain ?
 No eyes those rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear :
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd ;
 Then like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head—and dy'd.

S H E.

AND can'st thou leave thy Nancy,
 And quit thy native shore,
 It comes into my fancy,
 I ne'er shall see thee more.

H E.

Yes, I must leave my Nancy,
 To humble haughty Spain,
 Let fear ne'er fill thy fancy,
 For we shall meet again.

S H E.

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S H E.

Amidst the foaming billows,
When thund'ring cannons roar,
You'll think on these green willows,
And wish yourself on shore.

H E.

I fear nor land or water ;
I fear nor sword or fire ;
For sweet revenge and slaughter
Are all that I desire.

S H E.

May guardian gods protect thee
From water, fire, or steel,
And make no fears affect thee
Like those which now I feel.

H E.

I leave to heav'n's protection,
My life, my only dear ;
You have my soul's affection,
So still conclude me here.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by ;
In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich-cinders round her lovely waist :
Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion blest,
And thus, in soothing strains, th'maid address.

R S

A I R.

(370)

A I R.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts;
You take up dust, and steal our hearts:
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you;
And dwells among the dust with you:
Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain;
Give me my heart, you stole, again;
Give me my heart, out of your cart;
Give me my heart, you stole, again.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting, roll'd her sparkling eyes about:
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as floe,
And look'd disdain on little folks below:
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop John.

A I R.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry croud oppress?
Ambition now my soul does fire;
The youths shall languish and admire,
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart;
And ev'ry girl with anxious heart
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

HE. **C**AST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the sportive lambkins play;
Nature gaily decks the ground,
All in honour of the May:

Like

Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

SHE. Damon, thou hast found me long;
Lift'ning to thy soothing tale,
And thy soft persuasive tongue
Often heard me in the dale:
Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
All which virtue ought to give.

HE. Not the verdure of the grove,
Not the garden's fairest flow'r.
Nor the meads where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hour,
Can delight thy Damon's eye,
If Florella is not by.

SHE. Not the water's gentle fall,
By the bank with poplars crown'd,
Not the feather'd songsters all,
Nor the flute's melodious sound,
Can delight Florella's ear,
If her Damon is not near.

BOTH. Let us love, and let us live,
Like the chearful season gay:
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May:
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of love.

RECITATIVE.

THE festive board was met, the social band
Round fam'd Anacreon took their silent stand;
My sons (began the sage) be this the rule;
No brow austere must dare approach my school,

R 6.

Where:

Where love and Bacchus jointly reign within :
Old Care, begone ! here sadness is a sin.

A I R.

Tell me not the joys that wait
On him that's learn'd, or him that's great :
Wealth and wisdom I despise ;
Cares surround the rich and wife :
The queen that gives soft wishes birth,
And Bacchus, god of wine and mirth,
Me their friend and fav'rite own,
And I was born for them alone :
Bus'ness, title, pomp and state,
Give them to the fools I hate.

But let love, let life be mine :
Bring me women, bring me wine :
Speed the dancing hours away ;
Mind not what the grave-ones say :
Gaily let the minutes fly,
In wit and freedom, love and joy :
So shall love, shall life be mine ;
Bring me women, bring me wine.

COLIN.

HARK ! hark ! o'er the plains what glad
tumults we hear !

How gay all the nymphs and the shepherds appear !
With myrtles and roses new deck'd are the bow'rs,
And every bush bears a garland of flow'rs.

I can't, for my life, what it means understand :

There's some rural festival surely at hand ;

Not harvest, nor sheep-shearing, now can take
place ;

But Phillis will tell me the truth of the case.

PHILLIS.

PHILLIS.

The truth, honest lad!—why surely you know
 What rites are prepar'd in the village below,
 Where gallant young Thyrsis, so fam'd and ador'd,
 Weds Daphne, the sister of Corin our lord;
 That Daphne, whose beauty, good-nature, and ease,
 All fancies can strike, and all judgments can please;
 That Corin—but praise must the matter give o'er;
 You know what he is—and I need say no more.

COLIN.

Young Thyrsis too claims all that honour can lend,
 His countrymen's glory, their champion and friend,
 Tho' such slight memorials scarce speak his deserts,
 And, trust me, his name is engrav'd on their hearts.

PHILLIS.

But hence, to the bridal, behold how they throng,
 Each shepherd conducting his sweetheart along;
 The joyous occasion all nature inspires
 With tender affections and chearful desires.

DUETTO.

Ye pow'rs, that o'er conjugal union preside,
 All-gracious look down on the bridegroom and
 bride,
 That beauty, and virtue, and valour may shine
 In a race like themselves, with no end to the line:
 Let honour and glory, and riches and praise,
 Unceasing attend them thro' numerous days;
 And, while in a palace fate fixes their lot,
 Oh! may they live easy as those in a cot!

R E C I.

RECITATIVE.

SEE! with rosy banners streaming,
Young-ey'd morn ascends the skies!
Why, dear Chloe, art thou dreaming?
Wake, my fair! my love, arise!

AIR.

Break the silken bands of Morpheus,
Hark! Ariel concerts flow;
Sweet, methinks, a lyre of Orpheus,
When he fought the shades below.
See! the lark aloft is soaring;
Now, with undulating strains,
Philomel, her fate deploring,
Charms the spacious happy plains.

RECITATIVE.

A Wretch long tortur'd with disdain,
That ever pin'd, but pin'd in vain,
At length the god of wine address,
Sure refuge of a wounded breast.

AIR.

Vouchsafe, O pow'r, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and cheer his heart.

RECITATIVE.

To Bacchus thus the lover cry'd,
And thus the jolly god reply'd:

AIR.

A I R.

Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
 And quaff his sneaking form away :
 With dauntless mien approach the fair ;
 The way to conquer is—to dare.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The swain pursu'd the god's advice ;
 The nymph was now no longer nice :

A I R.

She smil'd, and spoke the sex's mind ;
 When you grow daring, we grow kind :
 Men to themselves are most severe,
 And make us tyrants by their fear.

D A M O N.

Contented all day I will sit by your side,
 Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool
 tide ;

And, while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song ;
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

L A U R A :

While you are but by me, no danger I fear ;
 Ye lambs, rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
 Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may
 please,
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease ;
 For my shepherd, &c.

D A M O N.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
 The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay;
 Ne'er yield to the swain till he make you a wife,
 For he who loves truly will take you for life;
 For he who, &c.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the
 fair,
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;
 Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to
 defend;
 Nor betray, &c.

DUETTO.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd;
 Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found:
 Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
 To preserve in their age, what they gain'd in their
 youth;
 To preserve in their age, &c.

AIR.

WHILE others barter ease for state,
 And fondly aim at growing great,
 Let me (with rosy chaplets crown'd)
 Stretch'd on the flow'r-enamell'd ground,
 The grape's nectareous juices quaff,
 Alternate sing, and love and laugh.
 Already see the purple juice
 Resplendent o'er my cheek diffuse
 A second youth!—again the bowl
 With warm desires inflames my soul.

R E C I.

RECITATIVE.

Quickly, ah quickly! must I leave
 The joys which wine and beauty give;
 Soon must I quit my wonted mirth,
 And mingle with my parent earth,
 Where kings, divested of their state,
 With slaves sustain a common fate.

AIR.

Let then the present hour be mine,
 Blest in the joys of love and wine:
 Come, ye virgin-throng, advance,
 And mingle in the sprightly dance:
 To the lyre's enchanting sound
 Nimbly tread the blithsome round;
 While the genial bowl inspires
 Soft delight and gay desires.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN Flora o'er the garden stray'd,
 And ev'ry blooming sweet survey'd,
 As o'er the dew dipt flow'rs she hung,
 Thus wrapt in joy she fondly fung.

AIR.

The early snow-drop, primrose pale,
 The tulip gay, the lily fair,
 Each flow'r that loads the scented gale
 Deserves their Flora's tender care,
 Deserves their Flora's tender care.
 But none of summer's gaudy pride
 Such sweetness breathe, or charms disclose,
 As that dear flow'r that blooms beside,
 None pleases like the blushing rose,
 As that dear flow'r, &c.

The

The balmy Zephyrs round thee play,
 And golden funs exert their pow'r
 To bring thy beauties to the day,
 And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r,
 And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r.
 A garland gay, the nymphs and swains
 May make from ev'ry sweet that grows,
 And meaner things may please the plains,
 But thou art mine thou lovely rose.
 And meaner things, &c.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos isle, so fam'd of old, I come,
 To raise recruits, with merry fife and drum;
 The queen of beauty here, by me, invites
 Each nymph and swain to taste of sweet delights:
 Obey the call, and seek the happy land,
 Where captain Cupid bears the sole command.

AIR.

Ye nymphs and ye swains who are youthful and gay,
 Attend to the call, and be blest while you may;
 Lads and lasses hither come
 To the sound of the drum,
 I have treasure in store which you never have seen;
 Then haste, let us rove
 To the island of love,
 Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Each nymph of sixteen who would fain be a wife,
 Shall soon have a partner to bless her for life;
 Then lasses hither come
 To the sound of the drum,
 I have sweethearts in store such as never were seen;
 Haste,

Haste, haste, let us rove
To the island of love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Would a swain but be blest with a nymph to his mind,
Let him enter my list, and his wish he shall find ;

I can bless him for life,
With a kind loving wife,

More beautiful far than was nymph ever seen :

Then haste, let us rove
To the island of love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos, we know of nor discord nor strife,
Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life ;

In transport and joy,
We each moment employ,

And taste such delights as were never yet seen ;

Then haste, let us rove
To the island of love,

Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

RECITATIVE.

THE kind appointment Celia made,
And nam'd the myrtle bow'r ;

There, fretting, long poor Damon stay'd

Beyond the promis'd hour :

No longer able to contain

This anxious expectation,

With rage he sought t'allay his pain,

And vented thus his passion :

AIR.

To all the sex deceitful,

A long and last adieu,

Since women prove ungrateful,

As long as men prove true.

The

The pains they give are many,
 And oh! too hard to bear;
 The joys they give—if any,
 Few, short, and insincere.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Now Celia, from mama got loose,
 Had reach'd the calm retreat;
 With modest blush she begg'd excuse,
 And chid her tardy feet.
 The shepherd, from each doubt releas'd,
 His joy could not restrain,
 But, as each tender thought increas'd,
 Thus chang'd his railing strain.

A I R.

How engaging, how endearing,
 Is a lover's pain and care!
 And what joy the nymph's appearing,
 After absence or despair!
 Women wise increase desiring,
 By contriving kind delays;
 And advancing or retiring,
 All they mean—is more to please.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A Mphytryon and his bride, a god-like pair,
 He, brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair,
 On thrones of gold, in purple triumph plac'd,
 With matchless splendor held the nuptial feast,
 Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
 Enraptur'd thus the happy hero sung.

A I R.

A I R.

Was mighty Jove descending,
With all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine ;
His shafts of bolted thunder
With boldness I deride,
Not heav'n itself can sunder,
The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE accompanied.

The thund'rer heard, he look'd with vengeance
down,
Till beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown ;
The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes,
Compell'd the conqu'ring god to quit the skies ;
He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,
And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

A I R.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
Who reveals it not when won,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure,
Boast it, and the fool's undone.

Learn by this unguarded lover,
When your secret sighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue discover
Raptures that it should conceal.

A COL-

A C O L L E C T I O N
O F
SOCIAL AND CONVIVIAL SONGS.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be,
For what can this world more afford,
Than a girl that will sociably sit on my knee,
And a cellar that's plentiful stor'd,
My brave boys.

My vault-door is open, descend ev'ry guest,
Broach that cask ; aye, that wine we will try,
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love to the taste,
And as bright as her cheek to the eye.

In a piece of flit hoop I my candle have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to hand ;
And the foot of my glafs for the purpose I broke,
For I hate that a bumper should stand.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozy drops seem
The moist walls with wet pearls to emboss,
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in Gothic taste
stream,

Like stucco work cut out of moss.

Astride on a butt, as a butt should be stro'd,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape-blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song.

I charge spoil in hand, and my empire maintain,
No antient more patriot-like bled ;
Each drop in defence of delight I will drain,
And myself for my bucks I'll drink dead.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and those bins are
well fill'd,

View that heap of Old Hock in the rear ;
Yon' bottles of Burgundy, see how they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review ;
When I cast my eyes round, I consider my casks,
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like Macedon's madman, my drink I'll enjoy,
In defiance of gravel and gout ;
Who cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy—
I'll weep when my liquor is out.

When the lamp is brimful, see the flame brightly
shines,

But when wanting moisture, decays ;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear should be shed,
No hic jacet be cut on my stone ;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say, " A choice fellow is gone."
My brave boys.

WHEN Britain first at heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose from out, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :
Rule, Britannia ; Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants' fall,
Must in, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and
free,

The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;

All their attempts to bend thee down,

All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,

Thy cities shall with commerce shine,

Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,

Shall to thy happy coast repair,

Shall to, &c.

Blest isle ! with beauties, with matchless beauties
crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia ; Britannia, rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

YOU

YOU know that our ancient philosophers hold,
 There is nothing in beauty, or honour, or gold;
 That blifs in externals no mortal can find,
 And in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their
 mind.

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt,
 'Tis something within him, and nothing without;
 This something, they said, was the source of content,
 And whate'er they call'd it, 'twas wine that they
 meant.

Without us, indeed, it is not worth a pin;
 But, ye gods! how divine if we get it within
 'Tis then, of all blessings, the flourishing root
 And, in 'spite of the world, we can gather the fruit.

When the bottle is wanting the soul is deprest,
 And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast;
 But with wine in our hearts we are always in love,
 We can sing like the linnet, and bill like the dove.

The richest and greatest are poor and repine,
 If with gold and with grandeur you give them no
 wine;

But wine to the peasant or slave if you bring,
 He's as rich as a Jew, and as great as a king.

With wine at my heart, I am happy and free,
 Externals without it are nothing to me;
 Come fill, and this truth from a bumper you'll
 know,

That wine is, of blessings, the blessing below.

WHEN mighty roast beef was the Englishman's
 food,
 It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood,
 S Our

Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were
good ;

O the roast beef of Old England !

And O the Old English roast beef !

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France,
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,

We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance ;

O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long,

Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,

O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name ?

A sneaking poor race, half begotten, and tame,

Who fully those honours that once shone in fame ;

O the roast beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such flip-flops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown ;

O the roast beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again ;

As witness, the vaunting Armada of Spain :

O the roast beef, &c.

Oh ! then they had stomachs to eat, and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
right ;

But now we're a pack of—I could—but good night !

O the roast beef of Old England !

And O the Old English roast beef !

COME

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure;
 Let none at the cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure :
 Fill up the mighty, sparkling bowl,
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul
 May drink and sing, without controul,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
 Guardian to our pleasure,
 That, under thy protection, we
 May enjoy new pleasure :
 And as the hours glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises, that we may
 Live and die with pleasure.

THE silver moon that shines so bright,
 I swear with reason is my teacher;
 And if my minute glass runs right,
 We've time to drink another pitcher.
 'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day,
 Then why should we forsake good liquor;
 Until the fun beams round us play,
 Let's jocund push about the pitcher.

They say that I must work all day,
 And sleep at night, to grow much richer;
 But what is all the world can say,
 Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher:
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

Tho' one may boast a handsome wife,
 Yet strange vagaries may bewitch her;
 Unvex'd I live a chearful life,
 And boldly call for t'other pitcher.
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man,
 No sneaking milkfop Jemmy Twitcher;
 Who loves a lass, and loves a can,
 And boldly calls for t'other pitcher.
 'Tis not yet day, &c.

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we
 steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
 For who are so free, as we sons of the waves?

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady;
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again, and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
 They never see us, but they wish us away;
 If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
 Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
 They'll frighten our women, and children and beaux
 But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find, to receive them ashore.
 Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

We'll

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make them
sweat,

In spite of the devil, and Bruffels Gazette ;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our foldiers, our failors, our statesmen, and king.
Heart of oak are our ships, &c.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor freedom lost her seat ;
The Gothic mantle spread a night,
That damp't fair virtue's fading light,
The Muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new shore
Has yet a laurel left in store ?

To this blest isle they steer ;
Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
Soon virtue's sacred form appear'd,
And freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has left his cell,
Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
She calls thee now by me ;
Hark ! her sweet voice all plaintive sounds,
See, she receives a thousand wounds,
If shielded not by thee.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks at ambrosial feast
Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing ;
Merry Momus among them was fat as a guest,
(Homer says the celestials lov'd laughing :)

On each in the synod the humorist droll'd;
 So none could his jokes disapprove;
 He fung, reparteed, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove.

"Sire! Atlas, who long had the universe bore,
 "Grows grievously tir'd of late;
 "He says that mankind are much worse than before,
 "So he begs to be eas'd of their weight."
 Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl'd,
 From his shoulders commanded the ball,
 Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,
 And she hung it up high in his hall.

Miss, pleas'd with the present, review'd the globe
 round,

To see what each climate was worth;
 Like a di'mond the whole with an atmosphere bound,
 And she variously planted the earth:
 With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow'd,
 France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;
 What suited each clime on each clime she bestow'd,
 And Freedom she found flourish'd here.

Four cardinal virtues she left in this isle,
 As guardians to cherish the root;
 The blossoms of Liberty 'gan then to smile,
 And Englishmen fed on the fruit:
 Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,
 O preserve it as free as 'twas given:
 We will while we've breath, nay, we'll grasp it in
 death,
 Then return it untainted to heaven.

YE
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YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest:
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care;
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

WHEN Bibb thought fit from the world to
 retreat,
 As full of champaign as an egg's full of meat,
 He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
 He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
 "Trim the boat, and sit quiet!" stern Charon reply'd,
 "You may have forgot—you was drunk when you
 dy'd."

VULCAN, contrive me such a cup
 As Nestor us'd of old ;
 Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
 And damask it round with gold.

Make it so large, that, fill'd with sack
 Up to the swelling brim,
 Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
 Like ships at sea, may swim.

Engrave no battle on his cheek,
 With war I've nought to do ;
 I'm none of those that took Maestricht,
 Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

Let it no names of planets tell,
 Fix'd stars or constellations ;
 For I am not Sir Sidrophel,
 Nor one of his relations.

But carve thereon a spreading vine,
 Then add two lovely boys ;
 Their limbs in am'rous folds entwine,
 The type of future joys.

Venus and Bacchus my fairs are,
 May drink and love still reign ;
 With wine I wash away my care,
 And then to love again.

HAILE England, old England, for glory renown'd,
 In arms, as in arts, so transcendently crown'd,
 'Tis thine, strict to honour, no treaties to break ;
 'Tis thine to revenge, when that honour's at stake ;
 'Then now rouse, ye brave, draw the sword, point
 the lance,
 And bid the bold cannon hurl thunder to France.

CHORUS.

Huzza

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CHORUS.

Huzza ! huzza ! huzza ! O ye Britons ; to conquest
pursue ;

For the trumpet of vict'ry's uplifted for you.

Hark ! truth speaks already, our heroes prevail ;
The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale :
Thy cunning, O France, its own fate will decree ;
Success, lo ! dawns on us by land and by sea ;
And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,
To force that submission which pride would deny.

Huzza, &c.

Britannia rejoices your ardour to see ;
My sons, fight, she cries, 'tis for freedom and me ;
Tho' Gallic ambition alliance explore ;
You've conquer'd them now, whom you've con-
quer'd before ;

And Triumph these truths to all nations shall sing,
The ocean is George's, and George is our king.

Huzza, &c.

HOW little do the landsmen know,
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow !

But we have hearts of steel :

No danger can affright us,

No enemy shall flout :

We'll make the monsieurs right us,

So tofs the can about.

Stick close to orders, messmates,

We'll plunder, burn, and sink,

Then, France, have at your first-rates,

For Britons never shrink :

We'll rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by scores,
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to sea for more :
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
 In war we'll never fly,
 Here's a health to George our king, boys,
 And the royal family.

YE Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passes ;
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
 For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad ;
 Warwickshire lad,
 All be glad,
 For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
 Where nature has lavish'd her bounty ;
 Where much has been given, and some to be spar'd,
 For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard ;
 Warwickshire bard,
 Never pair'd,
 For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard.

Our Shakespear compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman ;
 Their swans are all geese to the Avon's sweet swan,
 For the man of all men was a Warwickshire man ;
 War-

Warwickshire man,
Avon's swan,

For the man of all men was a Warwickshire man.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a score more we take pride in;
Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill,
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will;

Warwickshire Will,
Matchless still,

But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will.

As ven'fon is very inviting,
To steal it our bard took delight in;
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag:

Warwickshire wag,

Ever brag,

For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag.

There never was sure such a creature,
Of all she was worth he robb'd nature;
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief;

Warwickshire thief,

He's the chief,

For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the
tree,

Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted
by thee;

As a relique I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine;
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree,
 All shall yield to the mulberry tree;
 Bend to thee, blest mulberry,
 Bend to thee, blest mulberry;
 Matchless was he who planted thee,
 And thou like him immortal shall be,
 And thou like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest so rampant and high,
 Who spread round your branches, whose heads
 sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
 To root out the natives at prices so dear.

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
 Of the fir we make ships, there are thousands that
 fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write,
 All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
 Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers;
 The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of flowers and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
 Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
 But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
 And he gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
 For him and his merits this takes its degree;
 Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
 The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey ;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has the laurel and bays and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relique of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour your country, do honour to him.
All shall yield, &c.

WHEN I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul ;
To the Nine I raise my song,
Ever fair, and ever young :
When full cups my cares dispel,
Sober council then farewell ;
Let the winds, that murmur, sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bow'rs,
Full of fragrance, full of flow'rs :
While I quaff the sparkling wine,
And my locks with roses twine,
Then I praise life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I drink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain ;

When

When from goblets deep and wide,
 I exhaust the gen'rous tide,
 All my soul unbends—I play
 Gamesome with the young and gay.

HENCE with care, complaint, and frowning,
 Welcome jollity and joy;
 Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning,
 Mirth this happy night employ.
 Let's to friendship do our duty,
 Laugh and sing some good old strain;
 Drink a health to love and beauty,
 May they long in triumph reign!

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the
 heart,

While thus we sit round on the grass:
 The lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

The wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
 And wishes to add to the mass,
 Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;
 Deserves, &c.

The bean, who so smart with his well-powder'd hair,
 An angel beholds in his glass,
 And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass, an ass;
 Deserves, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
 Of Croesus the wealth to surpass;
 And oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
 Claps the horns of an ox on the ass, the ass;
 Claps the horns, &c. The

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
 With forehead well fronted with brags,
 Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee ;
 There you, my good friend, are an afs, an afs ;
 There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class ;
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill,
 But death 'proves the doctor an afs, an afs ;
 But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and las ;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs ;
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
 Each lad with his las hither come,
 With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
 To celebrate Harvest Home :
 'Tis Ceres bids play, to keep holiday,
 To celebrate Harvest Home, Harvest Home,
 To celebrate Harvest Home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store
 Now swell with rich gifts of the land ;
 Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
 His can and his las in his hand :
 For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
 In innocence, pastime, and mirth,
 While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or spouse,
 And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth,
 When Ceres, &c.

I

FROM

FROM plowing the ocean, and threshing
Mounseer,

In Old England we're landed once more ;
Your hands, my brave comrades, halloo, boys,
what cheer

For a sailor that's just come on shore ?
Those hectoring blades thought to scare us no doubt,
And to cut us, and slash us—Morbieu !
But hold there—avast—they were plaguily out ;
We have flic'd them, and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence
know,

Yon invaders shall soon do you right ;
The lion may rouse, when he hears the cock crow,
But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,
Your damn'd party and idle contest ;
And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,
Who shall fight for his country the best.

A seafaring spark if the maids can affect,
Bid the simpering gypsies look to't ;
Sound bottoms they'll find us, in ev'ry respect,
And our pockets well laden to boot.
The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,
Have more art to persuade, and the like ;
But 'ware those false colours—for better for worse,
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king ! may he prosperous reign
Of no power, no faction, afraid ;
May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,
At all points of the compass display'd !
No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,
Steady, steady, and safe may she sail ;
No ignorant pilots e'er sit at her helm,
Or her anchor of liberty fail !

CEASE,



CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 Lift' ye landsmen all to me,
 Mefs-mates hear a brother failor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea :
 From bounding billows, first in motion,
 When the distant whirlwinds rise,
 To the tempest-troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsly bawling,
 By top-fail-sheets, and haulyards stand ;
 Down top-gallants quick be hawling,
 Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand !
 Now it freshens, set the braces,
 The top-fail-sheets, now let go,
 Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds spring,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;
 Fresh enjoyments, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms :
 Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain calls.

The top-fail-yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course ;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse :
 Fore and aft the sprit-fail-yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
 Hands up, each preventer brace set,
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peal on peal contending clash ;

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash :
 One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky ;
 Different deaths at once surround us,
 Hark ! what means that dreadful cry.

The foremast's gone ! cries every tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck ;
 A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck :
 Quick the lanyards cut to pieces,
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 Four feet water in the hold !

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
 We for wives or children mourn ;
 Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas ! from hence there's no return :
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain-pumps are choak'd below ;
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us,
 For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o'er board be thrown,
 To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
 See our mizen-mast is gone :
 The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
 Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
 She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind fortune fav'd our lives ;
 Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts and our wives :

Fill

Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
 Close to th' lips a brimmer join;
 Where's the tempest now, who feels it,
 None, our danger's drown'd in wine.

ON the white cliffs of Albion see Fame where
 she stands,
 And her shrill swelling notes reach the neighbouring
 lands :

Of the natives free-born, and their conquests she sings,
 The happiest of men with the greatest of kings.

George the Third she proclaims, his vast glory repeats,
 His undismay'd legions, invincible fleets;
 Whom nor castles or rocks can from honour retard,
 Since e'en death for their king they with scorn
 disregard.

O! but see a cloud bursts, and an angel appears!
 'Tis Peace, lovely virgin, dissolved in tears!
 "Say Fame (cry'd the maid) is't not time to give o'er
 "With sieges and famine, explosions and gore?"

His just right to assert hath the king amply try'd,
 Nor his wisdom or strength can opponents abide;
 Then no longer in rage let dread thunder be hurl'd,
 But leave him to me, and give peace to the world.

'Tis done, and great George is to mercy inclin'd,
 The blest word is gone forth for the good of mankind;
 'Tis the act of a Briton to beat, then to spare,
 And our king is a Briton—deny it who dare.

Charge your glasses lip high, and drink health to the
 king,

To the prince and the princess, and make the air
 ring;

May the days of great George be all happy and long,
 And the * man still be right who yet never was wrong.

* Mr. Secretary Pitt.

IN

IN history you may read
 Of Charley that great Swede,
 And many more brave warriors
 That have great conquests made :
 But the Prussian most renown'd
 The trump of Fame does found ;
 We'll all agree, in bravery,
 His match could ne'er be found.

No dangers did him scare
 Amidst the Austrian war,
 Where troops of righted heroes
 Stood glittering from afar ;
 At the rattling of their drums,
 And thund'ring of their guns,
 He scorns to yield, but braves the field,
 And from no danger runs.

His troops they are but few,
 But to their cause are true,
 Stout-hearted, bold and daring,
 As ever weapon drew :
 In the midst of smoak and fire,
 He cries, Boys, ne'er retire,
 But fight while e'er a vein your blood
 contains
 To free the lost empire.

Then may the great Jehovah,
 The God of peace and love
 Protect our Prussian hero
 And all his deeds approve :
 And when heav'n does him displace,
 May one of his great race,
 Hold it good, to spare our blood,
 And crown his days in peace.

BRISK

BRISK wine and women are
The source of all our joys ;
A brimmer softens ev'ry care,
And beauty never cloy :
Then let us drink and love,
While yet our hearts are gay ;
Women and wine, by all approv'd,
Are blessings night and day.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
The merits of wine with the charms of the
fair :

I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-belly'd Bacchus and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign ;
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine :
Then let no false sparkles our senses beguile ;
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire !
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore ;
These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage !
'Tis the transport of youth ; 'tis the comfort of age :
But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl ?
Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul !

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.
From this fair confession 'tis plain, my good friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
 But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry!
 From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must
 spring;

Nay the stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford;
 For a time it will make one as great as a lord;
 But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,
 And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.

WITH women and wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air;
 For life without these, &c.
 Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have
 mine.

Wine prudently us'd will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile more divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
 the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half
 divine,
 First pledge me with kisses, next pledge me with
 wine;
 Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
 The torch of our loves shall eternally burn.

But

But should'st thou my passion for wine disapprove,
 My bumper I'll quit, to be blest with my love ;
 For rather than forfeit the joys of my las,
 My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glafs.

BY the gaily-circling glafs
 We can see how minutes pass ;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old ;
 How the waning night grows old :
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play :
 What have we with day to do ?
 Sons of Care, 'twas made for you ;
 Sons of Care, 'was made for you.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and
 free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in hand,
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me ;
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

Let us sing our own treasures, Old England's good
 cheer,
 The profits and pleasures of stout British beer ;
 Your wine-tipling, dram-sipping fellows retreat,
 But your beer-drinking Britons can never be beat.
 Let us, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and
 pale,
 They drink of the squeezing of half-ripen'd fruit ;
 But we, who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.
 Let us sing, &c. Should

Should the French dare invade us thus arm'd with
 our poles,
 We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern
 jaws ring;
 For your beef-eating beer-drinking Britons are souls,
 Who will shed their last drop for their country
 and king.
 Let us sing, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

BLOW, blow, thou winter's wind;
 Thou art not so unkind,
 Thou art not so unkind,
 As man's ingratitude :
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Altho' thy breath be rude,
 Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh,
 As benefits forgot :
 Tho' thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 Tho' thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp,
 As friends remember'd not,
 As friends remember'd not.

THE

THE card invites, in crowds we fly,
 To join the jovial routful cry;
 What joy—from cares and plagues all day,
 To hie to the midnight Hark-away!
 Nor want, nor pain, nor griefs, nor care,
 Nor dromish husbands enter there;
 The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
 All hie to the midnight Hark-away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
 And drowsy watchmen idly knock;
 'Till daylight peeps, we sport and play,
 And roar to the jolly Hark-away.
 When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,
 And kill the tedious day with sleep,
 To-morrow's welcome call obey,
 And again to the midnight Hark-away.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear?
 Why silent drops that crystal tear?
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where love and peace delight to rest?
 What tho' thy Jockey has been seen
 With Molly sporting on the green,
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove
 The matchless force of Jenny's love.

'Tis true, a nosegay I had drest
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast;
 But 'twas at her desire, to try
 If Damon cast a jealous eye:
 The flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn;
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

T

THE

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O;
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains,
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely, did sweet Willy O,
 He sung it so rarely, &c.
 He melted each maid,
 So skilful he play'd,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy O,
 All nature obey'd him, &c.
 Wherever he came,
 Whate'er had a name,
 Whenever he sung, follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy O,
 He would be a soldier, &c.
 When arm'd in the field
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living, the sweet Willy O,
 He charm'd them while living, &c.
 And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas nature that sigh'd,
 To part with her all in the sweet Willy O.

WHAT's sweeter than the new-blown rose,
 Or breezes from the new-mown clove?
 What's sweeter than an April morn,
 Or May-day's silver fragrant thorn?
 What than Arabia's spicy grove?
 Oh! sweeter far the breath of love.

AS Jockey and Jenny sat in the cool shade,
 Young Jockey was happy, and happy the
 maid;

She blush'd, and she cry'd, "Dear Jockey with thee
 "My Life, tho' in bondage, would seem to be free."

Then Jockey to Jenny, his passion to prove,
 Her hand gently kifs'd, his eyes darting love,
 Cry'd out in a transport—"Was ever a pair
 "So happy as Jockey and Jenny the fair!"

Content with each other, in humble retreat,
 They count not new beauties, nor envy the great;
 He'll not quit his nymph, nor the nymph quit her
 swain,

For pleasure that's false, or for riches to gain.

He breathes the soft pipe, and her voice tunes the
 song,

Or they hand in hand walk the green vallies along;
 Content, with true pleasure, their footsteps attends,
 For Jockey and Jenny are lovers and friends.

While rovers leave Sylvia for Chloe's bright eyes,
 Then Amynta pursue, and fair Chloe despise;
 The pure flame of love in their breasts will ne'er
 burn,

And the nymphs learn from them to be false in their
 turn:

While Jockey and Jenny, beneath their thatch'd
 cot,

Are strangers to care, and blest fate for their lot.
 Ye gay ones and great, would you true pleasure share,
 Be constant like Jockey and Jenny the fair.

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn,
 When Dolly tript acrofs the lawn,
 Young Colin follow'd with his flail,
 She went to fill her milking pail;
 He lov'd, and begg'd she'd hear him now,
 She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

He sighing vow'd he lov'd her more
 Than ever youth did nymph before,
 With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,
 And press'd the fair one in his arms;
 She bade him keep his distance now,
 Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, cou'd you approve
 An artless shepherd's honest love,
 Yon little farm, yon flocks are mine,
 All, with their master's heart, is thine;
 Then begg'd she would his flame allow,
 She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

Not so repuls'd, the comely youth,
 With kisses, prayers, and vows of truth,
 So pleas'd the nymph, she smil'd consent,
 And to the church they instant went;
 His flame she did not disallow,
 But quite forgot to milk her cow.

WATER, parted from the sea,
 May increase the river's tide,
 To the bubbling fount may flee,
 Or through fertile valleys glide.

Though, in search of lost repose,
 Thro' the land 'tis free to roam,
 Still it murmurs as it flows,
 Till it reach its native home.

ATTEND

ATTEND, all ye fair, and I'll tell you the art
 To bind ev'ry fancy with ease in your chains;
 To hold, in soft fetters, the conjugal heart,
 And banish from Hymen his doubts and his pains.

When Juno accepted the cestus of love,
 She at first was but handsome, yet charming became;
 It taught her with skill the soft passions to move,
 To kindle at once and to keep up the flame.

'Tis this magic secret gives the eyes all their fire,
 Lends the voice melting accent, impassions the
 kifs;
 Gives the mouth the sweet smiles that awaken
 desire,
 And plants round the fair each incentive to bliss.

Ye fair, take the cestus, and practise its art;
 The mind unaccomplish'd, mere features are vain;
 Exert your sweet pow'r, you'll conquer each heart,
 And the Loves, Joys, and Graces, will walk in
 your train.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
 To high words got,
 Break out at gamiorum;
 The flame to cool,
 My golden rule
 Is—push about the jorum.

With fist on jug,
 Coifs who can lug?
 Or shew me that glib speaker,
 Who her red rag
 In gibe can wag,
 With her mouth full of liquor.

THE winter its desolate train
 Of frost and of tempest may bring,
 Yet Flora steps forward again,
 And nature revives in the spring :
 Tho' the sun of his glories decreas'd,
 Of his beams in the ev'ning is shorn,
 Yet he rises with joy in the east,
 And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recall,
 Or the blossoms of beauty restore ?
 When its leaves are beginning to fall,
 It dies and is heard of no more :
 The spring-time of love then employ,
 'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn ;
 For Cupid's a vagrant, a boy,
 And his seasons will never return.

WHO'D know the sweets of liberty ?
 'Tis to climb the mountain's brow ;
 Thence to discern rough industry
 At the harrow or the plough :
 'Tis where my sons their crops have sown,
 Calling the harvest all their own.

'Tis where the heart to truth ally'd,
 Never felt unmanly fear ;
 'Tis where the eye, with milder pride,
 Nobly sheds sweet pity's tear,
 Such as Britannia yet shall see ;
 These are the sweets of liberty.

THE

THE women attempted some few years ago
 Their lovers to charm with a small head;
 But now in their noddles as bumpers they shew,
 As if the whole carcase was all head:
 'This fashion the sex of admirers will rob;
 Their conquests they certainly push ill,
 In striving to charm with a bolster'd-out nob,
 As large as a Winchester bushel.

O H! how vain is ev'ry blessing,
 How insipid all our joys,
 Life how little worth possessing,
 But when love its time employs!
 Love the purest, noblest pleasure,
 That the gods on earth bestow,
 Adding wealth to ev'ry treasure,
 Taking pain from ev'ry woe.

I N infancy our hopes and fears
 Were to each other known;
 And friendship, in our riper years,
 Has twin'd our hearts in one:
 O! clear him then from this offence;
 Thy love, thy duty, prove:
 Restore him with that innocence
 Which first inspir'd my love.

FAIR Aurora, pr'ythee stay;
 O retard unwelcome day;
 Think what anguish rends my breast,
 Thus caressing, thus carest.
 From the idol of my heart
 Forc'd at thy approach to part.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more ;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.
 The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your
 eye,
 Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh ;
 But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die as your beauties decay.
 Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar ;
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar ;
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much !
 The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-
 mand :
 Exert with your husband the same happy skill ;
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your
 will.
 Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind ;
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
 mind ;
 'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

BEHOLD on Lethe's dismal strand
 Thy father's troubled image stand !
 In his face what grief profound !
 See he rolls his haggard eyes !
 Hark ! " Revenge ! Revenge ! " he cries,
 And points to his still bleeding wound.
 Obey the call, revenge his death,
 And calm his soul that gave thee breath.

PARTING

PARTING to death we will compare ;
 For fure to thofe who love fincere,
 So dreadful is the pain,
 Such doubts, fuch horrors, rend the mind :
 But, oh ! when adverfe fate grows kind,
 How fweet to meet again !

To thofe try'd hearts, and thofe alone,
 Who have the pangs of abfence known,
 The blifsful change is giv'n ;
 And who—oh ! who, wou'd not endure
 The pangs of death, if they were fure
 To reap the joys of heav'n ?

BENEATH a green fhade, a lovely young fwain
 One ev'ning reclin'd to difcover his pain ;
 So fad, yet fo fweetly he warbled his vow,
 The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
 flow ;
 Rude winds with compaffion could hear him com-
 plain,
 Yet Chloe, lefs gentle, was deaf to his ftrain.

ONS ! neighbour, ne'er blufh for a triffe like
 this ;
 What harm with a fair-one to toy and to kifs ?
 The greateft and graveft (a truce with grimace)
 Would do the fame thing, were they in the fame
 place.

No age, no profeffion, no ftation is free ;
 To fovereign beauty mankind bends the knee :
 That power, refiftlefs, no ftrength can oppofe ;
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rofe.

SIN not, O King, against the youth,
Who ne'er offended you ;
Think, to his loyalty and truth,
What great rewards are due ;

Think, with what joy that godlike man,
You saw that glorious day ;
Think, and with ruin, if you can,
Such services repay.

From cities storm'd, and battles won,
What glory can accrue ?
By this, the hero best is known,
He can himself subdue.

FAREWELL, the smoaky town, adieu
Each rude and sensual joy ;
Gay, fleeting pleasures, all untrue,
That in possession cloy.

Far from the garnish'd scene I'll fly,
Where folly keeps her court,
To wholesome, sound philosophy,
And harmless rural sport.

How happy is the humble cell,
How blest the deep retreat,
Where sorrow's billows never swell,
Nor passion's tempests beat !

But safely thro' the sea of life,
Calm reason wafts us o'er,
Free from ambition, noise, and strife,
To death's eternal shore.

LOVE's

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delight;
 When, with mutual inclination,
 Two fond hearts in one unite.

What are titles, pomp or riches,
 If compar'd with true content?
 That false joy which now bewitches,
 When too late, we may repent.

Lawless passions bring vexation,
 But a chaste and constant love,
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blissful state above.

MISS Danae, when fair and young,
 (As Horace has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brass.

Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
 Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make thee secure, thy wife less fair?

Send her abroad, and let her see
 That all this world of pageantry,
 Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
 Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.

Be to her virtues ever kind,
 Be to her faults a little blind,
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your Padlock—on her mind.

TOGETHER let us range the fields
 Impearled with the morning dew,
 Or view the fruit the vineyard yields,
 Or the apple's clustering bough;
 There, in close-embowred shades,
 Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
 By tinkling rills on rosy beds,
 We'll love the sultry hours away.

WELL, well, say no more;
 So you told me before,
 I know the full length of my tether:
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school?
 I can spell you, and put you together.

A word to the wife
 Will always suffice:
 Add sniggers! go talk to your parrot.
 I'm not such an elf,
 'Tis I say't myself,
 But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

DEAR heart! what a terrible life am I led?
 A dog has a better that's shelter'd and fed;
 Night and day 'tis the same,
 My pain is dere game;
 Me wish to the lord me was dead.

Whate'er's to be done,
 Poor black must run;
 Mungo here, Mungo dere,
 Mungo every where.

Above

Above or below,
 Sirrah, come, Sirrah, go;
 Do so, and do so.
 Oh! oh!
 Me wish to de Lord me was dead.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And flow'rs were fair to see;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye;
 Blithe Jockey's looks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
 "Gang down the Burn, my gentle love,
 "And soon I'll follow thee."

Now Jockey did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn side;
 And Mary was a bonny lass,
 Just meet to be a bride:
 Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
 Her eyes were azure blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet!
 For ganging home, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a walk so sweet!
 His cheek to her's he fondly laid;
 She cry'd, "Sweet love, be true;
 "And when a wife, as now a maid,
 "To death I'll follow you."

STREAMS

STREAMS that softly-murm'ring flow,
 At the fertile mountain's foot ;
 Flow'rs that sweetly-beauteous grow,
 At th' exalted beech's root :
 When the northern blasts roar high,
 And the thunder-storm is near ;
 Raife their heads towards the sky ;
 See its threat'nings without fear.

Thus humility may calmly smile,
 When ambition trembling meets the spoil.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Sufan came on board,
 Oh ! where shall I my true-love find ?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William fails among your crew ?

William, who high, upon the yard,
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
 The cords fly swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet:

O Sufan ! Sufan ! lovely dear !
 My vows shall ever true remain ;
 Let me wipe off that falling tear ;
 We only part to meet again.

Change

Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand.

THY Father!--away!--I renounce the soft claim,
Thou spot to my honour! thou blast to my
fame!

Let justice the traitor to punishment bring;
His father he lost when he murder'd the king.

IN

IN love should there meet a fond pair,
 Untutor'd by fashion or art,
 Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
 Whose words are th' excess of the heart.

If aught of substantial delight
 On this side the stars can be found ;
 'Tis sure, when that couple unite,
 And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

YOUNG Florio was a shepherd swain,
 Who could not woo in accents plain,
 But spoke in awkward fashion ;
 When eager love had got his heart,
 To tell that love he'd not the art,
 But stutter'd out his passion.

Whene'er he spoke, he blush'd with shame,
 Yet try'd to whisper out his flame,
 And sigh'd o'er Cynthia's beauty ;
 My heart is full, the shepherd cries,
 My tongue alas ! its aid denies,
 And falters in its duty.

If but by words you can be won,
 My lot is soon to be undone,
 But on my case have pity ;
 Love is by other ways express'd,
 By speaking eyes, and throbbing breast ;
 True love was never witty.

All that I have, dear Cynthia's thine,
 If to your swain you will incline,
 Nor hesitate t'approve me :
 The nymph knew hardly what to say,
 But laugh'd and mock'd him in his way,
 I'll try if I can love ye.

NOR

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
 Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
 Nor with swains in Syren bow'rs,
 Will true pleasure long reside :
 On awful virtue's hill sublime
 Enthroned sits th' immortal fair ;
 Who wins her height must patient climb ;
 The steps are peril, toil, and care :
 So, from the first, did Jove ordain
 Eternal bliss for transient pain.

WHEN once love's subtle poison gains
 A passage to the female breast ;
 Rushing, like lightning, thro' the veins,
 Each wish, and ev'ry thought's possessor.
 To heal the pangs our minds endure,
 Reason in vain its skill applies ;
 Nought can afford the heart a cure,
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

IN vain in search of quiet,
 From place to place I range,
 My restless cares augmenting,
 No medicine find in change ;
 Delights so lately charming,
 Have lost their pow'r to please,
 Yet something could I find
 Methinks would give me ease.

WHEN we see a lover languish,
 And his truth and honour prove ;
 Ah ! how sweet to heal his anguish,
 And repay him love for love.

NEW

NEW SONGS, 1775.

TO make the most of fleeting time
Should be our great endeavour;
For love we both are in our prime,
The time is now or never.

A thousand charms around you play,
No girl more bright or clever;
Then let us both agree to day,
To morrow will be never.

I ne'er shall be a better man;
I burn with loves high fever;
Pray now be kind, I know you can,
You must not answer never.

Whilst thus you, Chloe, turn aside,
You frustrate my endeavour;
That face will fade, come down that pride,
Your time is now or never.

Ere for yourself or me too late,
Say now you're mine for ever;
I may be snatch'd by care or fate;
My time is now or never.

MY Peggy is a young thing
Just enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay:
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very old;
Yet well I like to meet her
At the wawking of the fold.

My

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane ;
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae more of a' that's rare :
 My Peggy speaks so sweetly,
 To a' the love I'm cauld ;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wawking of the fold.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown :
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld,
 And naething gives me sic delight
 As wawking of the fold.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest, that she sings best :
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her sangs are tauld,
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wawking of the fold.

ERE love did first my thoughts employ,
 Returning day still saw me blest,
 Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
 Each night was crown'd with balmy rest :
 But now, alas ! no longer gay,
 I rise to hail the chearful light,
 I sit and sigh the live-long day,
 And pass in tears the sleepless night.

Come,

Come, lovely Strephon, hither haste,
 Sure thou hast long perceiv'd my mind;
 I fear my words I vainly waste,
 That thou art cruel and unkind:
 Or if some maid of happier fate
 More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I,
 Oh! free me from this anxious state,
 Pronounce my fate, and let me die.

LONG time had Lyfander told Daphne his pain,
 And repeated his passion again and again;
 The obdurate fair-one awhile was so coy,
 That all her reply was, *Pardonnezmoy*.

In vain he intreated, implor'd, and carefs'd,
 Of all his pretensions she made but a jest;
 Tho' his life he declar'd her disdain would destroy,
 Yet, regardless she answer'd him, *Pardonnezmoy*.

But finding his sighs no impression could make,
 He determin'd another expedient to take;
 And artifice now he resolves to employ,
 To make her forget to say, *Pardonnezmoy*.

He swore that her eyes like bright Phœbus did shine,
 That her air was majestic, her form all divine;
 With such fond delusions he purchas'd the toy,
 And flatt'ry prevail'd over *Pardonnezmoy*.

FROM soft deluding tales of love,
 Bright nymphs, your hearts secure;
 Nor let your curious fancy rove
 From thoughts discreet and pure.

From soft, &c.

Man,

Man, savage man, by nature prone
 To objects daily new,
 Vows ev'ry present fair alone
 Shall find his passion true.

Could each fond fair but view the mind
 Of him who charms the ear,
 Their treacheries of ev'ry kind
 Unnumber'd would appear.

FORSAKEN my pipe and my crook,
 Why will you solicit my lay?
 No longer I sit by the brook,
 And carol my sorrows away:
 Say, Laura, what theme shall I chuse?
 Your praises I must not proclaim;
 And friendship's too cold for my muse,
 And love I'm forbidden to name.

For I'm but a poor simple swain,
 Whose flocks and whose herds are but small,
 And my cottage, tho' neat on the plain,
 Is cover'd with thatch, and that's all:
 And Laura is blooming and young,
 Ah! would that I too were the same;
 My heart then might hint to my tongue
 What now I'm forbidden to name.

Yet deny'd my fond wish to impart,
 My wishes from you shall not swerve,
 That the shepherd who sues for your heart,
 By his own may your virtues deserve:
 With the charms which no time can destroy,
 With the worth which no breath can defame,
 May you taste of that permanent joy,
 Which now I'm forbidden to name.

ERE

ERE the primrose or cowslip could blow
 You said that you'd surely be here;
 You care not, and yet you should know
 The first of the May is now near.
 The cuckow has utter'd her strain,
 The thrush is now heard on each spray,
 And the nightingale seems to complain,
 As tho' you, my dear swain, were away.

What's the spring if you keep from my sight,
 What the sweets of the field and the grove!
 No music can give me delight,
 But the music of Colin and love:
 Let winter return when it will,
 Let snow and let frost too prevail,
 If Colin must keep from me still,
 Why should April perfume thus the gale.

But vows you have said are not wind,
 Come and make the fond season more gay;
 You know how it is to be kind,
 Who's heart you have stolen away:
 On wings, Love this message conveys,
 The season now hastes to its prime;
 I can hear, and can take no delays,
 Fetch up what you've lost of the time.

YOUNG Jockey fought my heart to win,
 And woo'd as lovers woo;
 I, vers'd in all our sexes art,
 Did just as maidens do:
 Whate'er he'd sigh, whate'er he'd vow,
 I'd study to be shy at,
 And when he press'd his fate to know,
 'Twas pr'ythee, fool, be quiet.

Month after month, of am'rous pain
 He made a mighty fuss;
 Why, if, you know, one loves a swain,
 'Tis wrong to say one does:
 He told me passion could not live
 Without more pleasing diet,
 And pray, what answer could I give
 But pr'ythee, fool, be quiet?
 At length he made a bold essay,
 And, like a man, he cry'd,
 Thy hand, my dear, this very day
 Shall Celia be my bride?
 Convinc'd he would have teaz'd me still,
 I could not well deny it;
 And now, believe me, when I will,
 I make the fool be quiet.

DAMON, would you know the passion
 You have kindled in my breast,
 Trifling is the inclination
 That by words can be express'd.
 Damon, would you, &c.

In my silence view the lover,
 True-love is by silence shown;
 In my eyes you'll best discover
 All the power of your own.
 In my silence, &c:

SERENE is the morn, the lark leaves his nest,
 And sings a salute to the dawn;
 The sun with his splendor embroiders the east,
 And brightens the dew on the lawn:

While

While the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
 And slumber the prime of their hours,
 Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey,
 And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
 How flaunting the gloss of its vest!
 How proud, and how stately it stands on its stalk!
 In beauty's diversity drest:
 From the rose, the carnation, the pink and the clove,
 What odours incessantly spring!
 The south wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
 As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
 The violet humbly retreats;
 In modest concealment she peeps on the day,
 Yet none can excel her in sweets:
 So humble, that (though with unparallel'd grace
 She might e'en a palace adorn)
 She oft' in the hedge hides her innocent face,
 And grows at the foot of the thorn.

So beauty, my fair-one, is doubly refin'd,
 When modesty heightens her charms;
 When meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her mind
 We long to be lock'd in her arms.
 Tho' Venus herself from her throne should descend,
 And the graces await at her call—
 To thee the gay world would with preference bend,
 And hail thee the vi'let of all.

THE END.



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